

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XVIII., No. 3 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. SEPT., 1895

Anti-Semitic Party in Germany A curious example of the possibilities of politics is furnished in the platform adopted by the German Anti-Semitic Popular party. This organization was formed a few months ago by Dr. Böckel, Herr Ahlwardt, and other Jew-baiters, and has grown in numbers rapidly. Its avowed objects include relentless hostility, not only to the Jews, but to the German Reform party as well. At its first general convention more than a hundred delegates were present. An elaborate platform was adopted, the latter including a declaration of principles and a programme of future action. The Anti-Semitism of the party is distinctly racial, and the term "Jew" is interpreted in the widest sense. It is not necessary that one be of pure Hebrew lineage. Anyone whose family has within three generations contained a single member of Jewish blood comes under the ban. A purely Gentile family, one of whose members has married a Jew, is included in the proscription. Jews who have for generations renounced their faith and embraced Christianity are no better off than their unpersuaded brethren. All such are reckoned as Jews and as enemies to the public weal. They are forever to be excluded from public office and from public employment. They may not be hired even to sweep the streets. The army and navy and the medical, legal and pedagogical professions are to be closed against them. They are not to be permitted to own real estate, to carry on any business under German names, or to have anything whatever to do with public contracts. Their children are to be excluded from the public schools and other institutions of learning patronized by Gentiles. No more Jews, or persons related to them, are to be permitted to enter Germany. For the rest, the platform is chiefly Socialistic, demanding legislation by the referendum, nationalization of industry and trade, and the abolition of all taxes save a "progressive" income tax so graded as to confiscate all incomes above a certain figure.

The Herreshoff Brothers The Herreshoff brothers, of Bristol, R. I., designers and builders of the Defender, with which the Valkyrie III. is to compete for the American Cup, are descended from Charles Frederick Herreshoff, who removed to Rhode Island from Germany, in 1790, and married a daughter of John Brown, a large shipowner and commander of the fleet which burned the British ship Gaspee in 1773. His son, Charles Frederick, was born in 1819, and died in 1888, leaving seven sons: James Brown, who was educated at Brown University, became an expert mechanical engineer, and invented the coil boiler for steam vessels in 1877; Charles Frederick, born in 1839; John Brown, born in 1841, became blind when fifteen years old, engaged in naval construction in 1864, and is president and treasurer of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company; Lewis, born in 1844; Nathanael Greene, born in 1848, educated at the Boston Institute of Technology,

employed for seven years in the Corliss engine works, brought out the famous catamarans in 1877, and is the designer and superintendent of construction of the Herreshoff company; Francis, born in 1850, educated at Brown University, and an expert chemist; and Julian Lewis, born in 1854, educated at the University of Berlin, and a distinguished musician and linguist.

Between 1864 and 1875 the original Herreshoff company built several hundred sailing vessels, all noted for speed. After the invention of the coil boiler by James Brown Herreshoff, the Herreshoff brothers began to build steam vessels, and since then they have built many fast yachts and torpedo boats, designed and constructed high-speed machinery for the vessels of the new navy, and made themselves famous as the builders of fast steam and sailing yachts, such as the Stiletto, now belonging to the navy, and the racing yachts Alice, Gloriana, Vigilant, and Defender. Nathanael, or Nat. Herreshoff, for twenty years the company's chief designer, has offered to build for the navy, for \$150,000, a torpedo boat capable of attaining a speed of 27½ knots an hour, and to use in its construction the principles which have made the Defender a yachting wonder of the decade.

Massacre of Missionaries In these days of our vaunted civilization, when we have really so much to justify our pride, there are many black spots on the map of the world that fill the mind with horror. The atrocities of Armenia, the persecution of the Jews in Germany and Russia, the awful massacres in China, are all events of the month. For the second time in a few weeks comes word of missionaries in China assaulted, maimed and murdered. A few weeks ago there was an outbreak of this nature at Chengtu, where the American mission buildings were damaged, and at Kucheng, on July 31, a mob set fire to the houses of the missionaries, killing eight women, one child, and the husband of one of the women. They were butchered after suffering atrocious outrages. All those who were killed were British; the Americans escaped. There was no provocation for the outrages. The British Minister at Peking is about to visit the scene, under a British military escort, and has requested that the Chinese Government order the capital punishment of the offenders, and that the missionaries throughout China be protected. The Government has assented to these demands. The attack was premeditated and carefully arranged, and was made while the occupants of the missionary station were asleep. The Chinese troops at Kucheng could have stopped the murders had the officials ordered them to do so. The position of the Europeans in various places is critical, particularly at Foochow, owing to openly displayed hostility on the part of the natives and native officials. The situation is far from reassuring, all foreigners being obnoxious to the Chinese, who term them "foreign devils." Out-

rages of this nature have been numerous within the past twenty-five years. In 1870, the French Consul at Tientsin, the French interpreter and his wife, and twenty nuns were killed; in 1871, there were outrages at Yang-Chow; in 1872, at Hankow and Shanghai; in 1874, there was a massacre of the French at Shanghai; Mr. Margary was murdered in 1875; in 1876, the missionaries at Foochow were raided and assaulted; in 1883, the British concession at Canton was burned, while there was an uprising against missionaries. In 1886, 1888, 1889, and 1890, there were similar outrages at various places, and there was a frightful record in 1891, during riots at Nanking, Wuhu, Ichang and other places, when houses were burned, missionaries assaulted, maimed and killed. It is hoped that the Chinese Government, which usually lets the leaders in these affairs go scot-free, will be taught a lesson in humanity that it will not forget. The press of the world, both religious and secular, has been most severe in its condemnation of these awful atrocities, worthy of the Middle Ages.

Secrecy of Telephone Messages A new law in the State of New York requiring the staffs of telephone companies to be as secretive regarding the nature of their business as are those who handle telegraphic messages, will take effect on September 1st. Anyone wrongfully obtaining, or attempting to obtain, knowledge of a telephonic or telegraphic message by connivance with any employee, or, being such employee, wilfully divulges to anyone but the person for whom it was intended the contents or nature of such message intrusted to him for transmission or delivery, or of which contents he may become possessed, is punishable by a fine of \$1,000, or six months' imprisonment, or both. The penalty also attaches to neglect to transmit or deliver messages, except when they are intended for illegal purposes.

Academic Honorary Degrees of 1895 Last commencement season the colleges of the United States were about equally liberal in bestowing the degrees of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Laws. A list of the recipients of the latter shows an interesting gathering of names of those distinguished in public life. Among the best-known names are those of Charles Francis Adams, conferred by Harvard; Rear-Admiral Belknap, U. S. N., Dartmouth; Ex-Governor Andrews, of Connecticut, Amherst; Governor Coffin, of the same State, Wesleyan; John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State of the United States and Adviser to the Chinese Peace Commissioners, Princeton; Rev. Edward M. Gallaudet, President of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Washington, D. C., Yale; Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, the prize-story writer, Notre Dame; William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, Yale; Governor D. H. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, Ursinus and Western; Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, Harvard; William H. Hornblower, whom President Cleveland nominated for Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and the Senate rejected, Princeton; Mrs. J. J. Irvine, of Wellesley College, Brown; Miss Agnes Irwin, of Radcliffe College, Western; Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N., Harvard; Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, the distinguished educator, Union; Samuel H. Pennington, M. D., President of the New Jersey Historical Society, Princeton; Rev. Dr. Charles H.

Parkhurst, President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Vice, University of the City of New York; Adlai E. Stevenson, Vice-President of the United States, Northwestern; General J. R. Tryon, U. S. A., Union; Sir Frederick Pollock, of Oxford University, England, who lectured at Harvard last June, Harvard; Attorney-General Ketcham, of Indiana, Wabash; Rev. Dr. David Gregg, of Brooklyn, who succeeded Dr. Cuyler, Livingston; and Wilhelm Dorpfeld, of Athens, Greece, Yale.

Meteorologic Balloons A balloon was recently sent up from Berlin equipped with self-registering thermometers and barometers, to measure the temperature and pressure of the atmosphere at high altitudes. It came down with the instruments in good condition in Bosnia. The barometer registered an elevation of 53,872 feet, and the thermometer 52° F. below zero.

The Electric Locomotive One of the most helpful steps toward the perfecting of the electric locomotive is the recent Baldwin-Westinghouse combination. On August 5, it was announced that the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, and the Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company, of Pittsburg, had combined for the purpose of constructing electric locomotives and developing an improved electric railway system. This consolidation is highly significant for the future of railroading. The Baldwin Company is the largest locomotive builder in the world, and apparently foresees the rapid coming of the time when electric power will supplant steam in railroad traction. The two companies have not formed a partnership, the existing arrangement being that the Baldwin works shall supply the trucks and the Westinghouse Company the electric motors. The latter company controls the Tesla and other patents, and possesses a valuable system of underground feeders. The two companies have each a capital of about \$10,000,000 and employ about five thousand hands. The Baldwin Works have a capacity of three locomotives per day, while the Westinghouse Company has only one rival in the United States, the General Electric Company, which controls the Edison patents. It is thought that the effort of the combination will be to perfect a system for suburban and elevated railways. Some short suburban steam lines have been already equipped with electricity, and their success is promising. W. D. Uptegraff, of the Westinghouse Company, asserts confidently that electric locomotives can be built to run 150 miles per hour, and that "we will see them going at that rate within a few years. We have the motor, and the Baldwin people say they can furnish the carriage to allow this high speed."

International Agricultural Congress The third International Agricultural Congress will be held at Brussels from September 8 to 16 of this year. The Congress will be in twelve sections, embracing agricultural education, agricultural science, animal products, veterinary art, plant products, Southern agriculture and colonization, forest economy, fish culture, agricultural industries (dairying, brewing, tea culture and poultry culture), co-operation, legislation and currency. These sections are divided into sub-headings, under which all that in any sense belongs to agriculture is included.

WIT AND HUMOR OF OUR FAMILIAR SAYINGS

COMPILED BY MARSHALL BROWN

From Wit and Humor of Familiar Sayings. By Marshall Brown. S. C. Criggs & Co.

Half a Loaf Is Better Than No Bread

"Well," said a philosophic friend to an invalid, "had you a good night last night?" "No; I never suffered so in my life." "Hum! That's bad. But"—brightening up—"you know a bad night is better than no night at all."

If you can't get haff a loaf take a whole one—a whole loaf is better than no bread.—Billings.

Better a poor horse than an empty stall.

Better half a loaf than none at all.

A half loaf is better than a whole loafer.

A day off is better than no vacation.

Even half a loaf is better than loafing all the time. Many poor people of the working class will testify to this version of the proverb.—Chicago Times.

A Self-Made Man

McCorkle—"Jaysmith calls himself a self-made man." McCrackle—"Well, no one who knows him will dispute the assertion."—Judge.

A self-made man never gets tired of bragging on his job.—Ram's Horn.

Peter Cooper was a self-made man, and he lasted a long time.—N. O. Picayune.

Among the witty sayings of the late W. R. Travers, of New York, is his stuttering reply to the statement of a very bald broker that he was a self-made man: "Then why-why-why the d-d-dickens didn't you p-p-put more hair on?"

Self-made men are very prone to usurp the prerogative of the Almighty and overwork themselves. They are not satisfied with the position of division superintendent of creation, but they want to be most worthy high grand muckamuck of the entire ranch, or their lives are gloomy fizzles.—Nye.

A drunken member of Parliament said to the Attorney-General one day, "I'm a self-made man, I am." "Then, sir," replied the philosophical Attorney-General, "the fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

Many a man who prides himself on being self-made is simply the product of a good wife.—Philadelphia News.

Self-made men are most always apt tew be a leetle too proud of the job.—Billings.

As Innocent as a Lamb

"You must admit, Jim Webster, that you stole those pullets," said the Galveston judge to the culprit. "Jedge," responded Jim, "I don't really believe I stole dem chickens. In de fust place, Jedge, nobody saw me take 'em. In de next place, dey could not be found on my premises, because I had done hid dem chickens under de floor. I can't help believin', Jedge, that I is as innocent as a lamb."—Texas Siftings.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous

Brown—"What a wonderful thing is man! His form, how majestic! His faculties, how grand!" Smith—"And how admirably his legs are adapted for wearing trousers!"—Boston Transcript.

"It's but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous."—"How so?"—"Here's a man offers one thousand dollars for a bird dog. That's sublime. Here's the owner who won't take it. That's ridiculous."

Husband and Wife Are One

If husband and wife are one in law, the query is, which is the one?—Law Maxim.

Miss A.—"The wedding was as sad as a funeral." Mr. Benedict—"Why shouldn't it be? Both have the same result. In one case, two are made one; in the other, one is made nothing. One less each time."—Life.

He—"Now that we are married, we are one, and I shall insist that this be the last time you appear in a low-necked dress." She—"We may be one, but you are only half of us, and I shall dress my half as I please."—Boston Beacon.

A good-looking and witty young Frau, recently married, was much given to yawning in the presence of her husband. The latter one day asked her if she was tired of his company. "Oh, no," was the reply, "but you see we two are one now, and I always feel dull when I am alone."

It Is an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good

An ill wind that blows nobody good—the breath of scandal.

Everything in the world is of some use, but it would puzzle a doctor of divinity, or a philosopher, or the wisest owl in our steeple, to tell the good of idleness; that seems to me to be an ill wind which blows nobody any good.—Spurgeon.

The boy whose sister has the scarlet fever gets a long vacation.—Salem Sunbeam.

A Nebraska man was carried forty miles by a cyclone and dropped in a widow's front yard. He married the widow and returned home worth about \$30,000 more than when he started.—Boston Post.

"Tobaccy wanst saved my life," said Paddy Blake, an inveterate smoker. "How was that?" inquired his companion. "Ye see, I was diggin' a well, and came up for a good smoke; while I was up the wellcaved in."

Nothing Is Wholly Bad

Even a dark lantern has its bright side.—Salem Sunbeam.

There is the forger, for instance. He is ever ready to write a wrong.—Boston Transcript.

No man, however bad, is wholly dishonest. We know a great many who would not run into debt for nearly so many things as they do, if they only had money to pay for some of them.—Lowell Citizen.

"O Wad Some Power the Gifftie Gie Us"

This has been remedied by a New York hatter, who puts a small mirror in each hat.—Puck.

If a man only saw himself occasionally as others see him, he would cut his own acquaintance on the spot.

If a man knew as much about himself as he does about his neighbor, he would never speak to himself.—Whitehall Times.

SIMMONS' RENUNCIATION: THE GENEROUS HUSBANDS

By ARTHUR MORRISON

A Selected Reading from Tales of Mean Streets. By Arthur Morrison. Roberts Bros.

Simmons' infamous behavior toward his wife is still matter for profound wonderment among the neighbors. The other women had all along regarded him as a model husband, and certainly Mrs. Simmons was a most conscientious wife. She toiled and slaved for that man, far more than any husband had a right to expect. And now this was what she got for it.

Before she married Simmons, Mrs. Simmons had been the widowed Mrs. Ford. Ford had got a berth as donkeyman on a tramp steamer, and that steamer had gone down with all hands off the Cape: a judgment, the widow woman feared, for long years of contumacy which had culminated in the wickedness of taking to the sea, and taking to it as a donkeyman—an immeasurable fall for a capable engine-fitter. Twelve years as Mrs. Ford had left her still childless, and childless she remained as Mrs. Simmons.

As for Simmons, he, it was held, was fortunate in that capable wife. He was a moderately good carpenter and joiner, but no man of the world, and he wanted to be one. Nobody could tell what might not have happened to Tommy Simmons if there had been no Mrs. Simmons to take care of him. He was a meek and quiet man, with a boyish face and sparse, limp whiskers. He had no vices (even his pipe departed him after his marriage), and Mrs. Simmons had engrafted on him divers exotic virtues. He went solemnly to chapel every Sunday, under a tall hat, and put a penny—one returned to him for the purpose out of his week's wages—in the plate. Then, Mrs. Simmons overseeing, he took off his best clothes and brushed them with solicitude and pains. On Saturday afternoons he cleaned the knives, the forks, the boots, the kettles, and the windows, patiently and conscientiously. On Tuesday evenings he took the clothes to the mangling. And on Saturday nights he attended Mrs. Simmons to her marketing.

Mrs. Simmons' own virtues were native and numerous. She was a wonderful manager. Every penny of Tommy's thirty-six or thirty-eight shillings a week was bestowed to the greatest advantage, and Tommy never ventured to guess how much of it she saved. Her cleanliness in housewifery was distracting to behold. She met Simmons at the front door whenever he came home, and then and there he changed his boots for slippers, balancing himself painfully on alternate feet on the cold flags. This was because she scrubbed the passage and doorstep turn about with the wife of the downstairs family, and because the stair-carpet was her own. She vigilantly supervised her husband all through the process of "cleaning himself" after work, so as to come between her walls and random splashes.

In the beginning she had escorted him to the ready-made clothes shop, and had selected and paid for his clothes; for the reason that men are such perfect fools, and the shopkeepers do as they like with them. But she presently improved on that. She found a man selling cheap remnants at a street corner, and straightway she conceived the idea of making Simmons' clothing herself. Decision was one of her virtues, and a suit of

uproarious check tweeds was begun that afternoon from the pattern furnished by an old one. More, it was finished by Sunday, when Simmons, overcome by astonishment at the feat, was induced in it, and pushed off to chapel ere he could recover his senses. The things were not altogether comfortable, he found; the trousers clung tight against his shins, but hung loose behind his heels; and when he sat, it was on a wilderness of hard folds and seams. Also his waistcoat collar tickled his nape; but his coat collar went straining across from shoulder to shoulder, while the main garment bagged generously below his waist. Use made a habit of his discomfort, but it never reconciled him to the chaff of his shopmates; for as Mrs. Simmons elaborated successive suits, each one modelled on the last, the primal accidents of her design developed into principles, and even grew bolder and more hideously pronounced. It was vain for Simmons to hint—as hint he did—that he shouldn't like her to overwork herself, tailoring being bad for the eyes. So Thomas Simmons avoided the subject, nor even murmured when she resolved to cut his hair.

So his placid fortune endured for years. Then there came a golden summer evening when Mrs. Simmons betook herself with a basket to do some small shopping, and Simmons was left at home. He washed and put away the tea-things, and then he fell to meditating on a new pair of trousers, finished that day and hanging behind the parlor door. There they hung, in all their decent innocence of shape in the seat, and they were shorter of leg, longer of waist, and wilder of pattern than he had ever worn before. And as he looked on them the small devil of Original Sin awoke and clamored in his breast. He was ashamed of it, of course, for well he knew the gratitude he owed his wife for those same trousers, among other blessings. Still, there the small devil was, and the small devil was fertile in base suggestions.

"Pitch 'em in the dustbin!" said the small devil, at last; "it's all they're fit for."

Simmons turned away in sheer horror of his wicked self, and for a moment thought of washing the tea-things over again by way of discipline. Then he made for the back room, but saw from the landing that the front door was standing open. So Simmons went down.

A man was loitering on the pavement, and prying curiously about the door. His face was tanned, his hands were deep in the pockets of his unbraced blue trousers, and well back on his head he wore the high-crowned peaked cap topped with a knob of wool, which is affected by Jack ashore about the docks. He lurched a step nearer to the door, and "Mrs. Ford ain't in, is she?" he said.

Simmons stared at him for a matter of five seconds, and then said, "Eh?"

"Mrs. Ford as was, then—Simmons now, ain't it?"

He said this with a furtive leer that Simmons neither liked nor understood.

"No," said Simmons, "she ain't in now."

"You ain't 'er 'usband, are ye?"

"Yus."

The man took his pipe from his mouth and grinned

silently and long. "Blimy," he said at length, "ye look the sort o' bloke she'd like;" and with that he grinned again. Then, seeing that Simmons made ready to shut the door, he put a foot on the sill and a hand against the panel. "Don't be in a 'urry, matey," he said; "I come 'ere t'ave a little talk with ye, man to man, d'ye see?" And he frowned, fiercely.

Tommy Simmons felt uncomfortable, but the door would not shut, so he parleyed. "Wotjer want?" he asked. "I dunno you."

"Then, if you'll excuse the liberty, I'll interdooce meself, in a manner of speakin'." He touched his cap with a bob of mock humility. "I'm Bob Ford," he said, "come back out o' kingdom-come, so to say. Me as went down with the 'Mooltan'—safe dead five year gone. I come to see me wife."

During this speech Thomas Simmons' jaw was dropping lower and lower. At the end of it he poked his fingers up through his hair, looked down at the mat, then up at the fanlight, then hard at his visitor.

"Come to see me wife," the man repeated. "So now we can talk it over—as man to man."

Simmons slowly shut his mouth and led the way upstairs mechanically, his fingers still in his hair. A sense of the state of affairs sank gradually into his brain, and the small devil woke again. Suppose this man *was* Ford? Suppose he *did* claim his wife? Would it be a knockdown blow? Would it hit him out?—or not? He thought of the trousers, the tea-things, the mangling, the knives, the kettles, and the windows; and he thought of them in the way of a backslider.

On the landing Ford clutched at his arm, and asked in a hoarse whisper: "'Ow long 'fore she's back?"

"'Bout a hour, I expect," Simmons replied. And then he opened the parlor door.

"Ah," said Ford, looking about him, "you've bin pretty comf'table. The chairs an' things"—jerking his pipe toward them—"was her's—mine, that is to say, speakin' straight, and man to man." He sat down, puffing meditatively at his pipe, and presently: "Well," he continued, "'ere I am agin, ol' Bob Ford, dead an' done for—gawn down in the 'Mooltan.' On'y I *ain't* done for, see?"—and he pointed the stem of his pipe at Simmons' waistcoat—"I ain't done for, 'cause why? Cons'kence o' bein' picked up by a ol' German sailin'-'utch an' took to 'Frisco 'fore the mast. I've 'ad a few years o' knockin' about since then, an' now"—looking hard at Simmons—"I've come back to see me wife."

"She—she don't like smoke in 'ere," said Simmons, as it were, at random.

"No, I bet she don't," Ford answered, taking his pipe from his mouth and holding it low in his hand. "I know 'Anner. 'Ow d'you find 'er? Do she make ye clean the winders?"

"Well," Simmons admitted, uneasily, "I—I do 'elp 'er sometimes, o' course."

"Ah! An' the knives, too, I bet, an' the bloomin' kittles. I know. W'y"—he rose and bent to look behind Simmons' head—"s'elp me, I b'lieve she cuts yer 'air! Well, I'm damned! Jes' wot she do, too."

He inspected the blushing Simmons from divers points of vantage. Then he lifted a leg of the trousers hanging behind the door. "I'd bet a trifle," he said, "she made these 'ere trucks. Nobody else 'ud do 'em like that. Damme—they're wuss'n wot you're got on."

The small devil began to have the argument all its own way. If this man took his wife back perhaps he'd have to wear those trousers.

Simmons began to feel that this was no longer his business. Plainly, 'Anner was this other man's wife, and he was bound in honor to acknowledge the fact. The small devil put it to him as a matter of duty.

"Well," said Ford, suddenly, "time's short an' this ain't business. I won't be 'ard on ye, matey. I ought prop'ly to stand on me rights, but seein' as you're a well-meanin' young man, so to speak, an' all settled an' a-livin' 'ere quiet an' matrimonial, I'll"—this with a burst of generosity—"damme, yus, I'll compound the felony, an' take me 'ook! Come, I'll name a figure, as man to man, fust an' last, no less an' no more. Five pounds does it."

Simmons hadn't five pounds—he hadn't even five pence—and he said so. "An' I wouldn't think for to come between a man an' 'is wife," he added, "not on no account. It may be rough on me, but it's a dooty. I'll 'ook it."

"No," said Ford, hastily clutching Simmons by the arm, "don't do that. I'll make it a bit cheaper. Say three quid—come, that's reasonable, ain't it? Three quid ain't much compensation for me goin' away forever—where the stormy winds do blow, so to say—an' never as much as seein' me own wife agin for better nor wuss. Between man an' man now—three quid; and I'll shunt. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Of course it's fair," Simmons replied, effusively. "It's more'n fair; it's noble—downright noble, I call it. But I ain't goin' to take a mean advantage o' your good 'eartedness, Mr. Ford. She's your wife, and I oughtn't to 'a' come between you. I apologize. You stop an' have your rights. It's me as ought to shunt, an' I will." And he made a step toward the door.

"'Old on," quoth Ford, and got between Simmons and the door; "don't do things rash. Look wot a loss it'll be to ye with no 'ome to go to, an' nobody to look after ye, an' all that. It'll be dreadful. Say a couple—there, we won't quarrel, jest a single quid, between man an' man, an' I'll stand a pot out o' the money. Ye can easy raise a quid—the clock 'ud pretty nigh do it. A quid does it; an' I'll—"

There was a loud double knock at the front door.

"Oo's that?" asked Bob Ford, apprehensively.

"I'll see," said Thomas Simmons, in reply, and he made a rush for the staircase.

Bob Ford heard him open the front door. Then he went to the window, and, just below him, he saw the crown of a bonnet. It vanished, and borne to him from within the door there fell upon his ear the sound of a well-remembered female voice.

"Where ye goin' now with no 'at?"

"Awright, 'Anner—there's—there's somebody upstairs to see you," Simmons answered. And, as Bob Ford could see, a man went scuttling down the street in the dusk. And behold, it was Thomas Simmons.

Ford reached the landing in three strides. His wife was still at the front door, staring after Simmons. He flung into the back room, threw open the window, dropped from the washhouse roof into the back yard, scrambled desperately over the fence, and disappeared into the gloom. He was seen by no living soul. And that is why Simmons' desertion—under his wife's very eyes, too,—is still an astonishment to the neighbors.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Heimdall...Augusta Larned...In Woods and Fields (Putnam)

In the Elder Edda I read it,
That volume of wonder lore,
How Heimdall, a god of credit,
Was watchman at Heaven's door.
The sight of his eye was keenest
Of all in Asgard's towers,
For he saw, when earth was greenest,
Pale Autumn amid the flowers.
His ear was the best at hearing
Of all above or below;
When the Springtime's step was nearing,
He heard the grasses grow.
He heard the talk of the fishes
Deep down in the silent sea,
And even the unbreathed wishes
Of chick in its shell heard he.
He heard the feathers growing,
And wool on the old sheep's back,
And even the light cloud snowing
Far off on the sunbeam's track.
He knew what birds are thinking
That brood o'er the crowded nest,
Ere their fledgling's eyes are blinking,
And the song is warm in the breast.
And why were his senses keener
Than all in that magic clime,
Than Odin, and Thor, and Haenir,
And Baldur of Asenheim?
I think—it is only guessing—
Heimdall was loving as wise,
And Nature who bent in blessing
Anointed his ears and eyes.
And should we but love undoubting,
Perchance, ah! who can tell?
We might hear the cornblade sprouting,
And the tiny leaf-bud swell.

Fantaisie....Francis S. Saltus....Dreams After Sunset (Moulton)

Draped in light robes, with tarbouked noul,
I love, half dreaming, to admire
My chibouque's round and polished bowl,
And watch the glow of opium's fire.
Nacarat, golden, from my soul
Its sensuous crackling can inspire
Rare fancies, which my mind console,
When fading in each smoky gyre.
An Indian temple, massive, grand,
Looms 'fore my sight, and towers in air—
Erected by a sorcerer's hand,
Of architecture strangely rare,
While near its sculptured portals stand
Cohorts of slaves, and almées fair,
Dancing their quaint-tuned saraband,
With bronze-tanned skin and floating hair.
I rove within the Shiraz vale,
Where onyx fountains jut and play,
Where budding roses, pink and frail,
Bend roid 'neath their floods of spray;
I slumber midst the lilies pale—
I listen to the linnet's lay,
The subtle powers I quaff unveil
Sweet dreams of everlasting day.
Far in a mosque I can discern
Vischnou's and Siva's altars high;
I see the sacred fires that burn
With quivering flamelets to the sky.

I see the dolmaned Guebers stern
Worship their igneous god, and try
With contrite hearts to win and earn
The honor by his hand to die.
I soar in dreams, and ravished hear,
Sung by some bard of Gulistan,
A moallak soothing to the ear,
An echo of the caravan
Which passes by, morose and drear,
Out from the town; while, mute, I scan
The kandjared guards, with uncouth gear,
Pacing the streets of Ispahan.
On fair Corea's shellèd stream,
My fancy floats without restraint;
Pagodas, wrought in porcelain, teem
On every side, of fabric quaint.
While genii, pleased my sense to queme,
The blue-foamed Yang-ste-Kiang, faint
Before my gaze depict in dream,
Ebbing its ripples with my plaint.
Traversing spheres, I, undismayed,
Revel my view in Stamboul's sheen;
Mahomet's chosen, pomp arrayed,
Laden with glittering damascene,
Passes with haughty cavalcade,
Armed to the teeth with scimitars keen,
While o'er the turrets of Belgrade
I see the argent min'ret's gleen.
In Norway's fields, each frozen fjord,
Recalls the old chivalric time;
The noble Saga of the Sword,
The Eddas told in Runic rhyme.
Olaf and Fritiof, with their horde
Of stalwart warriors, chapped by rime,
For me still battle on that sward,
And chant their anthems in Drontheim.
Upsala's rugose steeples dart
Their granite splendor through the air;
Odd marvel of old Northern art,
Is this sad, solemn site of prayer.
And 'fore the shrines, so chill and swart,
Kneel suff'ring sinners, bent by care,
As on the rough-hewn steps the mart
Begins its bustle, and its blare.
The opium's spirit, at my quest,
Changes the scene to fair Seville:
Where alamedas, sun-love blessed,
The atmosphere with perfumes fill,
While jet-eyed damsels err or rest
Beneath the shade of trellised vill,
Taunting their gallants to a test,
And time with cigarillos kill.
Along the Chiaja, as I stroll,
Vesuvius belches forth its fire;
But I can free, untrammèd troul
Deep in its jaws, and brave its ire.
With wingèd feet, from pole to pole,
The spirits lead and never tire.
The depth of depths is then my goal,
The inner world is mine entire!
Th' embattled turrets of the Rhine,
Sombre and breme, now greet my sight:
O'erhead the lucent asters shine,
Shedding their calm opaline light.
I see within, elate with wine,
The earnest face of dame and knight,

Quaffing the nectar of the vine,
 Narrating tales of love and fight.
 Without, I see the mystic dells,
 The frisky, fine-haired gnomes at play;
 I hear the dorf-kirk's mellow bells,
 I hear the wand'ring minstrel's lay.
 The Elfen-King his host expels,
 To gambol till the dawn of day,
 While ouphs and fairies brew their spells,
 And toothless witches seek their prey.
 On Egypt's arid wastes, the Sphinx
 Startles my mind, now opium-drunk;
 My chain of thought, ungyved by links,
 Deep on the dreggy Nile is sunk.
 I hear the snorting of the lynx,
 The egret's shriek, the crane's dull crunk,
 The mammoth eye of Memnon winks,
 Chilling my ken, smoke-worn and shrunk.
 I see huge Cheops' tortuous crypt,
 Its labyrinths so chilly dark;
 I see its antique vaults time-nipped,
 Its shriveled mummies stiff and stark—
 The ibex and the sacred script,
 The Copt's odd hierarchic mark,
 The iron urnlets jeweled-tipped,
 And cinerous wealth of dust and chark.
 Fleecing cloud-wrapped, refreshed, I pass
 From out the sod of colcothar,
 To view the giant Kremlin's mass,
 Novgorod's domes, and Kazan's star.
 Here hirsute moujiks rough and crass,
 Swear by their saints, and by their Czar
 O'er ev'ry mug of creamy Kvas,
 They tipple with their Kaviar.
 My balmful drug lends power to sate
 The novel yearns for which I ache;
 Its genii, as I meditate,
 My thirst for airy whims can slake.
 And with their skill, by gods innate,
 O'er worlds and spheres my spirit take,
 Until my sleep-cloyed eyes nictate,
 And I from my mad wandering wake.

Japanese Spinning Song.....Mary McNeil Scott.....Overland Monthly

The sun, Amateru, rolls o'erhead,
 A wheel whose spokes are rays of light,
 And drags the lazy, smiling earth
 Through summer days of slow delight.
 Gay birds and insects twirl in air,
 Or dip the lake to hurrying rings;
 While underneath the cherry-trees
 Sweet Noshi spins her silk and sings:
 "Hyak-u! Hyak-u! Whirr and circle,
 Dizzy wheel that draws the silk,
 At your edge a rim is growing,
 Fine as sunshine, white as milk;
 Floating in the bowl beside me,
 Oval cocoons dance and reel,
 As from each a fairy fiber
 Glistens upward to the wheel."
 "Hyak-u! Hyak-u!" Whirr and circle,
 While the spinner lightly bends,
 Forward, backward, twisting, twirling
 Broken thread and flying ends.
 Suddenly the bowl grows placid,
 Each cocoon drifts brown and bare.
 Ah! the merry wheel has robbed them,
 Strand by strand, of treasure rare!
 "Hyak-u! Hyak-u!" Check the circle,
 Slip the wreath of silk away,

Coil and bind its glistening softness,
 Hang it where the breezes play,
 Store it in the lacquered casket
 Made such treasures to conceal,—
 Then again for song and spinning,
 Dip the cocoon! turn the wheel!

Oberon's Last Council....Eugene Lee Hamilton....Academy

If, on some woodland lawn you see a ring
 Of darker hue upon the paler grass— [pass,
 The strange green growth which children, as they
 Still tell each other is a fairy thing
 Left by the Elves o'er night—let your soul cling
 To the sweet thought that there the Elf King was
 With all his crew at dawn; but that, alas!
 They met there for their last, last gathering.
 For they are dead; and though the sunshine still
 Dances in flecks, as dance the leaves above,
 And still the squirrel nibbles and the mouse,
 The little folk are gone who used to fill
 The hazel copses where the wildwood dove
 With cross-laid twigs still builds her little house.
 He called a last assembly of the Elves.
 Hundreds of fairies in the forest met
 'Neath one huge oak-tree—Sprites of dry and wet,
 Pixies and Imps, and every gnome that delves.
 And Oberon said: "We lurk by tens and twelves,
 Starved in the woods. Man's faith—our food as yet—
 Feeds us no more; the fairies' sun has set,
 We are but shadows of our former selves.
 "'Tis time to leave the woods and to depart.
 When faith quite ends (so say the high decrees)
 Then death will strike us with his icy dart.
 Long have we nestled in the hearts of trees;
 Now we must nestle in the poet's heart—
 The only place in which we ne'er shall freeze."

Cromwell....Algernon Charles Swinburne....Nineteenth Century

What needs our Cromwell stone or bronze to say
 His was the light that lit on England's way
 The sundawn of her time-compelling power,
 The noontide of her most imperial day?
 His hand won back the sea for England's dower;
 His footfall bade the Moor change heart and cower;
 His word on Milton's tongue spake law to France
 When Piedmont felt the she-wolf Rome devour.
 From Cromwell's eyes the light of England's glance
 Flashed, and bowed down the kings by grace of chance,
 The priest-anointed princes; one alone
 By grace of England held their hosts in trance.
 The enthroned republic from her kinglier throne
 Spake, and her speech was Cromwell's. Earth has known
 No lordlier presence. How should Cromwell stand
 By kinglets and by queenlings hewn in stone?
 Incarnate England in his warrjor hand
 Smote, and as fire devours the blackening brand,
 Made ashes of their strengths who wrought her wrong,
 And turned the strongholds of her foes to sand.
 His praise is in the sea's and Milton's song;
 What praise could reach him from the weakling throng
 That rules by leave of tongues whose praise is shame—
 Him, who made England out of weakness strong?
 There needs no clarion's blast of broad-blown fame
 To bid the world bear witness whence he came
 Who bid fierce Europe fawn at England's heel
 And purged the plague of lineal rule with flame.
 There needs no witness graven on stone or steel
 For one whose work bids fame bow down and kneel;
 Our man of men, whose time-commanding name
 Speaks England and proclaims her Commonweal.

MISS WILKINS AT HOME: THE AUTHOR OF PEMBROKE*

BY ELIZA PUTNAM HEATON

Miss Wilkins was at home. It was a summer evening, too hot for much illumination, and the room wherein I was received was lighted with a candle which gave out little heat, and less light than I wished for when I saw what a pretty picture the leading woman novelist of America made in her cool white gown, with her soft, fine brown hair fastened with a high comb, and her pretty plump figure and shapely hands, and her face so fresh and charming and so young that I fell to marveling how such a girlish presence could be that of the author of Pembroke.

And so I asked her to tell me all about it. "I was born in Randolph," said Miss Wilkins; "my parents moved to Brattleboro, Vt., where I lived for some years, and where I began writing. Indeed, I did that as long ago as I can remember, and wrote verses as soon as I could write at all. After the death of my parents I returned to Randolph to live with friends. My first story published was written for a prize of \$50 offered by the Boston Budget. It was entitled *The Ghost Family*, and you can imagine my surprise and delight when I found that I had actually won the prize and that it was to be published."

"And then you began writing for the Harpers?"

"I wrote for D. Lothrop & Co.," continued Miss Wilkins, "and then I wrote a story called *The Old Lovers* and sent it to Miss Booth, then editor of Harper's Bazar. My handwriting was, and is to this day, unformed and childish in appearance. Miss Booth thought the tale was the work of some schoolgirl, and laid it aside unread. Some time later she happened to glance over it during a moment of rare leisure, and decided to print it. Most of my work has gone to the Harpers ever since."

The author of Pembroke considers that her best work, agreeing in this with Conan Doyle and other English critics. Next to it she places *A New England Nun*. She is now at work upon a new story, which the Harpers will print next year.

"Yes," she said, in answer to a question about her literary plans and ambitions, "I am anxious to write a play. I did, indeed, attempt one in collaboration with another writer, but when we reached the critical third act it wouldn't go just right and had to be thrown away. But I shall try again some time."

"And now," I said, "of course every one from Maine to California knows by this time that you won the prize of \$2,000 offered through the Bachelier syndicate for the best detective story, and that you won it from thousands of competitors. How did you happen to write a detective story?"

Miss Wilkins explained that she wrote the story partly for the novelty of it. She had always been interested in detective stories, had read and studied those of the best class, such as Doyle's and Morrison's, and was professionally concerned in the working out of their plots. So she was glad to try her hand upon one. Withal, she did not altogether trust to her own judgment in a new field, but wrote the tale in collaboration with Mr. Chamberlain, the "Listener" of the Boston

Transcript. The plot was her own, Mr. Chamberlain's share of the work being to supply the proportion and the perspective, and to harmonize the tale with a newspaper man's ideas of the probable and the possible in the realm of strange and mysterious happenings.

Mr. Chamberlain, by the way, is an instance of the irony of fate. Few people ever heard of him so long as he was merely a first-rate newspaper man, but when he happened to discover a rather trivial French fairy tale which had the prophetic luck to be named *Trilby*, years and years ago, he woke to find himself famous.

And then in the deeper dark that crept upon the dusk and blotted out all the shrubs and flowers it had caressed, she told me such shocking things about herself that I hesitate whether I ought to reveal them. For instance, she isn't a bit methodical. She can write one thousand words a day easily when she has to do it, but she needs the spur of necessity to keep her at work. Most of her writing must be done, I fancy, when the printer-man begins to tear his hair and telegraph that he must have that copy right away.

Then she isn't "strong-minded," in the equivocal sense, but a very womanly woman. She likes to roast "small hot birds" before her open fires, and do dainty feminine things like that. And she must have a very kindly woman's heart, too. As witness the following:

Of course, like all highly successful writers, this gentle little New England lady has stacks of manuscript sent to her by beginners in the almost hopeless trade of authorship, seeking advice and criticism or assistance in disposing of their wares. And most of this is mere rubbish, but one story which came from a colored woman in the South was so good that she forwarded it to Mr. Alden, of Harper's Magazine, and he offered to print it if Miss Wilkins herself would revise it. This she did, and it was a task of some difficulty, and Mr. Alden accepted the tale and sent the colored woman a handsome check.

"And she wrote to you demanding to know how you dared to blue pencil her copy, I suppose?"

"No, indeed. She did write to me, but it was a letter overflowing with gratitude. Perhaps the abuse will come later. The story hasn't been printed yet."

I hope heaven will forgive me for writing this anecdote! Its heroine never will, when she begins to find it necessary to send a wagon to cart home the manuscripts that come in her daily mail.

It is easy to understand, seeing the gracious mistress of this quiet home among the trees, how her stories are written. She is a New England woman herself, and has lived her life among the New England people, whom she knows and loves. She has lived, too, save for visits in the great cities, out in the cool and quiet of country life, where the arbutus and the anemones and the clover blossoms and the trailing blackberries and chokecherries, and wild apples and drifting yellow leaves are one's calendar from snow to snow. She has grown to be a part of the peace and quiet of it all, and to sympathize with the rugged, homely virtues of the New England folk, because she has a heart that feels as well as eyes that see, and a mind that understands.

* From the Philadelphia Times.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Sir Walter Besant

It is the custom in England for the Government to celebrate the birthday of Queen Victoria each year by conferring titles or patents of nobility on men counted worthy of distinction. The birthday honors have wandered out of the ordinary groove this year. For the first time representatives of literature, says the *Chicago Record*, figure more prominently in the list than representatives of politics. Even journalism found recognition in the knighthood given to Dr. W. H. Russell, the famous war correspondent, who won his spurs some forty years ago, but did not receive them until the other day. The theatrical profession must feel greatly gratified that its greatest ornament on the other side of the Atlantic, Henry Irving, can now put the much coveted "Sir" before his name. The credit of thus emphasizing the right of literature, the drama, and the press to social distinction belongs to Lord Rosebery, who has always been more catholic in his sympathies than the majority of the members of the gilded house and who was in a position to give expression to his sympathies.

Sir Walter Besant's knighthood is the most notable of the birthday honors. That doughty knight of the pen is now a knight by the creation and charter of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. He has long championed the author's claim to such an honor, and it is fitting that he should be the first to receive it. Why a man of such sturdy liberalism and strong common sense should count it worth his while to contend for a trumpety distinction must be a mystery to every one of his admirers who is ignorant of the blinding confusion produced by caste in English circles. Many people are heartily sorry that the late Lord Tennyson did not die plain Alfred Tennyson. His consenting to become a peer displayed an element of weakness in his character. A throne in the kingdom of poetry was a far higher distinction than a peerage in England, and far more consistent with

Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 'tis only noble to be good;

Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood.

By styling himself Alfred Lord Tennyson and putting his title between his Christian name and his surname, the poet reminded a clever critic of the man who tried to pass a bad shilling by putting it between two good ones. The same feeling comes to the sensible reader of the large-hearted and brilliant romances of Walter Besant. By stooping to a titular distinction he has lent fictitious value to a system of decorations which belongs more to the barbaric past than to the progressive future.

If, however, a title conveys distinction, the novelist who wrote *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* deserves it as much as any man of his age and standing. He has done good service to his generation in more ways than one. As a social reformer he has proved his capacity to make his dream of a palace for the people a shining reality in the heart of squalid London. As secretary of the Palestine Exploration Society he has been able to throw a flood of light on Eastern scenes and customs. To many struggling writers he is ever a fearless champion who fights for the cause that lacks assistance and

the wrong that needs resistance. Sir Walter Besant hails, like Charles Dickens—alas! not Sir Charles—from Portsmouth, in the south of England. He was born there thirty-seven years ago. The thickness and brownness of his hair and beard and the vitality of his manner would lead one to think him much younger. He attempted several things before he found his true sphere. After a brilliant course at Cambridge, where he proved specially strong in mathematics, he accepted the position of senior professor in the Royal College of Mauritius, an appointment which the loss of health compelled him to resign. He then took up work for the Palestine Exploration Society, devoting all his spare hours to journalism and bookmaking. Studies in French poetry and treatises on ancient and foreign classics engaged his attention for some years. It was the friendship of the late James Rice that led Besant to the writing of novels. In collaboration with that author he produced eleven stories, and now he thinks nothing of turning out three every year all by himself. The speed with which he composes is all the more marvelous because of the high level he preserves throughout. Still his warmest admirers wish that he would write less and concentrate more. He gives indications of a power that has never as yet attained to full expression, and never can so long as he pours forth his work in prodigal fashion.

In private Sir Walter Besant is one of the most charming and agreeable men to be met in London. He lives in a red brick building of his own design in a secluded spot of Hampstead, that favorite haunt of literary workers. He knows how to toil terribly. Every hour has its own task. Typewriters are an abomination to him and an amanuensis he cannot abide. He writes everything with his own hand, and delights in the joy of composition. Although very busy all the time, he is always accessible to the writer he can help with his counsel or friendship. A prominent position in literature is held in trust by him for the benefit of his brethren. It is this high-souled brotherliness which makes Sir Walter Besant far more than a successful novelist. To be a great man is greater than to be a great writer.

Told of Julian Ralph

Mr. Ralph went to report some gathering on the East Side, writes E. D. Beach in the *Book Buyer*, and met a large German of serious demeanor at the door. "Excuse me," said Ralph, "I'm a reporter for the Sun." "Vell," was the reply, "you can't help dot." And Ralph has been wondering ever since whether his interlocutor was really as serious as his appearance indicated. I recall also an anecdote that Mr. Ralph tells of Sir John Hopkins, admiral of the British fleet which came here on the occasion of the Columbian celebration of 1893. Mr. Ralph was a guest of the admiral, on the *Blake*, during the trip up from Hampton Roads. The admiral appeared on deck in a fine new uniform, and said to Mr. Ralph: "Will you look at me? I beg you to do me the favor to look at me." "Sir John," said Ralph, "I should think you would feel proud." "Pr-rroud, me boy!" said Sir John. "I'm as pr-rroud as a puppydog with a gladiolus in his mouth." I have also heard from Mr. Ralph that when he went to China he prepared himself

very carefully in pigeon English, which he had been told he would find useful, and on discovering a Chinaman in his bedroom at a hotel in Shanghai remarked: "Hello! What ting? What fashion man you b'long? What side you come?" To which the Chinaman replied: "This is Mr. Ralph, I presume. We have mutual friends who suggested my calling on you. Oh! that's all right. I spent eight years at school in Norwich, Conn." "Ah!" said Mr. Ralph, partially recovering his presence of mind, "vely well, vely well."

Jules Lemaître, one of the Immortals Lemaître who has just been elected a member of the French Academy, has proved himself anew the keenest psychologist in France, both through his unremitting insearch regarding people and books, and by constituting himself latterly past-master of the fads, social, political and personal, of the hour and the boulevards. His is a genius incontestable for digesting, and later presenting, to-dayisms with biting fidelity, and accentuating them through means of his dramas. The dramatic instinct pure and simple, it is universally deplored, however, he does not possess. What he does possess is a magnificent genius for observation, capped by appreciation galore, summed up right royally in time to hit the nail of the latest most Parisianic issue on the head. His plays are the most thoroughly typical satires of the day—but more satires than plays.

Lemaître came from Havre. For thirty years he had lived away from the maelstrom of the boulevards and the clubs from which he has latterly borrowed material for his most cutting and cynical satire. A provincial master of letters, he gave vent to his thirst for taking the bull by the horns in his collection of *Souvenirs Medaillons*. Later he undertook the improvement of minds and letters at Besançon and, later still, at Grenoble. Then, his health failing him, he sunned himself in Africa for a short period, and from there acquired courage and strength to come to Paris and grapple with men, women and spooks. He did not grapple in vain. He made himself at once delightfully apparent in the famous *Revue Bleu*. Therein he immediately won recognition as the daintiest, most cynical, and most reliable critic of latter-day morals, men, women and books. He pierced men's meanings as well as their words. In these days of writing so much of what one thinks he thinks, instead of what one thinks, this is a more difficult task than most people would imagine. He won the hearts, and, what is more, the convictions of his delighted readers—readers such as Renan and his followers. He proved himself a king of dismantling faces and foibles of their masks. He probed the illicit and the illegitimate with so true and delicate, but withal so powerful a touch, that the scales fell from the eyes of his readers and they learned to judge a man's works after Lemaître, rather than after the hand which wrought them. To arrive at this unusual state of things Lemaître was at first obliged to give evidence of such rarely discreet ability and kindness that he seldom, if ever, made an enemy. At the same time of accentuating a writer's faults, he showed up his virtues so brilliantly that the workers he criticised were more likely to thank him than to blame him for his notice of them; for albeit severe, he was always correct. He emulated Sainte-Beuve, after long and arduous labors at Sainte-Beuve's shrine. He disclosed the "grocery-shop tendencies" of Ohnet's

achievement. He laughed slyly at Zola's inadequate attempt at purity in knuckling down to the Rêve after years of smirching the literary horizon in his self-appointed choice of the nastiest details in the most loathsome interstices of foulest crime. He dragged to light Flaubert's falling off from that supremest classic in the French literary world, *Madame Bovary*, to the impotent and inadequate *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. He even satirized Victor Hugo, and made us all laugh until we cried over dear François Coppée, in verse à la Coppée by Lemaître, so bristling with the former's goodness and simplicity that we loved Lemaître for doing it so inimitably, and Coppée for having displayed sufficient individuality to induce caricaturizing.

Then Lemaître became the famous critic of the Sunday number of the *Journal des Débats*, that rose-colored issue which Lemaître has graced so long with his quips and pranks that it has come to be looked upon as his organ, just as the *Temps* is known as Jules Simon's and *Francisque* Sarcey's. His criticisms proved so crafty and cunning, so rarely racy and so thoroughly acceptable, unpossessed, albeit so cuttingly true, of any element of venom, that often we were left with the impression that he blamed rather from the fear of giving too much praise, than from any positive personal conviction of his own. But Lemaître commanded a wider field, and got it. He is a pronouncedly clever caricaturist with his pencil. He can line the idiosyncrasies out of a man's individual peculiarity in dress with one or two masterly strokes as aptly as he can seize and mercilessly expose a unique originality for living and loving in the moral make-up of the hero or heroine, out of whose foibles and follies he moulds one of the most complete and exhaustive satires of the day—in words. The former talent in all probability pointed his pen and governed the bent of his mind.

At heart he is a moralist, one of the firmest and strongest in France. His works are the offshoot of his disgust for the world as he has found it, and in a measure as he discovers human nature less and less desirous of living up to his standard, so much more brutally does he expose it as it is. After convincing the public of his rare ability as a critic, he determined to hammer and forge truth to the fore through the unalterable force of his reiteration as to the Paris of to-day—Paris with all its corruptions and eruptions, its feebleness and infidelity to home issues, and its colossal flippancy for affairs of State, coupled so oddly with its prismatic comprehensiveness in regard to the discussion of immorals. So Lemaître became a dramatist, and a unique dramatist. He has even established what they call the "théâtre après Lemaître."

Chiero's Book on Palmistry

Chiero, now the most popular and most respected palmist in New York, has achieved a well-merited success with his book on the Language of the Hand. Since the Transatlantic Publishing Company took it in hand, writes Gilson Willets, they have brought Chiero's book before the public in a way that has made many converts to the mysterious science with which it deals. Those who usually pooh-pooh palmistry as a bit of charlatanism, who generally look upon it as a matter of superstitious belief, are now in doubt as to the validity of their beliefs. Chiero knows his subject so thoroughly, writes of it so understandingly, is so

honest and liberal in his opinions and ideas, so convincing, withal, that he compels respectful attention, and makes the reader turn thoughtfully to the lines in his hand in search of revelations. Chiero's book is certainly the most studious and most comprehensive, at the same time the most simple work on palmistry that our literature owns. The palmist himself is yet a young man, handsome in face and physique, broad-shouldered as he is broad-minded, sincere, magnetic. His rooms on Fifth avenue are tasteful and not ridiculous. Everything suggests more the man of the world than a being dealing in the black arts and magic of unknown regions. Here in his rooms, with a long silver stylus, he traces the lines on your hand, explaining what every line means and giving you the reason why. Swiftly and unerringly he lays bare every detail of your character as you alone can know it. He describes your relations with other people; analyzes your emotions and discerns their source; tells you what your state of health is and has been, and having thus convinced you of his claims upon your time and intelligence, he proceeds to read the dark, mysterious future. He will tell whether you will or will not succeed; what sort of person you will marry, and, if you want him to, he will predict the year in which you will die.

The Truth About Tolstoi Frau Anna Seuron, for many years a governess in Count Tolstoi's household, has published a book of personal reminiscences which will rudely shock the admirers of the great Russian writer. Frau Seuron, says the Home Journal, while declaring herself still one of his greatest admirers, says that he is not a harmonious, simple character, that he is not a genius, a true vein of precious metal in the rock, but a patchwork, a bit of mosaic, whose cracks and faults have been so well daubed over that they appear to many people to form a smooth, united surface. He is no anchorite, convinced of the nothingness of the world, who has conquered himself and turned his back on it in disdain, but a man who has carried his vanity over into the "new life" which he has fashioned after his own pattern. When he finds that his sins and his principles cannot be reconciled by any amount of discussion, he turns a somersault from his point of view, withdraws to his study, and begins, with all the more zeal, to set down in writing his laudations of the elementary principles of life which he has just outraged. After firmly refusing for more than a year to touch meat, he allowed his family to persuade him to eat poultry, though he maintained that he intended to adhere to his rules. But the attentive observer would hear the clatter of knife and fork in the dining-room during the night, and the next morning the cold roast beef which had been left on the table would be found half devoured.

Tolstoi never confessed to his sin of weak indulgence, but Frau Seuron declares that she is sure of her facts. He also indulged surreptitiously in a smoke, after preaching against it. She concludes that, while the Count might be a temporary fanatic for abnegation, he was not built for a saint. As a proof of this, she alleges his treatment of his own peasants, and of the poor, and of beggars in general. His pockets were usually very tightly buttoned, even when a few kopeks would have relieved the distress. She accuses him of being indifferent, and says that momentary, strongly

overpowering impulses of miserliness often made him hardhearted. On such occasions he justified himself in his own eyes by his theories as to the evil of money and the blessings of poverty.

For example, when the peasants of his village, Yasnaya Polyana, had but three spades among them, and lacked all the implements wherewith to cultivate the land, he refused to help them to buy the necessary tools. He said that "precisely this lack of implements made them lend to each other, and that was an act of helpful brotherly love." When the Count, who was constantly talking and writing about brotherly love, talked with a begging peasant, the despot of the sixteenth century awoke in him. It was as if abysses lay between them. An evil look came into the Count's eyes, and the petitioner went away shaking his head.

When the Countess Tolstoi, anxious for her own future and that of her children, wished to exploit his works, the Count vehemently protested against money in his usual strain. But when the Countess persisted and carried on affairs too openly, under his very nose, he "cut a somersault," went out and chopped wood. He worked in earnest at such tasks as carting and distributing manure. He did not change his dress for dinner, and brought the odors in with him; as he has a strong taste for perfumes, and did not stint himself in the use of them, the combination of smells sometimes required strong nerves on the part of those present. Frau Seuron takes a very practical view of his arduous labors; they replace, she says, the riding and hunting which he has forsworn. His healthy, muscular frame requires a great deal of exercise, and he takes it in this form because it suits his health; and that is all there is to the fad of hard labor for the salvation of the soul.

William Le Queux One of the rising young authors of the day is William Le Queux, says the London Literary World. Born in London of a French father and English mother, his home during early childhood was in England, and from the age of eight to sixteen in France and Italy. His first leanings were toward art, and he spent some time in the Latin quarter in Paris. From becoming an occasional correspondent to Galignani, Mr. Le Queux, moving along the lines of easiest resistance, took to journalism as a profession. He started in about his twenty-first year on an English provincial newspaper, and served the usual apprenticeship to that and others. About seven years ago he came to London to edit Gossip, a semi-society paper, which lived for something over twelve months, and then died from inanition, which is another word for lack of capital. Then he became editor of that brilliant but unfortunate sixpenny, Piccadilly, which had a curious history, unparalleled, perhaps, in journalism.

At the height of its success it was practically killed by the mutual jealousies and squabbles of its proprietors and mortgagees. As a matter of fact, Mr. Le Queux was appointed by the Chancery Division of the High Court, but after the tide of prosperity had set in under his régime, he was prevented from reaping any benefit for himself or others by the obstinacy of a prior mortgagee, who peremptorily insisted on closing it up. Was ever a paper before killed because it was too successful? We make Mr. Gilbert a present of the suggestion for his next comic opera. While editor of

Piccadilly, Mr. Le Queux had been engaged on that oldest of London evening papers, *The Globe*, and one would have thought that these editorial functions left him small leisure for other work. But any one who knows Mr. Le Queux is aware of his possessing an unusual fund of energy. He could not remain a mere journalist. Some Russian articles he was writing for *The Times*—which afterward entailed upon him the duty of *Times'* almoner to certain escaped Siberian exiles in London—suggested to his mind the production of a Russian story, and *Guilty Bonds*, which appeared both in book-form (Routledge) and in *Answers*, and is now being dramatized, was the result. This was followed by *Strange Tales of a Nihilist* (Ward, Lock & Bowden).

About six weeks after *Guilty Bonds* appeared, Mr. Le Queux was waited upon at his house in Kensington by an official of the Press Bureau in St. Petersburg, to serve him personally with a notice of its prohibition from circulation within the Russian Empire—a personal attention, we believe, that no other English author has received. This was followed by a very polite letter from the Secretary of the Russian Embassy here to the same effect. From that time, not only *Guilty Bonds*, but every scrap of print with Mr. Le Queux's name to it has been ruthlessly "blackened out" by the Russian censor. Still, his books and articles have circulated in Russia, and even in Siberia, though we are not going to explain how. Undoubtedly Mr. Le Queux's greatest success up to date has been scored by his *Great War* book, to which we made reference recently.

Samuel Minturn Peck
and his Work

A new volume of verse by Samuel Minturn Peck will appear in the early autumn. It will be entitled *Rhymes and Roses*, and will contain the best lyrics that this unique singer has contributed to the periodicals in the last three years, together with recent lays never before in print. This Alabama lyrist is deemed by prominent critics the most musical of the younger American poets. His songs possess in an eminent degree that indefinable lyric quality, that fascinating lilt which no adjective can truly describe. Admirers of Mr. Peck's verse have watched with pleasure the gradual growth of a subtle and delightful feeling for nature, as revealed to him in the Southern hills and swamps that surround his plantation home and birthplace. This charming note, hardly suspected in his first book of songs and "vers de société," *Cap and Bells*, was uttered more distinctly in his second volume, *Rings and Love Knots*. In his forthcoming book, *Rhymes and Roses*, this nature strain rings sweet and clear, and seems to have caught the fragrance of the swamp bay flowers and the wild Cherokee roses that wreath his native hills. Among these lyrics of nature will be found a poem of some length, in which the author proves himself capable of sustained effort, and removes the reproach that his muse is only equal to swallow flights of song. This singer has carried the technique of lyric verse as near perfection as any American poet. He has discovered new and melodious stanza forms, and he uses alliteration with such discreet art that the reader is conscious of the music without perceiving the source. He polishes his lines till they seem to sing themselves, and their marvelous spontaneity is an object lesson to all who intend to write verse. The labor he expends does not

cause his poems to smell of the lamp, but adds to them the freshness of the dew. Mr. Peck first won recognition by his bright "vers de société" and tender love lyrics. In the book now in press he has gathered fresh garlands from the field of his earlier successes, and sings more blithely than ever of the Southern girl and her piquant grace.

Besides *Rhymes and Roses*, Mr. Peck has recently written a series of sparkling "vers de société," descriptive of a number of beautiful women prominent in American society. This series has been illustrated by portraits from life by a noted artist in water colors, and will be published in the coming autumn as a beautiful holiday volume, and entitled *Fair Women of To-Day*. The portrait of Miss Verina Davis is the first illustration in the book. It is frequently stated that poetry does not sell. If this is true, Mr. Peck's verse is the exception that proves the rule, for his first volume, *Cap and Bells*, has passed through five editions.

The Cemented Bricks

"The Cemented Bricks! Who or what are they? Is it a new order of Hod-fellows, or is it a building society?" That question, or series of questions, was put to me by a lady three years ago. This article will supply the answer, says Walter Jerrold in *The Sketch*, in a series of papers on the literary cranks of London.

About five years ago, four young men in London were drawn together by a certain similarity of journalistic-literary tastes and aspirations. They had gravitated together from various places—one from a chemist's shop, via a Hull newspaper; another from a newspaper office in the west of England; the third from a similar centre of "light and leading" in Lancashire; while the fourth would-be penman and present writer was chained, as Lamb puts it, to the "desk's dead wood" in a counting-house near the Strand. We few, "we happy few," met, and that frequently, in the rooms of one of our number in Great Ormond Street, and there, like the walrus and the carpenter in Lewis Carroll's book, "talked of many things;" discussed men and books, politics and social subjects—settled with a wave of the hand matters which a session's discussion at St. Stephen's left almost untouched, and made and marred the reputations of books and their writers with an epigram.

Man is the only animal—as far as our limited knowledge of natural history goes—who is clubbable, and the four set to work to form a society. Cemented Bricks was the title hit upon, in unconscious imitation of a similar coterie which flourished thirty years earlier, and which numbered among its members, to name but two—Sir B. W. Richardson and Mr. Joseph Knight. Appropriate mottoes were immediately lighted upon by one of the foundation Bricks who knew Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* better than the works quoted. The writers who were thus made to justify the existence of the new structure were Blair and Shakespeare. A passage from *Henry VI.* proves conclusively that Shakespeare foretold the existence of the coterie of which I am here historiographer. Ben Jonson was a trafficker in bricks; obviously, then, Jonson wrote Shakespeare. I offer this suggestion to the belated Paconians and Co. Well, the Cemented Bricks were firmly established, and they who formed the "Brick-wall" were Brothers. But even brothers must be gov-

erned by laws, and one of their number in autocratic fashion set out to draw up a code of rules.

The early constitution of the Brotherhood provided that each Brick should, in turn, act as host to the rest, that each in turn should read a paper, and that each in turn should preside at the meetings. With the increase of our members, a "revision of the constitution" became necessary. For some months the Bricks went on adding to their number, until the full limit of thirteen was reached; and still some friends, like Mr. Kipling's Tomlinson in "another place," "yampered let me in," and, to make room for them, the number of regular Bricks was increased to thirty, and provision made for the election of "Corresponding Bricks," from among whom vacancies on the original roll could be filled. One of the most recently elected of these corresponding members is Professor Paolo Bellezza, of Milan, the scholarly Italian critic of the works of Tennyson. During next autumn, Professor Bellezza has promised to address his brother Bricks on "The Literary Intercourse between Italy and England in the Fourteenth Century." One rule of the society, which has been held to firmly from the outset, provides that the Bricks shall have no president (this, no doubt, lays them open to Mr. Herbert Spencer's scorn, as expressed in a recent controversy which that philosopher had with a certain Land Society), but that its interests shall be looked after by a Board of Works, a Clerk of the Works, and a Finance Member. Another rule still clung to is that no votes of thanks or other formal compliments shall be proposed at the meetings. Although the society has no head—I pause for the scoffer to make the inevitable and obvious joke—it is found necessary to have some one in authority at each meeting, and the Bricks are placed in order in the chair and are dignified for the evening with title of Master Mason. The duties of the Clerk of the Works (abbreviated into C. O. W., and familiarly known as the Cow) are, to apprise Bricks of the meetings, to keep the minutes, to make himself generally useful, and—to be thoroughly abused for it. The hardest work is done by the finance member in gathering in the subscriptions. The Cemented Bricks, then, are some forty-odd men of various ages and of varied tastes, bound together by a certain unity of aspirations, one of whom stands up for about an hour on the third Wednesday in the month, and enlightens his brethren on a subject chosen by himself. For the next two hours that Brick retains his seat, while the rest rise, one after another, and show that, although they know nothing of the matter in hand, yet the Brother who has dared to address them knows still less. And, as Charles Lamb said of the gatherings at his rooms: "Any gentleman that chooses, smokes."

Harriet Maxwell Converse, a Chief of Indians The only white woman legally accorded full rights and privileges by valid recognition as chief, custodian and adviser of the Six Nations is Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, who was born in Elmira, N. Y., but for many years has resided in New York city. For three generations, writes Kate M. Bostwick in the *Portland Transcript*, her family has been accepted as the guardian and true friend of the American Indian. Her grandfather was adopted by the Senecas in 1792 and called "Ty-we" (honest trader). After his death her father was made a member of the

Deer clan in 1804 receiving the name of Ha-je-noh, (bravest boy). In 1880 Mrs. Converse was publicly adopted in the Seneca tribe and made chief of the Snipe clan, giving her the Indian name of the stepdaughter of Red Jacket, which is Ga-ya-nos-ha-oh, and signifies "the bearer of the law." She is, therefore, a member of the councils of the Six Nations.

Mrs. Converse is a loyal chief, and for her faithful work in the legislature in protecting their original landed interests and territorial boundaries she received as an acknowledgment for this special service the title of Chief Ya-ie-wa-noh (she watches for us), conferred and signed September 18, 1891, by the chiefs of the Six Nations at Onondaga Castle, their national government house. As she is in possession of the Indian relics, heirlooms, wampum belts and other historical records of the different tribes, she has a most valuable collection, whose intrinsic worth is recognized to perpetuate their habits, customs, deeds of valor and romantic legends.

Mrs. Converse considers the historical and national wampum belts the most valuable relics in her possession. They are worth about \$60,000, but are beyond any price. They are centuries old, and in the rows of wampum beads, their color and arrangement, chronicle important events and eras in their domestic and civil government. The reader of these belts is a most important personage in the tribe, generally transmitting this sacred charge for centuries to a special member of one clan, who is instructed privately for this office. Mrs. Converse is a reader of these belts, and with great feeling translates the history of different periods and important events.

Personally Mrs. Converse has an individuality exclusively her own; she has a sympathetic nature, true in her friendships; has liberal, progressive ideas, a mind which readily grasps complex and scientific subjects, strong in reasoning powers; a gentle, affectionate heart, responsive only to nobleness in work and attachment. She has travelled extensively in both continents.

Mrs. Converse is a graceful, versatile writer of prose and poetry. She has published a book of poems entitled *Sheaves*, the exquisite verses attracting the attention of Longfellow and Whittier, who personally wrote her letters of praise and thanks for this addition of chaste thought in poetic form to the present day and generation. To her own sex she is a true friend, ever ready to encourage by kindly words a struggling sister. She belongs to several women's clubs and believes thoroughly in woman's power and advancement.

Alice King, the Blind Novelist

Miss Alice King, the popular novelist, who was wholly blind from the age of seven, became, says the *London News*, a fearless horsewoman, and would gallop over hills and along rough moorland paths that would have been impassable to any but the most proficient rider. Miss King, who was educated at home, gained more or less proficiency in seven languages besides her own—namely, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. All her literary work was done with a typewriter, and with its aid she could write as quickly as a person with sight ordinarily writes with a pen. All Miss King's time not taken up with these literary labors was occupied in teaching and influencing the workingmen and lads in her father's parish, and by her own efforts this blind girl established for them a reading-room, cricket club, band and other institutions.

DRUMSTICKS: A CHILD OF COLUMBINE AND PIERROT

By JOANNA STAATS

A selected reading from *Drumsticks: A Little Story of a Sinner and a Child*. By Joanna Staats. John Poole has wandered from the path of love and constancy for his wife Charlotte and become enamored of Sophie Stang, a music-hall singer. Three months pass. Poole has developed a fondness for *Drumsticks*, Sophie's little child. He now wakens to the realization of his sin, the spell of fascination is broken, and he wishes to be free. The book is published by the Transatlantic Pub. Co.

John Poole walked into the little room at the door of which he had been standing, determined to see Sophie for some minutes before his departure. He wanted to ask her some questions about the child.

He sank upon a low, fur-covered couch, throwing his head back and staring at a ceiling which displayed elaborately in fresco the Apotheosis of Narcissus. The house, which had been rented for the season by Sophie, had once belonged to a very grand family. Sophie always alluded to that ceiling as "nymphs on toast." Venus was simply indicated amid the clouds of a background. There floated through Poole's mind a vague wish that in life—in his life—she had been thus unobtrusively insinuated. To his fancy, the misty face took on the lines of that belonging to Sophie. As for Echo, he could not see her face. And then, again, his thought travelled to Charlotte. It occurred to Poole that there were worse entanglements in real life than any of the mythological complications with which he was familiar. He groaned and muttered a few words:

"Lord, be merciful to me—a fool."

After that he was silent, but his silence was punctuated by the swish of sweeping garments as Sophie came slowly upstairs, still humming:

"Pardon all the faults of me."

A moment later, and one of the most beautiful women in all the town stood leaning against the casement of the door looking at him. Without rising, still lounging, his hands in his pockets, he returned her glance. Their story, and the story of the last three months, lay in the look. She seemed very weary, tranquilly devoid of surprise at finding him there, and possibly a bit bored. Her charming eyes were still disfigured by the rouge upon their lids. Gradually a something petulant grew in their expression. She yawned, and threw the flowers she carried behind a chair, but Poole's quick eye caught sight of a card attached to them. They were not his flowers.

"Well?" said she.

"Well?" echoed he.

"You didn't take supper with me. Were you not hungry?"

"No. I preferred seeing you after the others left, and—I have been talking with the child."

"Drumsticks?" Sophie was too tired to question him in regard to their meeting at that hour.

"Why that ridiculous name?"

Sophie pouted and made no answer. She was studying him in the mirror.

"How came you to allow a child to be so named?"

"Why should I answer? Jack, we have been a good deal together for three months. The first you occupied in rhapsodies; the second with long silences,

and the third and last with criticisms. To them you seem pleased to add questions—interrogations as to a past with which you have no concern. I'm tired!"

"So am I. But surely you will answer a few questions about the child—not yourself? And tell me—that name—why—"

"Well, then—you'll be angry! No? She was not named at all for a year. I was doing the Columbine at—never mind—in London. The Pierrot was her father. He named her on Christmas night at supper—after the play. A few of the company were supping together at my lodgings. He had been drinking. In serving the fowl we had all refused what you Americans call the drumsticks. It seemed to strike him that we should call the baby 'Drumsticks.' It was merely a joke—or intended as one. He took the child and went through a mock christening, wetting her forehead with wine, and calling her Drumsticks. And somehow or other the name has stuck to her. I suppose because it fits. It was true. He didn't want her, nor I, nor any one. There! Now you know!"

Sophie mused, with an odd smile curving her lips. Memory was representing once more to her a midnight scene in a cheap London lodging-house. She saw again an ill-set supper table whose *pièce de résistance* was a tough and leathery fowl. She saw herself—still in the costume of a Columbine—a Sophie ignorant of a future which was to the Sophie of to-day a very glittering and satisfactory present. And opposite her at table she saw once more the kindly, whimsical Pierrot, his face still streaked with the white paint of the pantomime, and still oddly enough framed in a huge ruff. There were three others at the table. And all had been more or less tipsy. The child had been asleep in a large hamper, half filled with old properties. And Pierrot had dragged it to light in order to christen it—his innocent little daughter—in the cheap wine, and with drunken mirth, amid the rough jests and hilarity of those player-folk.

"Ah—the child of a Columbine and a Pierrot!" A quickly fading jealousy was in the tone, and also disgust, fatigue. "What was—his other name?"

"Why ask? Why revive ancient history? And what is it to you, anyway?" Sophie was clearly puzzled. She had spoken to Poole several times about the child and her remarks had met with silence upon his part. As for the fact that he had not seen the girl before, it was largely due to chance. For the rest, Joy had her instructions, and the child had been kept in the fourth story of the house, with the exception of the hours which she passed each day in taking the air.

"Is he dead?" asked Poole, after a pause.

"Dead? Yes; long ago."

"What are you going to do with her—the child?"

"I don't know. Why should I do anything? She's well enough off as she is. Perhaps—some day—if she only develops voice—I may find her some place on the stage. But I'm afraid there is no voice!"

"Thank God!"

"You are polite!" Sophie felt that she was insulted, but she was too sleepy to resent with energy.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

Degeneracy of American Magazines

THE FETTER OF TIMELINESS INDIANAPOLIS NEWS

There is coming to be a pretty general feeling that the editors of our magazines are making altogether too much of the quality of what they are pleased to call "timeliness" in the articles with which they regale their readers. The ambition of most of them is to secure discussions of topics which are of present importance. If they can succeed in gratifying that ambition they are not overscrupulous about the merits of the article as a piece of literature. We are not now so much concerned to criticise the sensationalism which is the inevitable result of this method, as to call attention to the fact that there is nothing so wearisome as what is known as the "information" article. People want knowledge, it is true, but they want inspiration even more, and that is what they are not getting. Most of those who buy and read magazines would rather have a beautifully written article upon the most trivial subject, than a perfunctory, made-to-order discussion of the weightiest themes. And this is what our magazine editors do not seem to be able to grasp. If one of them should by any blessed chance receive an essay like one of Thackeray's Roundabout Papers, he would promptly return it as "unavailable," while one like Lamb's essay on "Roast Pig" would subject the author to the fullest measure of editorial contempt. What is wanted is a "live" topic, and roast pig is necessarily dead. There is, to be sure, such a thing as an "instruction" or "information" article which is a delight. When James Russell Lowell was editor of the Atlantic he wrote thus to one of his contributors:

"Instructive articles should be sweetened as much as possible, for people don't naturally like to learn anything, and prefer taking their information as much as they can in disguise."

The people have not changed, but the editors have. There are no Lowells now gracing editorial chairs, but then there are no Lowells anywhere in sight.

It does not, however, take a Lowell to see and remedy the defects in our magazines. We think it is a false analysis which leads men to believe that the success of our monthly periodicals grows out of their blemishes. It does nothing of the sort. Who would not rather read an essay, such as those which George William Curtis wrote for *The Easy Chair*, in preference to the most "timely" article ever penned by a United States Senator or his private secretary? And there are men in the country who can do this sort of work—not of so high a grade, possibly—if there were the slightest possibility that they could find a market for it. There should be a market for it in our magazines. That there is not, results in our periodical literature giving very little that is either amusing, entertaining, or inspiring. We are being "taught" all the time, and in the most perfunctory way.

But even this work of instruction could be better done. The man, for example, who is known as the author of a Tariff bill is not necessarily the best man to discuss that measure, yet he is the one who would inevitably be chosen to do so. It is foolishly supposed that he knows more about it than any one else, and his

prominence is thought to be a great card for the magazine. This is simply an illustration. Many others might be given. If Mr. Lowell was right in saying that "instructive articles should be sweetened as much as possible," they must be written by men who know much more than enough simply to write the article in question. Even Tammany Hall deserved better treatment than to be turned over to Mr. Richard Croker for discussion.

It will not do to leave out the sensational feature of the case. It was inevitable that the desire to get something new and "timely," for that is the great word, should lead our magazine editors into strange fields. The ambition of many of them seems to be to get an article upon the most important subject at the shortest notice. This is bad in many ways. Such superficial treatment cannot help any one. There is no time for reflection and the careful working out of an idea, for the job must be completed within a week, or it will be too late for the next number, and so too late forever. No valuable result can be achieved in this snapshot fashion, for, though the magazine be "up to date," it is not helpful to its readers. And yet its tendency is more and more in this direction.

We do not think this condition of things will be permanent. Certainly we hope that it will not. In the nature of things the magazine cannot do the work of the newspaper. A newspaper must be "timely," or it is no newspaper. It is read, first of all, for its news. But with the magazine it is different. People go to that for the reasoned and matured views of trained writers and thinkers upon almost any subject that they may care to discuss. They do not get such views very often in the pages of our American periodicals. Nor do they get much literature outside of fiction. There are welcome signs of a growing impatience on the part of the public at the present condition of things.

The Age of the Heroine

GERALDINE BONNER THE SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT

The age of the heroine has advanced only slightly to meet the change in taste of the moving centuries. She was in the beginning of her teens in Shakespeare's day, and up to within the last few years she had only advanced to the end of her teens. From the times when the great Elizabethans met and were merry at the Mermaid Tavern to the times of Dickens and Bulwer, she had progressed from the fourteen of Juliet only to the eighteen of that tender, fragile sylph who smiled and fainted, loved and wept, through the fiction of this century's first half.

The English-speaking world has always demanded the juvenile heroine. In their novels, the British Matron in her drawing-room and her husband at his club have insisted upon the love adventures, the plots and counterplots, centering round a girl of seventeen, who shall have the polished ease, the mental breadth, the knowledge of human nature of a woman of the world of thirty. Art was nothing to the British Matron and her spouse. Their forefathers had accepted Juliets of fourteen years as the proper age for the heroine of fiction, and though, as time passed and fourteen became indissolubly asso-

ciated with bread and butter, pinafores and backcombs, the limit had to be raised to sixteen and eighteen and twenty; still the novel reader was reluctant and let the years accumulate grudgingly.

As the British Matron has ruled English fiction in the department of morals, in that less important point of the heroine's age she has also held imperial sway. Her iron demand for a heroine of tender years has influenced the masters of romance. They have had to bow to her dictum, for she bought their books and the critics voiced her opinions. The author knew that if he made his heroine, with all the complex emotions, the developed temperament, the worldly knowledge and cultured intuitions, the age proper and fitting for such a woman, his public would fall upon him with bitter execrations for having given them an old maid as his ideal.

With the inception of a romantic English literature, this precedent was established. Juliet at fourteen was the ideal heroine of the love-story. Shakespeare, as a rule, was very chary of mentioning the age of any of his characters, evidently believing in the adage that a man was as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. His two most perfect heroines were married. But of the other illustrious feminines in his galaxy, only a few subordinate figures, such as Perdita, Anne Page, and Hero, were young girls in their teens. The others were women in the full splendor of mental and physical maturity. Some of them, like Portia and Helena, have the serene poise, the assured self-reliance of the woman of thirty who has been the mistress of her fate and fortune for a good many years of self-sufficing independence.

Following on Shakespeare came other romanticists, leading impossible, little-girl heroines on to the stage. Webster had already placed his Virginia at the fascinating fourteen; but the Duchess of Malfi, one of the great figures of the Elizabethan literature, was a widow with children, and the character study was artistically harmonious.

At the Restoration, a bunch of dramatists came forward with an army of heroines, gay as to morals, bright as to wit, and of a youthfulness most extraordinary in combination with their extremely knowing minds. Congreve does not tell the age of Mrs. Millimant—that ideal “mondaine,” that pattern great lady for all time; but she remains in the reader's mind as a superb, witty, languid, brilliant creature of perhaps twenty-eight. Wycherley's Hippolyta, who was wide awake for any age, will never be a day less than twenty-five, though the author had the tranquil audacity to say that she was fourteen.

Fielding, the first realist, the founder of the modern school, who broke the soil for Balzac and Thackeray, was too great an artist to submit to the popular idea. Sophia Western is seventeen when her love-story begins, and is but little older when she undertakes her journey to London and meets with various adventures in that brilliant metropolis. Though, according to the modern standard, she is too forgiving to be altogether praiseworthy and properly intelligent, she is a real girl, and it is no stretch of credulity to imagine her seventeen. When Fielding desired to paint the portrait of the woman of experience and matured character, he ran her age up to quite a considerable figure. He is wise enough not to tell us how old Miss Matthews was, and Amelia enters the scene as a married woman of several years' standing. But with the outburst of romance writers that followed Fielding, art had to go to the wall, and the demand of

a silly public for the spring-lamb heroine ruled the world of fiction. The great romancers wrote of women who, they tell us, were eighteen and twenty, and who, we know, were a regal twenty-eight and thirty. All Sir Walter's great heroines were women of thirty years, though Sir Walter, with a plaintive submission to the barbarous dominance of his public, meekly subscribed them seventeen. Does not Rebecca, the Jewess, remain in the mind as a beautiful, sad-eyed, mature woman, with none of the hesitations, the inexperience, the shy crudeness of girlhood about her? Even the cow-like, mild-eyed Rowena is no chicken. Could Di Vernon have been the self-reliant, splendid, conquering creature she was, and have had the timidity, the uncertainty, the fresh ingenuousness of budding eighteen?

Thackeray, like his master, Fielding, was too great an artist to conform to the popular error. His two young women heroines, Ethel and Beatrix, he touches on lightly in the years of their early bloom. Both are women past twenty-five when the storm and stress of their lives begin and the true bent of both characters is shown. On that fateful morning at Castlewood, when Esmond and Frank break their swords before the eyes of their prince, the woman who causes that demonstration of fierce and silent hostility and renunciation, in the crude light of the morning, looks haggard and old. Dickens was not a great success in the drawing of heroines. There are only a few young girls in his books—Bella Wilfer, Dora, Dolly Varden. His ideal, the Agnes kind of woman, never gives one the idea of being young, in the sense of the boarding-school girl.

But it is especially in the hands of the women novelists of that great outblossoming of romantic talent, that the heroines were depicted as fearfully and wonderfully developed and advanced at the age when most girls are absorbed in their first long train and their first real admirer. George Eliot, a realist and an artist in most matters, fell in with the common error. Dorothea is not yet twenty, according to her author, when she displays the firmly molded character, the mental breadth, the wide, penetrating insight of a woman who at thirty might have been set down as highly advanced and well able to take care of herself. She is only equaled by the thoroughly up-to-date Gwendolen. The latter is described as being twenty-one, yet her carefully calculated actions, her brilliant speeches, her intricate mental processes, her mature point of view, her admirable self-confidence and cool daring would not be amiss in a woman of the world of thirty-five. These two—George Eliot's great achievements—are impossible creations when one tries to reconcile their characters and careers with the ages assigned them by their author.

Charlotte Brontë, being of a slightly anterior epoch, went even further. Any one remembering Jane Eyre, will immediately call up a mental vision of the precise, trim figure of Mr. Rochester's governess, a self-contained, stiff, smart young woman of some two or three-and-thirty. When, in reading the book, one suddenly comes upon the statement that she is nineteen, the incongruity of her age with the character unfolded in the story is so absurd that, for a space, the book loses all artistic cohesion and falls into chaotic unreality. Jane Eyre is one of the most startling examples of this singular tradition as to the age of the heroine. As a woman of thirty, she is artistically conceived and developed. As a girl of nineteen, she is an absolute impossibility.

Into modern fiction, the novels of the moment, with their problems tacked on to their backs, the modern spirit has crept, and the heroine, when she is one of the noble, daring, advanced creatures we have worshiped for so many years, is beginning to mount upward toward the age where nature and art say she should be. Mrs. Ward, imbued as she is with the essence of contemporaneity, was one of the first to institute this move in the right direction. Catherine, in Robert Elsmere, was twenty-six when she met that wavering apostle. Marcella, who is essentially a modern young girl, is from twenty-two to twenty-four. Sometimes, however, tradition remains too strong to break. Even so up to date a person as Mme. Grand cannot shake off the fetters of custom. Her Evadne is quite an impossible character for the age assigned her. That a girl, brought up as she was, could, at her age, have decided and carried out the course of action described, is as unlikely as that Jane Eyre, at unsophisticated nineteen, would have known so well how to manage such a wary admirer as Mr. Rochester.

In this country, where the fiction is so largely a fiction of localities and where the artistic spirit of it is so obviously taken from France, the heroine's age fluctuates in a bewildering manner. At one side of the continent Bret Harte was fond of depicting the heroine of fourteen and fifteen, because he found, in the life he was describing, that she was as much an object of love and admiration as her sister of twenty-five would be in the colder, more conventional East. Miss Wilkins, on the other hand, constantly devotes her muse to describing the aged loves of men and women of fifty, who have been courting for a trifle over twenty years. Fifty in New England appears to be quite the correct age for the heroine. Down in New Orleans, Cable has it that the creole beauty is at her loveliest and most captivating at the old, conventional eighteen. According to Miss Murfree, in the Tennessee Mountains the heroine is even younger, being old, battered, and wrinkled at thirty. While in New York it would seem that the new heroine, the perfected blossom of culture and wealth, is that wonderful woman of thirty years that everybody is looking for and nobody ever finds.

Poverty and the Pen

HENRY MURGER'S ADVICE.....NEW YORK SUN

A piece of advice to young men seeking their fortunes in the fields of literature may be found in M. Catulle Mendès' account of his first interview with Henry Murger, the author of *La Vie de Bohème*, whom Paris is about to honor with a monument. It is certainly not very encouraging, but, although rather sombre in tone, it brings out some facts which may be interesting to young gentleman of the present day who fancy that there are millions in manuscripts. It will also amuse the old fellows who love to be reminded of Horace Greeley. Armed with a letter of recommendation, M. Mendès visited Murger early one morning, and the following is his account of the interview:

"And so," said Murger, "you have come to Paris to take a hack at literature?" His voice was somewhat hoarse, but soft, for all that, and there was an expression of bitterness and sadness in it. I replied, "Yes; and if you will have the goodness to——" I could say no more, and so I handed him my manuscripts, tied up with a little piece of silk string. He jumped up sud-

denly, seized the papers, tore them to pieces, and threw them out of the window. Then he paced the room.

"Will you get out of here, boy," said he, suddenly, "and never come back to Paris again!"

"Almost terrified, I walked toward the door, muttering, 'Oh, yes; yes, sir; I beg your pardon. I did not know—I will leave.'"

"Then he took me by the shoulder, led me to the sofa, and made me sit down beside him. After a little while he said: 'Poor child! That Rivet is a fool to put such nonsense into your head. But for all that, I must beg your pardon. Stop a moment, and we'll have a chat. I like Rivet very much. I went to bed late last night. You woke me up, and I was in bad humor. But you write poetry, and want to write romances and plays?'"

"Yes, sir."

"He folded his arms, and his head drooped.

"I am 44 years old," said he. "I have worked a great deal, I have a great deal of talent, and I am celebrated. You have come to me because you consider that I have a great deal of talent and some celebrity. Look at this chamber where I slept last night. It is not mine; it belongs to a friend of mine. He sleeps upstairs. You see there is no bed in it. I have a home of my own, but I prefer to stay here, on account of the ringing of the door-bell, which wakes me up every morning. This ringing is done by my creditors. There is the butcher, the fruiterer, and the coal man; they demand their money, and they are right. They are not rich; they need their money, and a fellow is ashamed of being unable to pay them. You have read *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*? Thank you. But what can we do? We are bound to make fun of sad things. There is the wife, who gets up before you, and who says to you, 'Come, come, hurry up, get a move on you; do something.' And she is right. She knows that there are not three francs in the house, and that we will want to have breakfast by and by, notwithstanding the fact that we took supper the night before in the *Brasserie des Martyrs*, or at the *Belle Poule*. It was to escape her tongue this morning that I slept here last night. Now, as for my plays and my books; I make money by them, do I? I sold the *Vie de Bohème* for 500 francs. I am loaded with debts, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* hardly ever gives me more than 3,000 francs for each romance. Of course you expected to find me lodged like a prince, and dressed in Oriental stuffs; but I sleep on a lounge, like a servant waiting for his master, and to the concierge of the house across the way I owe for the mending of the overcoat that I will put on by and by on my way to breakfast on credit at the *Brasserie des Martyrs*. Oh! But I know now what you are thinking of. 'What matter about poverty,' you say, 'when one has glory!' Glory, my child, does not exist. One is known and becomes famous, if you will. People remark you as you pass, and under the galleries of the *Odéon* young men who have not money enough to buy your books run over them on the stands. And, moreover, a fellow is hated on account of the notoriety which he has acquired—notoriety which brings him no profit. You can have no idea of the spite, the rage, and the desire to strangle that are concealed in the hypocritical humility of those who call you 'Dear Master.'"

"But if you had met me at the *Café Veron* with Scholl, or with Lambert Thiboust, or with Barrière, I

might have talked to you in quite another tone. When one has had breakfast—because we do manage to get that, God knows how—when a fellow has received an advance from some journal, and he is sure of a good dinner and a seat at a first performance of a piece that a millionaire would pay ten louis for, he is gay and healthy and pleasant; but now it is morning, and the morning brings the recollection of the sad things of yesterday. It does not believe in the vanities of the evening. Well, I cannot invite you to breakfast, because, although I have got credit for myself, I have not got sufficient credit to invite a guest. To tell you the plain truth, I advise you to go away and remain far away from us.

“Now, do you know why I tore up your manuscript? Just because I imagined that you had some talent, and I could not help telling you so. Then I might be the means of bringing upon you a great deal of difficulty in the future. Very well; go away this very day, if it is possible. Go away! I hope you are not angry with me for talking to you so plainly. Oh, but, after all, I know very well that what I have said will amount to nothing. If you have talent somebody else not less sad than myself—for we literary fellows are all sad—but less convinced of the necessity of performing the duty which I have performed, will say to you: ‘That is very good; that is admirable. Go ahead, young man!’ Oh, the criminals! Don’t have a damn bit of talent. That is the best advice that I can give you. Skip!’ He shoved me toward the door, and I went down the stairs heartbroken.”

Word-Painted Portraits in Literature

A STUDY IN DESCRIPTION....NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

Literature has its portrait painters, and some of them deserve to rank with Titian, Velasquez and Rembrandt. A great portrait, “a speaking likeness,” done with actual pigments, is a kind of human document which may be variously read by different readers, but which in any case will probably convey something more than can be reduced to words. The total effect will be an expression of individual history, of a past surviving in the present, or of a present more or less surrendered to the past. All this, one may say, has made itself, or has been made, by appeals from without and within to a highly complex and mysterious personality. The portrait seems to tell the whole story, but it is one of the most difficult of undertakings for even the closest observer to sum up the precise significance of the whole confession—the last result of the action and reaction of temperament and character on the one hand, and of time and circumstance on the other. But, after all, the nearest approach to mind-reading is face-reading. It is possible to make mistakes, of course; but no countenance is a perfect mask.

The literary portrait painter’s art is especially difficult, because it is the hardest thing in the world to bring words to the description of anything beyond the limits of the general—the class, the species, or the type. And portrait painting is nothing if it is not individual. But literary portrait painters have this advantage, that their success is not dependent upon the effect of a single effort. Some of the most successful of them do not attempt complete portraiture even of the outward man in any one passage, but rely upon the cumulative effect of a touch here and a stroke there, so that the picture

gradually grows into an unreserved expression. George Eliot is one of the few great writers whose skill has been equal to their daring in undertaking the opposite course. About the best picture in her gallery of portraits is that of Mr. Mallinger Grandcourt in *Daniel Deronda*. Mr. Grandcourt is introduced at an archery meeting to a young lady who had been expecting his arrival with a good deal of interest. We are told that his wish to be introduced had no suddenness for her, but that, when she felt herself face to face with the real man, there was “a little shock which flushed her cheeks and vexatiously deepened with her consciousness of it.” The shock was due to the fact that Grandcourt was very unlike all her imaginary portraits of him. “He was slightly taller than herself, and their eyes seemed to be on a level; there was not the faintest smile on his face as he looked at her, not a trace of self-consciousness or anxiety in his bearing; when he raised his hat he showed an extensive baldness surrounded with a mere fringe of reddish blond hair, but he also showed a perfect hand; the line of feature from brow to chin, undisguised by beard, was decidedly handsome, with only moderate departures from the perpendicular, and the slight whisker, too, was perpendicular. It was not possible for a human aspect to be freer from grimace or solicitous wriggings; also it was, perhaps, not possible for a breathing man to look less animated. The correct Englishman, drawing himself up from his bow into rigidity, assenting severely, and seeming to be in a state of internal drill, suggests a suppressed vivacity, and may be suspected of letting go with some violence when he is released from parade; but Grandcourt’s bearing had no rigidity; it inclined rather to be flaccid. His complexion had a faded fairness resembling that of an actress when bare of the artificial white and red; his long gray eyes expressed nothing but indifference.”

This strikes us as a fine bit of work, even for George Eliot; but evidently it did not quite satisfy her, for she adds: “Attempts at description are stupid. Who can all at once describe a human being? Even when he is presented to us we only begin that knowledge of his appearance which must be completed by innumerable impressions under differing circumstances. We recognize the alphabet; we are not sure of the language.” This reflection is just; but the merit of this particular portrait is its perfect consistency with everything we come to know of the man as we go on with the story. Grandcourt had the repose of a man who had always been sure of his position, and who had never asked or accorded sympathy—calm, cold, selfish, cruel, polite, but indifferent, in the company of his social equals; brutally careless of the sensibilities of his inferiors and dependents. He made, naturally, a very disagreeable husband. George Eliot’s genius, by the way, was by no means feeble in the description of disagreeable husbands. Whoever has read *Middlemarch* must remember Mr. Casaubon, Dorothea Brooke’s disagreeable husband, who must have been very nearly, if not quite, as hard to live with as Mr. Grandcourt. We get his portrait first as Dorothea saw him through the haze of an idealizing imagination: “Dorothea felt a little more uneasy than usual. In the beginning of dinner, the party being small and the room still, these motes from the mass of a magistrate’s mind fell too noticeably. She wondered how a man like Mr. Casaubon would support such triviality. His manners, she thought, were very

dignified; the set of his iron-gray hair and his deep eye-sockets made him resemble the portrait of Locke. He had the spare form and the pale complexion which became a student; as different as possible from the blooming Englishman of the red-whiskered type represented by Sir James Chettam." A little further on we get another and a somewhat different impression from Dorothea's sister's point of view. Another dinner, in contemplation, was under discussion, and Celia Brooke asks whether any one else is coming to dine besides Mr. Casaubon. "I hope there is some one else," she said. "Then I shall not hear him eat his soup so." "What is there remarkable about his soup-eating?" asks Dorothea. "Really, Dodo, can't you hear how he scrapes his spoon? And he always blinks before he speaks. I don't know whether Locke blinked, but I'm sure I am sorry for those who sat opposite to him if he did." Upon closer acquaintance, Mr. Casaubon's reputed scholarship turns out to be little more than pedantry, and his long-expected book will not get itself done. He is nowhere described much more at length than at his introduction to the reader, but somehow we seem to see him growing thinner and sallow as he breaks down under the ineffectual labor of his life, his stately patronizing dignity struggling to maintain itself, while he suspects that his wife sees and pities the inevitableness of his failure. It is a sad picture, painted by a hand that neglects no pathetic detail in the collapse of a proud, intense, and narrow nature.

The Newer British Novelists

AUTHORS OF THE DAY.....BOSTON HERALD

The reading public are confronted by a formidable list of newer novelists lately developed among British authors. It is compared with that which has been produced in our own country in the same period of time, unfavorably to us in point of numbers and in capacity to attract attention. It must be admitted that the English have exceeded us in this respect. The reading public to be addressed here should be more numerous, but there has not been called out such a supply of works that obtain notice for real or assumed literary value as we find in Great Britain. Here is the superiority of the mother country, if such superiority exists. It does not strike us as an important superiority, resting on this basis alone. It implies facility in production and encouragement in the condition of the market to be supplied, rather than positive and permanent additions to the world's literature.

How many of these later British novelists have given proof of talent that carries them even into the second rank of British novelists of the last fifty years? We will not ask that there shall be successors to Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, but where are the Charles Reades, the Anthony Trollopes, the Thomas Hardys, or even the R. D. Blackmores and the Mrs. Oliphants of the present generation, and, we might, perhaps, include William Black and Walter Besant in the list of the names to be matched? It strikes us that but one of the newer novelists—Mrs. Humphrey Ward—is entitled to a position in this category. George Du Maurier has phenomenal popularity in our own country by means of one book just now, but it does not exist in anything like the same degree in England, and it is too early to say that his place in literature is established. There are several clever writers of novels, like Norris

and Anstey, and Russell and Doyle, and the Misses Gerard, and Haggard, whose works are read for their narrative skill, for their good English, or for the capacity in some of them to depict character. These, with the exception of Conan Doyle, are not the writers whose latest development is most talked about in literary circles.

The man most clearly endowed with genius among the more modern British novelists is dead. We allude, of course, to Robert Louis Stevenson. He leaves no successors. He has brought a school of imitators into existence, and we owe to this and to the reaction against certain "realism," as it is called in other quarters, the attention that has been called to these newer British writers of fiction—Rider Haggard first, and later Stanley J. Weyman and Anthony Hope have revived the romantic in their novels. None of them has treated it with a talent that marks him as an extraordinary accession to literature, but they have met a hunger in the minds of readers to be treated to something more than the bare details of ordinary events. They are not important novelists beyond this. Of the followers of Stevenson, J. M. Barrie at first appeared to be the most promising. He made a hit with *The Little Minister*, and he wrote better in his *Window in Thrums*, but the indications are that this is all he has for the public. Several years have elapsed, and with the stimulus of popularity he has added nothing to it. There has been, also, Beatrice Harraden's *Ships that Pass in the Night*, novel and original, but the fruit, apparently, of morbid meditation under the effects of ill-health, and standing alone in production. One or two Scotch writers have since appeared; among whom S. R. Crockett establishes a reputation on the flimsiest foundation of sketch-work. With these has been produced really the most powerful and thoughtful novel of any of them in Sarah Grand's *The Heavenly Twins*, though not a book to be unreservedly admired or unstintedly praised. There has been nothing more from this writer. Literary will-o'-the-wisps have flitted in the dusk of these literary days, have held the public attention for a time and then faded into the darkness. Sudden popularity and large sales seem to show the rising of a bright star in the literary firmament, but the star is but a will-o'-the-wisp, and even it flickers and dies out.

We think we have treated in the above rapid review all that there is calling for serious consideration in later English fiction. Its authors are much more numerous and varied in their scope than important. They are compared with our own of the same period, as we said at the beginning, unfavorably to our enterprise in literature, if the term be allowable here. We have not developed the same number of writers with the capacity to get themselves talked about. When it comes to be a question of enduring fame, however, our impression is that the English novelists who are appearing at the present day hardly evince a talent to sustain the reputation of their country. We do not mean its reputation on the Dickens and Thackeray standard, but on that which has followed it, and which is clearly a lower plane in literature. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, we think, will take a place here, and the author of *Trilby* may, but we see no others who promise to be the peers of the leading novelists of the earlier generation in Great Britain.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

I, Too, Am Alone....Ed B. Moss....Atlanta Constitution

I miss you, my darling, my darling;
The shadows creep upon the spire,
And loud is the noise of the city,
And all things with life seem afire;
The glow that all other hearts quicken,
Is a pall of despair to my own:
'Tis evening; and like you, my darling,
I, too, am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,
I'm tired of the day and its care;
I would have you sit down here beside me,
I, stroking your beautiful hair;
Forgetting the world and its sorrow,
Forgetting all things but my own;
But the dull city twilight reminds me
I, too, am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling;
No glad answer comes to my ear;
Then mem'ry turns back on the bygone
And calls up a vision most dear.
In fancy I hear you, my darling,
Say "Love to perfection hath grown,"
Oh, bliss! but the city reminds me
I, too, am alone.

I need you, I need you, my darling;
A void in my aching heart yet
Cries aloud for the days that have vanished,
And sings of remorse and regret.
But, a star rises in the horizon;
Its rays throw a light o'er my own,
And I see the day dawning when we, love,
Shall not be alone.

Failed.....Arthur L. Salmon.....London World

Failed of the goal which once had been my aim,
The distant port for which I once had sailed,
I think the graven words above my name
Must be "He failed."

Failed to achieve the vision and the quest,
The self-forgetting and self-sacrifice;
Failed to attain the heritage of rest
Beyond all price.

Failed to retain the birthright, having sold
For passing pleasure and from fear of pain;
Paying the wage of God's eternal gold
For timely gain.

Failed of the purity that purges sight,
The faith that nourishes with daily bread;
Failed of the hand that reaches through the night
To guide our tread.

Failed, having laid his hand upon the plow,
So soon to falter and so soon to tire;
Failed, though the God of life may even now
Save as by fire.

However bright life's afterglow may flame,
If storms retreat that have so long assailed,
I think the graven words above my name
Must be "He failed."

Is Life Worth Living?...Ellen M. H. Gates...Treasures of Kurium (Putnam)

Yes, yes, we say, our lives are worth
All that they cost, whate'er befall,
And if the round, unresting earth
And these poor, mortal days were all,
Faced all the time by pain and death,
'Tis worth our while to draw our breath.

If only once we saw the sun

March, like a god, across the sky,
And only once, when day was done,
We watched the fires of sunset die,
These hints of other worlds would be
Worth all the years to you and me.

But once to see the stars at night,
And once the roses by the door;
To see but once the oceans smite
With awful strength the quiv'ring shore—
These, these alone would make our breath
Worth all the pangs of birth and death.

Is life worth living? Dearest eyes,
That look to ours in weal and woe,
How would ye flash in pained surprise
If false to you we answered "No"—
By all that we can know or guess
Of earth or heaven, we answer—Yes.

Plighted...Dinah Maria Mulock-Craik...Lovers' Year Book (Roberts Bros.)

Mine to the core of the heart, My Beauty!
Mine, all mine; and for Love, not duty,—
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for Love's sake, as mine to thee.
Duty's a slave that keeps the keys;
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Just as he please,—just as he please.

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden!
Give to a few friends hand or smile,
Like a generous Lady, now and awhile,
But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore;
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, My Own, without doubts or terrors,
With all thy goodnesses, all thy errors,
Unto me and to me alone revealed—
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."
Many may praise thee—praise mine as thine;
Many may love thee—I'll love them, too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine.

Mine! God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given
Something all mine on this side Heaven—
Something as much myself to be
As this my soul which I lift to Thee,
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Life of my life, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world for the world's work's sake—
But each unto each, as in Thy sight, One.

The Message of Death.....Herman Merivale....Poems

Miscall me not! men have miscalled me much,
Have given hard names and harsher thoughts to me,
Reviled and evilly entreated me,
Built me strange temples as an unknown god,
Then called me idol, devil, unclean thing,
And to rude insult bowed my godhead down.
Miscall me not! for men have marred my form,
And in the earthborn grossness of their thoughts
Have coldly modeled me in their own clay,
Then fear to look on that themselves have made.
Miscall me not! ye know not what I am,
But ye shall see me face to face, and know.
I take all sorrows from the sorrowful,

And teach the joyful what it is to joy;
 I gather in my landlocked harbor's clasp
 The shattered vessels of a vexed world,
 And even the tiniest ripple upon life
 Is, to that calm sublime, as tropic storm.
 When other leechcraft fails the breaking brain,
 I, only, own the anodyne to still
 Its eddies into visionless repose.
 The face distorted with life's latest pang,
 I smooth, in passing, with an angel's wing,
 And from beneath the quiet eyelids steal
 The hidden story of the eyes, to give
 A new and nobler beauty to the vest.
 Belie me not! the plagues that walk the earth,
 The wasting pain, the sudden agony,
 Famine and war and pestilence, and all
 The terrors that have darkened round my name,
 These are the works of life, they are not mine;
 Vex when I tarry, vanish when I come,

Instantly melting into perfect peace,
 As at His word, whose master spirit I am,
 The troubled waters slept on Galilee.
 Tender I am, not cruel; when I take
 The shape most hard to humn eyes, and pluck
 The little baby blossom yet unblown,
 'Tis but to graft it on a kindlier stem,
 And leaping o'er the perilous years of growth,
 Unwept of sorrow, and unscathed of wrong,
 Clothe it at once with rich maturity.
 'Tis I that gave a soul to memory;
 For round the follies of the bad I throw
 The mantle of a kind forgetfulness;
 But canonized in dear love's calendar,
 I sanctify the good for evermore.
 Miscal me not! my generous fullness lends
 Home to the homeless, to the friendless, friends;
 To the starved babe the mother's tender breast,
 Wealth to the poor, and to the restless—rest!

By the Hedge.....George E. Bowen.....Chicago Inter-Ocean

Over the same old road, sweetheart, that we strolled in the long ago,
 I am wandering once again, alone, where the sweet wild-roses glow;
 And I pause by the hedge to whisper, dear, to the blossoms so pink and fair,
 A poor little faded sorrow, love, there's nobody else to share.

Summer with all its joy, sweetheart, is out on the old highway,
 But the breezes sigh as they pass me by and unto the forest stray;
 Wistfully sigh the breezes, love, as they pass me standing there
 By the old hedgerow where the roses glow, and nobody seems to care.

Standing alone by the hedge, my love, I am lost in a pensive dream.
 I am floating away through the summer day where the old-time roses gleam;
 The roses that shared our secret, love, the roses that smiled as fair
 As the promise true we were glad to view, with nobody else to care.

Over the dear old road, sweetheart, in the shadowy cool of day
 Come the echoes low of the long ago, the tenderest things to say;
 And I smile again as the twilight glows, and banish my long despair
 With a thought of you that is sweet and true, and wonder if you will care.

Something of other days, sweetheart, the breezes are singing low.
 Something that thrills the roses, love, and lends them a brighter glow;
 Something that soothes the restless pain I have patiently learned to bear
 Through the endless days on the old highways, where nobody seems to care.

Why Is It?.....Father Ryan.....Poems

Some find work where some find rest,
 And so the weary world goes on.
 I sometimes wonder which is best.
 The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
 And so the dreary night hours go.
 Some hearts beat where others break.
 I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some will faint where some will fight;
 Some love the tent and some the field.
 I often wonder who are right—
 The ones who strive or those who yield.

Some hands fold where other hands
 Are lifted bravely in the strife,
 And so through ages and through lands
 Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
 In tireless march, a thorny way;
 Some struggle on where some have fled;
 Some seek when others shun the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash;
 Some fall back where some move on;
 Some flags furl where others flash
 Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on while others keep
 The vigils of the true and brave.
 They will not rest till roses creep
 Around their name above a grave.

A Benediction.....C. Brook.....Poems

He held her hand one minute in his own,
 Murmured, through parted lips, "God help you, Sweet";
 Left her alone, and in his vacant place
 The twilight stole with soft and noiseless feet.

He passed away through dewy garden paths,
 Flooded with waves of moonlight, weird and white,
 And mystic scent of leaf-veiled lilac bloom,
 Wafting its incense to the soul of night.

Between the setting and the rising sun
 Adrift her spirit wandered, till the day
 Woke the new story of a life begun
 Out of the grave of One who slipped away.

A twilight life, of gentle thought and deed,
 Of selfless purpose and reliant prayer;
 A spirit moving in the misty light
 Of Springtime perfume on the evening air,—

Standing alone, her life was doubly blest,
 By this dead love, and love of sorrow born,
 Till tender Death sang all her soul to rest,
 And merged Spring twilight in the Summer morn.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Told of Ocean Jockeys

ANIMALS THAT TRAVEL FREE..C. F. HOLDER..INTER-OCEAN

"Yes, we see curious things once in a while," said a San Pedro fisherman. "A few days ago I made a trip over the Santa Catalina channel for a load of abalones that they pile up at the isthmus for me every few months, and when I got off there about ten miles I saw a big loon sitting on what seemed like a spar. But while I watched, it seemed to fall off, then circled around several times, and alighted again, retaining its position with much difficulty. The wind had almost died down, as we were in the lee of the island, and we slowly drifted up to the bird, until we were within fifty feet of it, when I saw what the roost was—not a spar at all, but a big fish—one of those fellows the Italians call the luna, because it was like the moon. This luna was the biggest one that I have ever seen, and was so old that it was covered with goose barnacles, and looked more like a piece of wreckage than anything else. That is what the bird probably thought it was. The fish lay almost flat on the water, with one big fin sticking out, the other being under water, and the weight of the bird made it lie over to one side. As we neared it, the bird arose and flew away, and the fish straightened up; but it made no attempt to move away as we came alongside, and it looked to me like a fish over one hundred years old. I struck it with an oar, but it moved only a little ways off, then came to the surface again.

"I saw something about as curious last year," continued the fisherman. "In August the waters of the islands off here, from San Clemente up, are filled with fish that are spawning. The water then will be covered in places with small birds that look like snipe, and it is a common thing to see them swimming about in schools of hundreds. On this trip I kept my eye out for whales, as a brother-in-law of mine is a whaler at Point Loma, and wanted to know the outlook for whales up this way. When about half-way over, right in midchannel, I saw the spout of a big gray whale, and the next minute I saw the back of the whale, about twenty feet of it, black as ink, on blue water. To my surprise, it did not disappear, and I soon concluded that the big creature was either asleep or lying on the surface sunning itself. As we came nearer, I saw at least fifty little birds running about on its back, feeding, evidently having a feast upon the various parasites on the whale's back.

"We lay off and watched them for some time. They ran up and down just as they would on a beach, and it occurred to me that it was not an accident, but that there was some understanding between the whale and the birds; in other words, the whale knew that the birds were relieving it of many parasites that it could not get rid of in any other way, and consequently submitted to their running over it. Finally, its big fluke rose in the air, the cloud of birds flew away, and the whale, probably with a clean back, sank out of sight. On another occasion I was cruising down by Ensenada and saw what I supposed to be a log floating on the surface, as on it were numerous birds, some walking about, others apparently asleep. As we ran in nearer I saw that it was a big sea turtle,

asleep on the surface, and the birds had alighted upon its broad back, as they would have done on floating timber. They flew away as we came alongside, and we put a harpoon into the turtle, and took it after it had towed us about the bay.

"Up around Monterey a gigantic shark is sometimes caught in the net of the fishermen. It ranges from twenty to forty feet in length, and is known as the basking whale, from the fact that it floats on the top of the water, literally basking in the sunlight—much after the fashion of the sunfish. This affords a veritable floating island for the various seabirds that rise from it in a cloud as boats approach, and sometimes ride upon it when the great fish swims with its back exposed." There are other sea jockeys than those mentioned. The writer some time ago caught a large hammer-head shark off Redondo beach. The big creature towed the boat about for nearly an hour, and when brought in sight of the boat, it was seen to have several riders—fish, almost pure black and a foot in length—which were attached to the shark. The shark was struggling and fighting, cutting through the water with powerful rushes, but the little fish still clung to it, and finally, when it was hauled upon the beach, the little black attendants came with it. They were clinging to the shark by a curious sucker on the back of the head that resembled the slats of Venetian blinds; and the suction was so powerful that when the plate or sucker was attached it was extremely difficult to pull it off by main force. Half a dozen of these riders accompanied the shark, and they are sometimes seen accompanying turtles and may be called the real jockeys of the sea.

The Happiness of Wild Animals

GUESSES IN ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY....LONDON SPECTATOR

What makes the happiness of wild animals? The question is not very easily answered. The abstract idea of liberty certainly does not enter into it in the case of the greater number; they cannot, like the man who has consciously sought a life in the wilds in order to enjoy the sense of freedom from social restrictions, say: "I am free, and my own master, and, therefore, I possess one element of happiness." What the happiness of wild creatures consists in can perhaps be best judged by their daily habits. Within certain limits they are free to choose their life, and presumably they choose that which pleases them best. In nearly every case this is one of pure routine. It consists in the daily repetition of a very limited series of actions, the greater number of which seem to give them satisfaction rather than pleasure, but make up in the aggregate the sum of animal happiness.

Unlike the domesticated dog, which welcomes any break in the monotony of life, they never, except in the courting season, seem to seek change or adventure or excitement. It may be doubted whether, if the food-supply were plentiful and constant, animals or birds would ever care to move beyond the circle in which they can find enough for their daily wants. The probable whereabouts of deer at any time in the twenty-four hours, and their occupation, whether feeding,

sleeping, or resting, are known with the utmost certainty to those whose business it is to watch the forest, and could be predicted for any month in the year; and though the Scotch deer move considerable distances, owing to the bad weather and want of food on the mountains, a fat Exmoor stag remains in the same haunt, and goes through the comfortable round of eating, sleeping, and occasionally bathing, as regularly as its tame relations in Richmond Park. Change, excitement, or even the desire to visit another part of the forest does not seem to come within their notion of what constitutes happiness in the wild life. Comfort seems to be his aim, though this, secured by natural means, bestows what in the case of human beings it often withdraws, the condition of perfect health.

The adventurous life, if it is found anywhere among wild creatures, belongs to the carnivorous animals. Yet most of these only wander just so far as is necessary to find their prey, and then prefer to kill some creature that will provide a meal for more than one day. They are naturally indolent, and active only from necessity. Even the peregrine falcon, the fastest and boldest of English birds, lives "in a groove" when it can. Those in the Culver cliffs not only remain there during the whole year, but at no time during the day are they absent for more than an hour from the cliff face. Though they could cross the channel after breakfast, and return by midday without fatigue, did they choose to do so, they are as much attached to a small area as the birds which haunt our gardens. Another clue to the passive character of animal happiness is that given by the behavior of those creatures which have voluntarily established what is called by naturalists "commensalism" with man, living only where he lives, and feeding on what, in a sense, "falls from his table." Sparrows, starlings, and the half-wild pigeons of London are in the transition state between the freedom of the fields and the confinement of the Zoo, where, by the way, these birds are perhaps tamer and more confident than in any other place. Their life, in its hours and habits, is almost identical with that of the bird inmates of the cages. They eat when they eat, bathe when they bathe, and on cold nights will come and sit in the aviaries of the larger birds which admit their passage through the bars. In no case do they seem anxious for more "liberty." It may be doubted if a Zoo sparrow has ever visited Hyde Park, or whether, if the caged birds were given their liberty, they would leave the Gardens. This has in some instances been proved. Some years ago the snow broke in the wire roof of a cage of wild wood-pigeons. These birds remained in the Gardens, and nested next spring in the adjacent trees.

For the wildest creature the state of nature has its evils, which disappear in captivity. Every class, except the strongest, has its "natural enemy" forever seeking to kill it, of whose existence it is painfully aware, and which keeps it constantly in nervous dread. For most, a change of weather or of season causes a dearth of food; and for all, the inevitable time of injury and sickness, though not foreseen or dreaded, comes at last, without the chance of aid or recovery. An example of the advantages of life at the Zoo, even to the largest animals, when attacked by illness curable by human treatment, but likely to cause lingering death in freedom, occurred only recently in the Gardens. An Indian rhinoceros developed a large and painful abscess under

its eye. This was suspected to be caused by a bad tooth; but as it ate the twigs of a birch-broom which was cut up and given to it, it was decided to treat the case as one requiring the surgeon and not the dentist. The creature allowed the abscess to be lanced, and later to be syringed daily with a large garden-squirt, and is now apparently recovering fast.

Fishes that Cannot Swim

SUBMARINE PEDESTRIANS.....FISHING GAZETTE

More than one species of fish is met with which cannot swim, the most singular of which, perhaps, is the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl, or walk, or hop, after the manner of a toad, to which animal this fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and it is provided with a long up-turned snout. The anterior (pectoral) fins of the maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water, but can only move backward and forward, having truly the form of thin paws. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes, and could not serve for swimming at all. Other examples of non-swimming fishes include the sea horse, another most peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen; and the starfish, of which there are many specimens, which mostly walk and crawl on the shore or rocks, both being unable to swim.

The Feathered Gentleman of Baltimore

TALES OF THE ORIOLE.....NEW YORK SUN

Here are some stories about the Baltimore oriole as gathered by a dozen different observers, but all unquestionably true. Every one that has seen this bird in nature knows that it is one of the most beautiful birds of the continent, and that its voice is one of the most cheerful known among feathered songsters. That it is as wise as it is beautiful and tuneful will probably be demonstrated to every one who reads these stories of its doings. Three pairs of Baltimore orioles built their nests in the boughs of the elms shading a large garden. Though on separate trees, they were all close together and the birds were all on very good terms. In other trees round about and in the shrubs and bushes beneath were the nests of other birds—robins, bluebirds, blackbirds, catbirds, chippy birds—what not. Between these outsiders and the orioles there was commonly peace, though the blackbird occasionally got into trouble when he came too near the orioles' nests. Accordingly, when, on a certain morning, the birds of all kind were found to be in an uproar, screaming and flying about in a state of wild excitement, the gardener ran to see what ailed the feathered crowd.

The cause of the trouble was soon discovered. One of the demure oriole wives had caught her head in the sharp angled fork of a tree limb and there she hung, fluttering and unable to free herself. The bird community had assembled in force, and had they been endowed with ordinary human reason they could not have been more excited, more free with their advice, or less capable of offering any real assistance. Beyond dashing from place to place and screaming, the birds, other than the orioles, did nothing; but the two sisters of the prisoner not only flashed about and screamed, but occasionally one of them would catch the trapped bird by a tail feather and give her a yank. As it hap-

pened, this pulling only seemed to wedge the unfortunate bird the tighter in the fork.

To the spectator in the garden the fate of the bird seemed sealed beyond help, and because of this he looked with astonishment on the three male orioles, all of whom were seated close together where they could see the hanging bird, and not one of whom fluttered a feather or made a move. But just as the gardener was concluding that the female must die, one of the male orioles, presumably the mate of the prisoner, flew to the place where she was hanging, straddled the fork, grasped her by the back of the neck with his bill, and, bracing himself, gave a mighty tug that pulled her free. Then he dropped her. Instantly recovering herself, she flew to a near-by limb and began arranging her badly rumpled clothes.

A lady from New York, who had gone to the country for the summer season, found a couple of orioles about her country home, and began to look for their nest. The male watched her closely all the time, sitting quietly near by, until she struck what might be called a hot trail to the nest. Then he became all animation, fluttering about till she was interested in his movements, and then leading her gradually to another tree, where a ragged last year's nest of some other bird could be plainly seen. To this nest the oriole flew and, hopping on its brim, peered into it, just as he would have done into his own nest. The lady thinks he was playing a game on her. All sorts of birds make war on the egg-stealing crow, and the kingbird is commonly supposed to be the leader in such onslaughts. One observer has noted that when the crow is at rest on a tree, the kingbird also sits down and leaves the crow unmolested till he flies away. Not so the oriole. A crow having approached his home, the oriole, with harsh cries, attacked the intruder. The crow took refuge in a tree, but the oriole followed to the same limb, and then leaped from one side of the crow to the other, striking at his enemy's head with every leap, and stopping on the limb between times to scold and shake and nod his head about defiantly. The crow flew to a pine and settled among the needles of the extreme top, apparently thinking to be safe there, but the agile oriole dropped on him from directly overhead, soared aloft, and dropped again, and then again and again, until the thief was driven entirely away.

A lady, who was one day watching a pair of redstarts as they worked in a tree, was startled by a violent commotion that arose in the shrubbery hard by. Catbirds screamed, wrens scolded, and the robins shouted "Quick! quick!" with all their might. A chipmunk was dragging a baby catbird by the leg from its nest, and all the birds round about had come to help make a row about it, including a Baltimore oriole. The screaming and the swish of wings, as the birds darted about, made the little squirrel abandon its prey, and then the commotion subsided as quickly as it had risen. All the birds but the oriole went about their business elsewhere. The oriole had not said a word so far, and, beyond countenancing the hubbub by his presence, had had no part in it. The squirrel, having dropped the baby catbird, cocked itself upon a limb and began to chatter in a defiant way, while the oriole sat not far away looking at it, but doing nothing else. But in a few moments the squirrel left its seat and ran out on the limb it had been sitting on until it had to use care to

keep its hold, and then the oriole's opportunity for a terrible assault had come. Flashing across the space he struck the chipmunk in one eye with his sharp-pointed beak, and then, turning instantly, struck the other eye in like manner. Quivering with pain, the squirrel let go of the limb and dropped to the ground, where it rolled and struggled about apparently in the throes of death. The oriole flew away to its favorite elm, where he sang in his most brilliant fashion. The lady put the squirrel out of its misery, and then saw that the oriole had destroyed both eyes.

Among ethnologists the aboriginal tribes are not infrequently classified according to their skill as architects. The Apaches with the twig wind-breaks were put in one class, the Comanches and Sioux with their skin tents were in another, while the Pueblos with their stone and mud-walled houses were in a third. The Aztecs, with their cut-stone architecture, were classed higher still, and on the present peak of civilization we find the steel structures of the American metropolis. With this in view, consider the nests of the birds—the eggs of gulls that are laid on a bare rock or the sand; the little hollow in the sod where the least sandpiper lays its eggs; the mud and stick mass that the robin builds in the crotch of a tree, and the vireo's hammock suspended under a fork of a limb. These are all interesting; but the Baltimore oriole stands above all, with his long, gourd-shaped pocket swaying from the end of a lithe limb of an elm. Flaxlike threads of weed, bark, and horsehairs are the most common materials used, but better is taken when it can be had.

A lady who was one day doing some embroidery by an open window in the Orange Mountains, in New Jersey, left her work in the window for a few moments to go to another part of the house. When she returned, a lot of colored silk threads she had had ready for use were nowhere to be found, nor did she see them again until the leaves were falling from the trees, when a neighbor brought them to her. They had been woven into an oriole's nest. Instinct might lead a bird to catch up suitable material for his nest anywhere, but when an oriole was repeatedly seen going into a horse stable to get hairs, the act showed that he could distinguish between hay barns and stables. Then, too, the nests that he builds in Georgia are woven of coarse fibres and are open like a net, so that one can see the eggs through the meshes. Moreover, the nests there are all to be found on the north side of the trees. In the Adirondacks the nests are woven so thick that they are not only warm, but rainproof.

Stories like these of the doings of the oriole might be multiplied, but the reader who is interested in such matters can learn others for himself. The oriole is a bird of most conspicuous colors. The head, neck, throat, and the upper part of the back are deep black; so are most of the wing feathers. The breast, the belly, patches on the wings, and the base of the tail are a flaming orange. As he darts through the green top of a tree in June it is as if a flash of lightning had been seen. They can be found in Central Park, and in all the temperate region, for that matter. It will be an easy matter for the tourist to find one near his country lodge, and if he have a taste for such things it will be a delight to watch the bird's doings, for the Baltimore oriole, in all his actions, is surely the finest gentleman of all the feathered hosts.

AT A COWBOY'S FUNERAL: PONY BILL'S SERMON*

By CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

There was a large gathering of cowboys at the Mesquite ranch on the Pecos to attend the funeral of Charlie Reed, who had been killed by the falling of his horse on the roundup two days before. The coffin was placed beside the open grave beneath a great cottonwood tree, and, standing at the head of the corpse, Pony Bill, "the Cowboy Preacher," said:

Boys, I hardly know w'at kind of a talk to give you on this sad occasion. Fur several years I have worked with you on the ranges, and have preached to you in my awk'ard way every time I could round up a bunch of you an' hold you to listen to me, but I war' never afore called on to talk in the presence of death.

Day afore yesterday this poor, dead boy here throwed on his saddle an' rode out with you in joyous spirits, singin' the songs o' the ranges. Little did he then dream that he was ridin' right into the bog of eternity! While cuttin' a steer out o' the bunch his hoss struck a prairie-dog hole an' fell, crushin' poor Charlie to the groun', an' w'en you picked 'im up his immortal soul had crossed onto the great ranges beyond, from which thar are no back trails. Death loves a shinin' mark, an' it never pitched a rope to a brighter one than this boy.

He war' my friend. I've knowed 'im ever since he struck this country, three years ago, an' you'll all bank high on the truth of the statement w'en I say a squarer boy never swung a rope. No one ever asked a favor o' Charlie Reed 'ithout it bein' cheerfully granted. He war' never known to make a low-down play. He never made a backset on duty w'en the foreman ordered a ride. True, he war' wild an' reckless, but thar' war' no devil-brand wickedness in his make-up. His heart war' a livin' spring, from which the pure waters of friendship an' generosity towards his companions o' the saddle ever flowed. He could laugh with you over your joys, an' cuss with you over your sorrow. His soul seemed to be a blazin' fire o' sympathy, to which all who were chilled by the blasts of trouble could come an' warm up.

He war' brave as a lion, but his heart war' as tender as a Christian woman's. He would fight like a riled steer fur himself or fur a friend, yet a little child could take 'im by the hand an' lead him out of a muss. He wasn't a bad man. Did you notice that on the evenin's o' pay day he never j'ned you in your songs an' stories an' fun-makin' at the ranch? He'd git up in a corner an' sit thar' writin' page after page, with a look on his face as tender as ever sot on the face of an angel. He seemed to never hear your hilarity, but 'd sit thar' an' write, now an' then wipin' tears from his cheeks on the back o' 'is hand. Nex' mornin' he'd jump a hoss an' ride into the post-office—an' w'at 'd he do thar? Just an even half of his month's pay 'd go into a money order, and that order 'd be put into an envelope, with all the sheets o' writin' he'd writ the night afore, an' then (I've seed 'im do it several times, boys) he'd kiss that letter fondly, drap it into the box an' walk out with the purtiest look on his face I ever saw.

Who war' that letter addressed to? To his ol' widder mother back in the States. Would a bad man act that away? I tell you, boys, Charlie wasn't a reg'larly

branded an' ear-marked church Christian, but I believe w'en the good Lord saw his soul a-comin' up the slope day afore yesterday He throwed down the bars an' let the boy into the heavenly corral with a welcomin' smile. I know He did; an' I tell you right now, if I found myself tied to a church or sect as didn't believe as white a boy as 'im 'd get into heaven 'ithout the church brand, I'd take a run on the rope and break it an' get a bunch o' Christians that could look over the corral fence 'ithout first puttin' on the orthodox specs.

How my heart aches for that poor ol' mother, who is, as yet, unaware of her terrible loss. He war' her only staff to lean on, an' you all know how manfully an' lovingly he stood up to the work. May the Great Foreman above soothe and comfort her till He calls her up to join her boy at the home ranch amid the celestial pastures. I heard w'en I got here this mornin' that you'd had a talk among yourselves an' each one agreed to chip in every month to keep that dear ol' soul comfortable till she went whar' Charlie could take keer of her agin.

Boys, God 'll love you fur that, if you do tug at the gospel rope and fight shy of Him. I'll help all I kin, an' every time I make a gospel talk to the boys on the other ranges I'll send my sombrero through the bunch an' cut out all the cash I kin fur her benefit.

Good-by, Charlie, ol' boy—good-by. We ar' about to lay you to your eternal rest, and we'll do it with sore hearts an' leaky eyes. Your ears will not hear the thumps of our hosses' feet as we gallop near your grave, but we'll always think of you w'en we see the little mound beneath this spreadin' tree.

Boys, as you come up to take a last look at this dear, dead face, an' say good-by to your old pardner, I hope you'll do some serious thinkin'. None o' you knows who'll be the nex'. Even now the pale rider o' death may be lookin' over you an' takin' down his rope fur a final throw, an' you don't know over whose head the tug 'll fall. I'm afeard none o' you'd fare as well as I believe Charlie has if you war' run afore the heavenly inspector to-day. Some o' you think no more o' breakin' the commandments o' God than you do o' breakin' a broncho, an' if you were bunched now and started on the last drive you'd leave the trail to glory away off to the right. Perhaps there isn't one o' you but thinks he'll call a halt on sin some day, but in most o' your cases I'm afeard Gabriel 'll git in his call ahead o' you. Why can't you jar loose from your sins now an' not keep standin' the Lord off from day to day? You'll break the strands o' his rope o' forbearance after awhile, an' hit the bottomless bog o' damnation with both feet an' sink to eternal misery. The fences o' sin ain't high, an' you kin jump 'em. Let me implore you to take a run at 'em an' drift over onto the pleasant ranges o' God. Think o' this, boys, when you stand over Charlie, here, an' each one o' you make a promise to Him that you'll take the trail to Heaven to-day, an' foller it in spite o' all allurements the devil sets up on the cross trails along the route. Come up, now, an' shake this cold hand, an' say good-by to the boy you all loved.

* From the London Sun.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

Stanley's Strange Career

FROM WORKHOUSE TO PARLIAMENT..ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

Henry M. Stanley has at last won a seat in the English House of Commons. In all the Parliament there will be no man with a career so picturesque and so checkered.

In all the world to-day there is not Stanley's counterpart as an adventurer. Born in Wales, brought up in a workhouse, emigrating to America while in his teens, a cabin-boy on the Mississippi, a private in the Confederate army, an ensign in the Federal navy, a reporter in Omaha, the finder of Livingstone, the rescuer of Emin Pasha, a bridegroom in Westminster Abbey, honored by the greatest of Great Britain's institutions, mobbed in the city whose "freedom" had been impressively presented to him, he finally lands in the House of Commons, with a greater range of experiences than ever fell to the lot of any other man of the age.

Before being permitted to stand as a candidate, he had to become a naturalized subject of the Queen, for it was held that he had lost citizenship in his native country by serving in the American civil war. As he served on both sides in the war between the States, it is not certain whether it was as a Confederate or a Federal he became for a time an American. Stanley's election to Parliament is the realization of his ambition of the period of cakes and ale. He represents North Lambeth. A clever writer says that he has had his eye on Parliament ever since his marriage with Miss Dorothy Tennant. That carried him into the most powerful "set" in England—the brilliant, cynical, but most practical group, of which Balfour is the exemplar. His sister-in-law, the heroine of the "Dodo" book, is the wife of Herbert Asquith, the retiring Liberal Home Secretary, so the Tennant family is represented among victors as well as among vanquished. For, of course, Stanley is a Conservative. That is one advantage of consistent American training, that it inspires the true patriot with a most profound respect for the old families of England. We have contributed ere this to the Conservative side of the House of Commons. Louis Jennings, after a long career as editor of the New York Times, drifted to England and suffered the inevitable change. The most determined, furious, talkative Tory—more Tory than the Howards or the Pagets—in the House of Commons is that product of Brooklyn civilization, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, brother of the young man whom Lady Burdett-Coutts took to her venerable bosom—not, however, after the generous manner of the lady in *Gil Blas*. His voice—Sir Ellis's Brooklyn voice—is for colonial aggression, for the extension of the imperial government, for war with Russia at Cabul, with France on the Congo, with anybody anywhere who disputes or intends to dispute the sentiment that a Briton never, never, never is a slave. James O'Kelly is the exception in the roster of expatriated Americans in English politics. O'Kelly, like Stanley, was newspaper writer, explorer, daredevil adventurer in Africa. He is not a Tory. But then he has to spend a part of the year in Ireland.

Stanley goes in as a Tory of the Tories to uphold those traditions which Englishmen (who profit by them) hold dear. He was beaten at North Lambeth

in 1892, beaten badly, too, with ballots—and eggs. But his mind was made up that he should sit in Parliament. His eye was fixed on Westminster, and it is not an eye to be denied—light gray, bold, fierce, piercing. Stanley would have made a good baseball player if he could agree with the umpire. The cause of his unpopularity is not hard to guess. English principles of fair play still survive. They manifested themselves in the treatment of the Cornell crew at Henley. Stanley's publications against Major Barttelot and his white companions on the excursion into "Darkest Africa" excited a storm of hatred for the adventurer among the people of England. What if a cannibal feast had been ordered as a contribution to the photograph album of an English country-house? What if lust and murder, pillage and rapine attended the course of this pioneer of English civilization? *De mortuis Anglorum nil nisi bonum*, and Stanley was put in the pillory, not for his own sins—though he had enough of them—but for the sins of his enemies.

But it must be admitted that his unpopularity is not restricted by geographical lines. His enemies are everywhere. Emin Pasha, good man, who shared none of Stanley's lust for glory, but was philanthropist rather than explorer, hated, distrusted, and even feared him. The companions of his youth find no word of favor for him. He is not admitted to the campfires of the veteran correspondents. Of the company whom he led on his last expedition into the horrors of Africa not over two were his friends after six months of the sort of adventure that binds the hearts of men in wedlock. It may be some dark quality in the man's nature which raises against him the hand of every man with whom he comes in touch; or it may be that fierce, overbearing, obstinate-to-the-point-of-bloodshed, persistence that shows in every line of the bulky frame, coarse, heavy neck, square jaw, and blunt hands, and appears again in the singular daring of the eyes.

At any rate, for whatever cause, Stanley is widely disliked. That he has no reason to be courteous to a world that has given him no more than he has wrung from it, is apparent. He was a waif, a pauper's child, bred in a poorhouse. He was christened John Rowlands, but after coming to America as a cabin-boy at fifteen, he took the name of the merchant who adopted him. When he was barely twenty he enlisted as a private in the Confederate army. He was a simple adventurer even that early. He cared nothing under which flag he fought. His sword was like Dugald Dalgetty's. When taken prisoner he became a Union man, and enlisted in the navy, where he rose to the rank of ensign. Journalism, made feverish by the exploits of the Bennetts, attracted many ardent souls just after the war, and Stanley became a newspaper writer—or rather a newspaper adventurer. Even to this day he is not quite able to conquer the subtleties of the written language; but he had the force of a catapult in his enterprises. In 1867 he was marching across Kansas with Hancock and Custer, and interviewing "Wild Bill" Hickok on his career. At the end of the same year he started for Abyssinia with the British army. Later he had a hand in the troubles in Spain—

still as a reporter. In 1870 he took the "assignment"—envied by every plodding journalist at home—that brought him everlasting fame. He was sent to find Livingstone. His accomplishment of the mission was as courageous as the journalistic motive that inspired it. But the triumph deprived the world of a picturesque reporter, while adding one to the list of historical "pathfinders." Stanley became the explorer of the century. His achievements are as familiar to the people of the world as their own folklore.

The period of his activity has closed. He is married; he has grown stout; he will be one of the noble band of the unknown who dawdle in from the lobby at the sound of the division bell. Whatever may be thought of the benefits of his expeditions—whether the part opening of Africa's fevered hell was worth the price of bloodshed and pillage paid for it—his career as an explorer ended dismally. If one-tenth the stories told by the survivors of the expedition of 1887 be true, there is enough evidence to make the world shudder at the suggestion of African exploration. But that is past. Stanley the explorer is dead; the honorable member for North Lambeth has the floor.

Founder of the Christian Endeavor

LIFE OF FRANCIS E. CLARK....WOMAN'S JOURNAL

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., is the founder of the Christian Endeavor Movement, and president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. The life of the man who has been the chief human agency in founding and promulgating a movement which has spread more rapidly and more widely than any other, cannot be without interest to our readers. The activities of Dr. Clark have been so thoroughly one with the Christian Endeavor, says Mr. Ellis, that a sketch of his life is a history of the movement. Dr. Clark himself is a remarkable man. Only one in a million could found such a society, or, having founded it, direct it. It is because he is himself so unselfish that Christian Endeavor has not succumbed. At no time has he used the organization to further his own ends, or put himself forward. He has labored solely to extend the cause of "Christ and the Church" through this body of young people.

Rev. Francis E. Clark is of New England parentage, although born in Aylmer, Quebec, September 12, 1851. His father was a civil engineer, and in 1853, while engaged in ministering to emigrants suffering from cholera, he succumbed to it. When Dr. Clark was seven years old, his mother also passed away. She was an earnest worker and a pioneer in religious efforts. From her Dr. Clark inherited his Christian character and literary ability. Upon the death of his mother, the seven-year-old boy was adopted by an uncle, Rev. E. W. Clark, of Auburndale, Mass. Here and in Claremont, N. H., Dr. Clark spent his boyhood. He prepared for college at Meriden, N. H., and in 1869 graduated from the Kimball Union Academy. From there he went to Dartmouth, graduating in 1873. Three years were spent in Andover Seminary, and the young clergyman soon afterward took charge of his first church, at Portland, Me., the famous Williston Church, in which Christian Endeavor was born. He had been pastor there for four years before he conceived the idea of the society. The young people had been largely cared for by "The Mizpah Circle," con-

ducted by Mrs. Clark, who has ever been a helpmeet for Dr. Clark in all his labors. A successful revival had brought into the church an unusual number of young people, and the problem of properly training these young converts confronted Dr. Clark. The result was the Christian Endeavor idea. The plan was formally presented to the young people at the home of Dr. Clark on February 2, 1881. It was substantially as it is known to-day the world around. The constitution and pledge were signed by a number of young people, and the first meeting was held a few days after, with a leader but seven years old. The history of the movement since then is known everywhere. Dr. Clark had written several works before, so it was natural that he should resort to the press to tell the public how one church cared for its young people. In response to very general interest, many articles were written for the religious press, and a book was shortly afterwards published. In 1887, Dr. Clark gave up his pastorate of Phillips Church, South Boston, to engage exclusively in the Christian Endeavor movement. Since then he has devoted himself, heart and brain, to the extension of this providential society among the young people. No one has been more thoroughly amazed than Dr. Clark himself at its marvelous growth. He anticipated nothing, and appropriated to himself no credit for it. The fact that the movement has extended to almost every country on the globe shows some other power behind the cause. By his addresses and writings, and by his connection with the society, Dr. Clark has become known the world around. Besides having travelled in every State and Territory, he has made several trips abroad. He made one complete journey round the world, leaving Boston August 4, 1892, and arriving at home June 25, 1893. The events of this year have been attractively chronicled in *Our Journey Around the World*. He lives in Auburndale, Mass., his boyhood's home, where he is greatly honored.

What Bismarck Has Cost Europe

GENERAL TÜRRE'S VIEWS.....LONDON TIMES

General Türr, the well-known Hungarian promoter of the Corinth Canal, has, in the course of conversation with a representative of the *Messenger d'Athènes*, expressed some ideas on European military expenditure, which the Greek newspaper publishes under the title of "What Prince Bismarck Costs Us." In the course of his remarks General Türr said: "No sensible man can deny that Germany, as also Prussia, and in particular the Hohenzollerns themselves, owe a great deal to Prince Bismarck. He is a man whose courage has been crowned with success. He used and misused in their turn all political parties, all nations, all statesmen, and even all sovereigns. He successively hypnotized and charmed them. Bismarck's achievements have cost Europe more than 125,000,000,000 francs, even if account is taken only of the last twenty-five years of peace, or rather of armed terrorism, organized by him with a view to guarantee the conquests of Germany. Twenty-five years have thus been lost, and 125,000,000,000 francs have been squandered without anybody having had the courage to go to war. There still exists that formidable mass of destructive engines and explosive material which a mere spark, a clumsy telegram, despatched by one of our great men, might instantly blow up. Modern wars are not of long duration, but

they are expensive and sanguinary. Let us admit that six months would suffice to annihilate one or other of the belligerents, or to exhaust both of them. It would cost at least 5,000,000,000 francs a month, or 30,000,000,000 francs in all, to be added to the 125,000,000,000 francs spent on preparations, for it is not true that the present preparations for war will be conducive to peace. When a million of men shall have been massacred in the frightful collision of peoples and races, each man killed will cost 155,000 francs. That is what Bismarck will have cost Europe.

"Now, if only two-thirds of that sum had been employed to increase the general wealth and welfare, and to improve the lot of the working classes in town and country, the social question would not now weigh like a fearful nightmare on all Europe. There would have been moral pacification, and we should not have had these periodical outbursts which shake the nations of western Europe to their very foundations. One thing is certain—namely, that if the European powers continue in the perilous path upon which they have entered, they will soon have to face bankruptcy, which catastrophe will inevitably be followed by a period of decay like that which overtook ancient Rome and was only to the advantage of the barbarians. Let us not forget that the great invasions in the world's history have come from Asia. 'The yellow peril' is more threatening than ever. Japan has made in a few years as much progress as other nations have made in centuries. It is only twenty-five years since Japan entered upon the era of progress. . . . If the Chinese are aroused from their lethargy, if a man of genius comes forward to organize that immense empire, which comprises one-third of the human race and only occupies one-fifteenth part of the habitable globe, the Chinese will be obliged to undertake for their very existence a struggle which will sweep away the famous Wall of China, behind which they have lived for so long almost ignored, and will effect an exodus towards the West. If Europe were united it would be able to resist this invasion of the yellow race. But its present state of folly will not admit of this. It will lead to ruin, and, as in the fifteenth century, it will open the gates of Europe to the barbarians of the East."

Sir Frederick Leighton

HIS SUCCESS IN ART..PITTSBURG CHRONICLE-TELEGRAPH

"The handsomest man in England," "profoundly pompous," and "mellifluous and successful mediocrity," are a few of the many descriptions that have been given of Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy and one of England's foremost living painters. Sir Frederick was reported dying in Algiers recently, but the report was not well founded, and the famous painter is now said to be on the road to recovery. He was born in Scarborough, December 3, 1830, and began the study of art when a lad of 11 years. His first tutor was Francesco Meli of Rome, and later he studied under the best artists in Berlin, Florence, Frankfort and Paris, and at the age of 25, after fourteen years of hard work, ventured to send his first picture to the Royal Academy.

The picture was the Procession of Cimabue's Madonna, and it attracted such favorable comment that it was purchased by Queen Victoria and still hangs in Buckingham Palace. Even after this triumph Leighton was not spoiled apparently, for he spent four years' study under Ary Scheffer in Paris and continued to con-

tribute to the Academy. For nearly forty years he has been considered one of England's strongest painters, and numerous honors have been showered upon him. He became an associate of the Academy in 1864, an Academician in 1869 and was elected president in 1878, largely through the influence of the Prince of Wales, it is said. At the same time Sir Frederick was knighted by the Queen, and he has since been made a baronet. During the World's Fair Sir Frederick was chairman of the British Art Committee and was represented at Chicago by four pictures.

He is a stalwart, broad-chested man of middle height, with piercing gray eyes, beetling brows, a large aquiline nose and a pale, intellectual face. His hair and beard are silvered with age, but he bears the weight of 65 years gracefully. He writes about the most illegible hand in all England, has made a great deal of money, is a bachelor, has a residence that is one of the show places of London and a studio that is extremely luxurious and artistic. An interesting incident concerning his career is the fact that when he was but 15 years old Hiram Powers, the eminent American sculptor, saw some of his work and told his parents that the boy was plainly destined for a notable artistic career.

Paderewski at Home

IN A MUSICIAN'S HOME....MILWAUKEE SENTINEL

The Hotel de Paderewski is a delightful retreat on one of the boulevards of Paris, near the Avenue de l'Opera. Of the many celebrities in this city of pleasure surely no one has more charming apartments than this "human duster," as the concierge called him on the occasion of my visit. The room at his home in which he works is sombre and picturesque. Paintings line the walls, and crimson hangings shade the windows. The air is laden with the perfume of flowers, the gifts of those known and unknown who, during his stay in Paris, surround him daily with these silent tributes to his genius. The first thing that strikes the eye on entering is a portrait of the great musician by a famous Austrian painter, and to the right, on a velvet plaque, is the beautiful silver laurel wreath presented to Paderewski by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A picture of Chopin on his deathbed and a landscape of great value adorn the wall on the left, while standing loftily in a luminous golden atmosphere is a marble bust of Chopin crowned with a wreath of exquisite workmanship, presented to Paderewski in Paris.

I was not allowed to linger long, so I passed to the tables where rare and valuable gifts from admiring friends were scattered—miniature pianos, musical instruments, and endless pocket souvenirs. A painting of Paderewski by Alma Tadema—a magnificent work, hung opposite, and from it I turned to the sketch of the greatest of living pianists by Burne Jones, which is so well known. The piano, a Steinway grand, was reflected in the polished floor, which a priceless rug only half concealed. Pictures of his favorite composers, Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, etc., and photographs of American friends are numerous. Draping the door in the hallway are the Polish and American flags presented to Paderewski at the close of the first season at the Metropolitan Opera House, on the occasion of his concert for the Washington Monument, now completed in Washington Park. An entire wall is occupied by the superb laurel wreath presented at Leipsic.

AIDING IN AN ESCAPE: TOYNER'S BACKSLIDING

By L. DOUGALL

A selected reading from *The Zeit-Geist*. By L. Dougall. D. Appleton & Co. The father of Ann Markham, a shiftless, drinking vagrant, in a deadly dispute with a man named Walker, injured him so severely that his death was feared. Markham fled to the woods, where for days he was cared for by his daughter. Toyner, a wild young man in love with Ann, has reformed and been made constable. He deems it his Christian duty to capture the father of the woman he loves. He is at last converted by the eloquence of love to see with clearer eyes what real duty is, and so promises to aid Markham to escape.

Ann's plan of the way in which Toyner, more than any other man, could aid her father, was simple enough. He who was known to be in pursuit of Markham was to take him as a friend through the town at The Mills and start him on the road at the other side. Markham was little known at The Mills, and no one would be likely to take the companion of the constable to be the criminal for whose arrest he has been making so much agitation. They were to travel at the early hour of dawn, when few were stirring. This plan, with such modifications as his own good sense suggested, Toyner was willing to adopt.

He started earlier in the evening than she had done, having no particular desire for secrecy. He told his friends he was going to row to The Mills by night, and those who heard him supposed that he had gained some information concerning Markham that he thought it best to report. It was a calm night; the smoke of distant burning was still in the air.

He dropped down the river in the dark hours before the moonrise, and began to row with strength, as Ann had done, when he reached the placid water. His boat was light and well built. He could see a few yards of dark water in advance; he could see the dark outline of the trees. The water was deep; there were no rocks, no hidden banks. He did not make all the haste he could, but rowed on meditatively—he was always more or less attracted by solitude. To-night the mechanical exercise, the darkness, the absolute loneliness, were greater rest to him than sleep would have been. In a despairing, dull sort of way he was praying all the time. His mind had contracted a habit of prayer, at least if expressing his thoughts to the Divine Being, in the belief that they were heard, may be called prayer.

Probably no one is so old or so wise but that he will behave childishly if he can but feel himself exactly in the same relation to a superior being that a child feels to a grown man. Toyner expressed his grievance over and over again with childlike simplicity; he explained to God that he could not feel it to be right or fair, that when he had prayed so very much, and prayers of the sort to which a blessing was promised, he should be given over to the damning power of circumstances, launched in a career of backsliding, and made thereby, not only an object of greater scorn to all men than if he had never reformed, but actually, as it appeared to him, more worthy of scorn.

He did not expect his complaints to be approved by the Deity, and gained, therefore, no satisfying sense that the prayer had ascended to Heaven.

The moon arose, the night was very warm; into the aromatic haze a mist was arising from the water on all sides. It was not so thick but that he could see his

path through it in the darkness; but when the light came he found a thin film of vapor between him and everything at which he looked. The light upon it was so great that it seemed to be luminous in itself, and it had a slightly magnifying power, so that distances looked greater, objects looked larger, and the wild desolate scene with which he was familiar had an aspect that was awful because so unfamiliar.

When Toyner realized what the full effect of the moonlight was going to be, he dropped his oars and sat still for a few minutes, wondering if he would be able to find the landmarks that were necessary, so strange did the landscape look, so wonderful and gigantic were the shapes which the dead trees assumed. Then he continued his path, looking for a tree that was black and blasted by lightning. He was obliged to grope his way close to the trees; thus his boat bumped once or twice on hidden stumps. It occurred to him to think what a very lonely place it would be to die in, and a premonition that he was going to die came across him.

Having found the blasted tree, he counted four fallen trees; they came at intervals in the outer row of standing ones; then there was a break in the forest, and he turned his boat into it and paused to listen.

The sound that met his ear—almost the strangest sound that could have been heard in that place—was that of human speech; it was still some distance away, but he heard a voice raised in angry excitement, supplicating, threatening, defying, and complaining.

Toyner began to row down the untried waterway which was opened to his boat. The idea that any one had found Markham in such a place and at such an hour was too extraordinary to be credited. Toyner looked eagerly into the mist. He could see nothing but queer-shaped gulfs of light between trunks and branches. Again his boat rubbed unexpectedly against a stump, and again the strange premonition of approaching death came over him. For a moment he thought that his wisest course would be to return. Then he decided to go forward; but before obeying this command, his mind gave one of those sudden self-attentive flashes the capacity for which marks off the mind of the reflective type from others. He saw himself as he sat there, his whole appearance and dress; he took in his history, and the place to which that hour had brought him, Bart Toyner, a thin, somewhat drooping, middle-aged man, unsuccessful, because of his self-indulgence, in all that he had attempted, yet having carried about with him always high desires, which had never had the slightest realization except in the one clear, shining space of vision and victory which had been his for a few months and now was gone. The light had mocked him; now, perhaps, he was going to die!

He pushed his boat on, his sensations melting into an excited blank of thought, in which curiosity was alone apparent. He was growing strangely excited after his long, calm despondency; no doubt the excitement of the other, who was shouting and jabbering not far away in the moonlight night, affected him.

He found his way through the trees of the opening; evidently the splash of his oars was caught by the owner of the noisy voice, for, before he could see any one, a silence succeeded to the noise, a sudden, absolute silence, in itself shocking.

"Are you there, Markham?" cried Toyner.

No answer.

Toyner peered into the silver mist on all sides of him; the sensation of the diffused moonlight was almost dazzling; the trees looked far away, large and unreal. At length among them he saw the great log that had fallen almost horizontal with the water; upon it a solitary human figure stood erect in an attitude of frenzied defiance.

"I have come from your daughter, Markham." Then, in a moment, by way of self-explanation, he said: "Toyner."

The man addressed only flung a clenched fist into the air. The silence of his pantomime, now that there was some one to speak to, was made ghastly by the harangue which he had been pouring out upon the solitude.

"Have you lost your head?" asked Toyner. "I have come from your daughter—I'm not going to arrest you, but set you down at The Mills; you can go where you will then."

He knew now the answer to his first question. The man before him was in some stage of delirium. Toyner wondered if any one could have secretly brought him drink.

There was nothing to be done but to soothe, as best he could, the other's fear and enmity, and to bring the boat close to the tree for him to get in. Whether he was sane or mad, it was clearly necessary to take him from that place. Markham retained a sullen silence, but seemed to understand so far that he ceased all threatening gestures. His only movements were certain turnings and sudden crouchings, as if he saw or felt enemies about him in the air.

"Now, get in," said Toyner. He had secured the boat. He pulled the other by the legs, and guided him as he slipped from his low bench. "Sit down; you can't stand, you know."

But Markham showed himself able to keep his balance, and alert to help in pushing off the boat. There was a heavy boat-pole ready for use in shallow water, and Markham for a minute handled it adroitly, pushing off from his tree.

Toyner turned his head perforce to see that the boat was not proceeding towards some other dangerous obstacle. Then Markham, with the sudden, swift cunning of madness, lifted the butt end of his pole and struck him on the head.

Toyner sank beneath the blow as an ox shivers and sinks under the well-aimed blow of the butcher.

Markham looked about him for a moment with an air of childish triumph—looked not alone at the form of the fallen man before him, but all around in the air, as if he had triumphed not over one, but over many.

No eye was there to see the look of fiendish revenge that flitted next over the nervous working of his face. Then he fell quickly to work, changing garments with the limp, helpless body lying in the bottom of the boat. With unnatural strength he lifted Toyner, dressed in his own coat and hat, to the horizontal log on which he had lived for so long. He took the long mesh of

woolen sheeting that his daughter had brought to be a rest and support to his own body, and with it he tied Toyner to the upright tree against which the log was lying; then, with an additional touch of fiendish satire, he took a bit of dry bread out of the ample bag of food which Ann had brought there for his own needs, and laid it on Toyner's knees. Having done all this, he pushed his boat away with reckless rapidity, and rowed it back into the open water, steering with that unerring speed by which a somnambulist is often seen to perform a dangerous feat.

The moonlit mist and the silence of the night closed around this lonely nook in the dead forest and Toyner's form sitting upon the fallen log. In the open river, where no line determined the meeting of the placid moonlit water and the still, moonlit mist, the boat dashed like a dark streak up the white winding Ahwewee toward the green forest around Fentown Falls. The small, dark figure of the man within it was working at his oars with a strength and regularity of some powerful automaton. At every stroke the prow shot forward, and the sound of the splashing oars made soft echoes far and wide.

When men have visions the impression left upon their minds is that light from the unseen world of light has in some way broken through into the sphere of their cognizance. The race, in its ages of reflection, has, upon the whole, come to the conclusion that that which actually takes place is the gradual growth and the sudden breaking forth of light within the mysterious depths of the man himself. A new explanation of the fact does not do away with the fact.

Toyner was not dead; he was stunned. His head was badly injured. When his consciousness returned, and through what process of inflammation and fever his wounded head went in the struggle of nature toward recovery, was never clearly known. His body, bound with the soft, torn cloths to the upright tree, sagged more and more until it found a rest upon the inclined log. The fresh, sweet air from pine woods, the cool vapors from the water beneath him, were nurses of wise and delicate touch. The sun arose and shone warmly, yet not hotly, through the air in which dry haze was thickening. The dead trees stood in the calm water, keeping silence as it were, a hundred stalwart guards with fingers at their lips, lest any sound should disturb the life that, with beneficent patience, was little by little restoring the wounded body from within. Even the little, vulgar, puffing market-boat that twice a day passed the windings of the old river channel—the only disturber of solitude—was kept at so great a distance by this guard of silent trees that no perception of her passing, and all the life and perplexity of which she must remind him, entered into Toyner's half-closed avenues of sense.

For two days the sun rose on Bart through the mellow, smoke-dimmed atmosphere. Each night it lay in a red cloud for an hour in the west, tingeing and dyeing all the mirror below the trees with red. No one was there in the desolate lake to see the twice-told glory of that rosy flood and firmament, unless it was this wondrous light that first penetrated the eyes of the prisoner with soothing brightness.

The canoe did not answer to Ann's one slim Indian paddle so lightly as the boat she had taken before had

answered to the oars. Kneeling upright in the stern, she was obliged to keep her body in perfect balance.

The moon did not rise now until late, but the smoke that had for two days hung so still and dim had been lifted on a light breeze that came with the darkness. The stars were clear above, and Ann's eyes were well accustomed to the wood and stream.

Ah! how long it seemed before she came round the bend of the river and down to the blasted tree. She felt a repulsion for the whole death-like place to-night that she had not felt before. She had been sure the other night of meeting some one at the end of her secret journey, and now the best she could hope was that the place would be empty; and even if it were empty, perhaps, for all she knew, one of the men for whom she was seeking might be lying dead in the water underneath. Certainly the inexplicable appearance of her father the night before had shaken her nerves. Ann was doing a braver thing than she had ever done in her life, because she was a prey to terror. Lonely as the desolate Ahwewee was, to turn from it into the windings of the secret opening seemed like leaving the world behind and going alone into a region of death. There was no sound but the splash of paddle, the ripple of the still water under the canoe, the occasional voice of a frog from the swampy edges of the lake, and the shrill murmur of crickets from the dry fields beyond.

When Ann came near she saw the bound figure reclining in the arms of the fallen tree. Then she believed that her worst fear had been true—that Bart had been unfaithful, and that her father had died in this wretched place. He must be dead because she had seen his spirit!

She came nearer. He had not died of starvation; the bag of food which she had hung upon the branch hung there yet. She set the canoe close against the tree, and, holding by the tree, raised herself in it. She had to be very careful lest the canoe should tip under her even while she held by the tree. Then she put forth a brave hand, and laid it upon the breast of the unconscious man.

He was not dead. The heart was beating, though not strongly; the body was warm.

"Father! father!" She shook him gently.

The answer was a groan, very feeble. It told her at once that the man before her was stricken with some physical ill that made him incapable of responding to her.

And now what was she to do? It was necessary by some means to get her father into the canoe. To that she did not give a second thought, but while he still lived it seemed to her monstrous to take him either back to Fentown Falls or down to The Mills. Her horror of prison and of judgment for him had grown to be wholly morbid and unreasonable, just because his terror of it had been so extreme. Only one course remained. She had the chart that David Brown had given her. He had told her that at that northern edge of the swamp, which could be reached by the way he had marked out, a small farmhouse stood. Possibly the people in this house might not yet have heard of Markham the murderer; or possibly, if they had heard, they might be won for pity's sake to let him regain strength there and go in peace. It was her only chance. The moon was rising now, and she would find the way. She felt strength to do anything when

she had realized that the heart beneath her hand was still beating.

Ann moved the canoe under the fallen log, and moving down it upon her knees, she took the rope from the prow, secured it round the log from which the sick man must descend, and fastened it again to the other end of the boat. This at least was a guarantee that they could not all sink together. Even yet the danger of upsetting the canoe sideways was very great. It was only necessity that enabled her to accomplish the task.

"Father, rouse yourself a little." She took Markham's old felt hat, upon which the insensible head was lying, and set it warmly over the brow. She unfastened the bands that tied his body to the log. She had not come without a small phial of the rum that was always necessary for her father, in the hope that she might find him alive. She soaked some morsels of bread in this, and put it in the mouth of the man over whom she was working. It was very dark; the only marvel was, not that she did not recognize Toyner, but that she and he were not both engulfed in the black flood beneath them in the struggle which she made to take him in the canoe.

Twice that day Toyner had stirred and become conscious; but consciousness, except that of confused dreams, had again deserted him. The lack of food, if it had preserved him from fever, had caused the utmost weakness of all his bodily powers; yet when the small amount of bread and rum which he could swallow gave him a little strength, he was roused, not to the extent of knowing who he was or where, but enough to move his muscles, although feebly, under direction. After a long time she had him safely into the bottom of the canoe, his head lying upon her jacket, which she had folded for a pillow. At first, as she began to paddle the canoe forward, he groaned again and again, but by degrees the reaction of weakness after exertion made him lapse into his former state that seemed like sleep.

Ann had lost now all her fears of unknown and unseen dangers. All that she feared was the loss of her way, or the upsetting of her boat. The strength that she put into the strokes of her paddle was marvelous. She had just a mile to go before she came to another place where a stretch of still water opened through the trees. There were several of these blind channels opening off the bed of the Ahwewee. They were the terror of those who were travelling in boats, for they were easily mistaken for the river itself, and they led to nothing but impenetrable marsh. From this particular inlet David Brown had discovered a passage to the land, and Ann pursued the new untried way boldly. Somewhere farther on David had told her a little creek flowed in where the eye could not discern any wider opening than was constantly the case between the drowned trees. Its effect upon the current of the water was said to be so slight that the only way to discover where it ran was by throwing some light particles upon the water, and watching to see whether they drifted outwards from the wood steadily. She turned the boat gently against a broken stump from which she could take a decaying fragment. An hour passed. She wearily crossed the water to and fro, casting out her chips of punk, straining her eyes to see their motion in the moonlight. The breeze that had moved the smoke had gone again. Above, the moon rode through white, fleecy clouds. The water and the air lay still and

warm, interpenetrated with the white light. The trees, without leaf or twig, cast no shadow with the moon in the zenith.

The patient experimenting with the chips was a terrible ordeal to Ann. The man whom she supposed to be her father lay almost the whole length of the canoe, so close to her, and yet she could not pass his outstretched feet to give him food or stimulant. At last, at last, to her great joy, she found the place where the chips floated outward with steady motion. She then pushed her canoe in among the trees, thankful to know that it, at least, had been there before, that there would be no pass too narrow for it. The canoe itself was almost like a living creature to her by this time. Like an intelligent companion in the search, it responded with gentle motion to her slightest touch.

It seemed to Ann that the light of the moon was now growing very strong and clear. Surely no moon had ever before become so bright! Ann looked about her, almost for a moment dreading some supernatural thing, and then she realized that the night was gone, that pale dawn was actually smiling upon her. It gave her a strange sense of lightheartedness. Her heart warmed with love to the sight of the purple tint in the eastern sky, that bluish-purple which precedes the yellow sunrise. On either side of her boat now the water was so shallow that sedge and rushes rose above it.

The herons flapped across her path to their morning fishing.

The creek still made a narrow channel for the canoe. Pretty soon its current flowed between wild undulating tracts of bright green moss in which the trees still stood dead, but birch and lichen now adhered to their trunks, and a few more strokes brought her to the fringes of young spruce and balsam that grew upon the drier knolls. She smelt living trees, dry woods, and pastures in front. Then a turn of the narrow creek, and she saw a log-house standing not twenty paces from the stream. Above and around it maples and elms held out their green branches, and there was some sort of a clearing farther on.

Ann felt exultant in her triumph. She had brought her boat to a place of safety. She seemed to gather life and strength from the sun; although it still lay below the blue horizon of lake and forest which she had left behind her, the sky above was a gulf of sunshine.

She stepped out of the boat and pushed away the hat to look in her father's face. She saw now who it was that she had rescued. Toyner stirred a little when she touched him, and opened his eyes, the same grave gray eyes with which he had looked at her when he bade her good-by. There was no fever in them, and, as it seemed to her, no lack of sense and thought. Yet he only looked at her gravely, and then seemed to sleep again.

The girl sprang upright upon the bank and wrung her hands together. It came to her with sudden clearness what had been done. Had Toyner told his tale she could hardly have known it more clearly. Her father had tried to murder Bart; her father had tied him in his own place; it was her father who had escaped alone with the boat. It was he himself, and no apparition, who had peered in upon her through the window. She was wrought up into a strong glow of indignation against the baseness that would turn upon a deliverer, against the cruelty of the revenge taken.

No wonder that miserable father had not dared to enter her house again or to seek further succor from her! All her pity, all the strength of her generosity, went out to the man who had ventured so much on his behalf and been betrayed. That unspoken reverence for Toyner, a sense of the contrast between him and her father and the other men whom she knew, which had been growing upon her, now culminated in an impulse of devotion. A new faculty opened within her nature, a new mine of wealth.

The thin, white-faced man that lay half dead in the bottom of the canoe perhaps experienced some reviving influence from this new energy of love that had transformed the woman who stood near him, for he opened his eyes again and saw her, this time quite distinctly, standing looking down upon him. There was tenderness in her eyes, and her sunbrowned face was all aglow with a flush that was brighter than the flush of physical exercise. About her bending figure grew what seemed to Bart's half-dazzled sense the flowers of Paradise, for wild sunflowers and sheafs of purple eupatorium brushed her arms, standing in high phalanx by the edge of the creek. Bart smiled as he looked, but he had no thoughts, and all that he felt was summed up in a word that he uttered gently: "Ann!"

She knelt down at once. "What is it, Bart?" and again: "What were you trying to say?"

It is probable that her words did not fully reach him. He was only half-way back from the region of his vision; but he opened his eyes and looked at her again.

How often in the happy, careless days of the past, when she looked lightly on his loving, had she seen that same beautifying expression of sweetness and love. In a second she seemed transformed, the latent love in her nature burst into full flower as if touched by a fairy wand; this man whom she once merely tolerated had become the sun of her life—the one object that could make the future worth the living. He had sacrificed duty on the altar of his devotion to her, heroically gave himself to save her worthless father. What had that father ever been to her but a scorning and a disgrace. Could Bart suffer death for him? No, the man she loved must not die. The God whom he loved would not permit it. In the beautiful world of brightness around them it seemed death dare not enter.

The sun rose, and a level, golden beam struck through between the trunks of the trees, touching the flowers and branches here and there with moving lights, and giving all the air a brighter, mellow tint. There was something that Bart did feel a desire to say—a great thought that at another time he might have tried in a multitude of words to have expressed and failed. He saw Ann, whom he loved, and the paradise about her; he wanted to bring the new knowledge that had come to him in the light of his vision to bear upon her who belonged now to the region of outward, not of inward sight, and yet was part of what must always be to him everlasting reality.

"What were you going to say, Bart?" she asked again, tenderly.

And again he summed up all that he thought and felt in one word: "God."

"Yes, Bart," she said, with some sudden intuitive sense of agreement.

Then, seeming to be satisfied, he closed his eyes and went back into the state of drowsiness.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Curious Russian Funerals

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD. N. Y. EVENING POST

The majority of American readers—certainly all non-ritualistic and low-church Protestants—must find much that is puzzling in the religious ceremonies of which the cable dispatches from Russia have kept them informed during the last month, and of which much more will be heard for the next few weeks. Such ceremonies are apt to seem meaningless or superstitious to those who do not understand them; but when explained, they often prove the existence of a bond of sympathy, because the religious beliefs which form their foundation can be appreciated by the hearts or the imaginations, if not by the minds, of those who do not believe in them as well as of those who do.

The dying Emperor received extreme unction, as the ritual prescribes in the Russian Church. When this sacrament is administered, a vessel filled with dry grain is placed on a table in sight of the sick person. The grain is a symbol of the withered, dried-up invalid; the dry grain is capable of life, just as the sick person, possibly, may recover his health. During the service, appropriate selections from the Gospels and Epistles are read several times and the sick person is anointed seven times, on the brow, cheeks, nostrils, mouth, breast, and hands, with oil mingled with red wine, in memory of the manner in which the Good Samaritan poured oil and wine on the wounds of the man who fell among thieves. At the end of the ceremony, the sick person begs the forgiveness of all present for his offences against them—as is done, also, by all devout Russians at the beginning of Lent, in preparation for Easter.

This made the third anointment received by Alexander III. His first was at his baptism, when, like any other child, he was anointed immediately after the triple immersion in the font, and then it was the equivalent of confirmation in the Roman Catholic or Anglican churches. In that case, the eyes are anointed instead of the cheeks, and the feet are also anointed, in addition to the places mentioned above, the priest pronouncing the words: "The seal of the gift of the Holy Spirit." After this anointment, a baby is brought often to the Holy Communion (which is administered in both kinds, with a spoon, to members of all ages) "for health." But a child does not go to confession or fast before the sacrament until he is seven years of age, when "his soul is grown," as the expression runs. Alexander III.'s second anointment was at his coronation. Some Russians erroneously believe that if they receive extreme unction and afterwards recover, they can never again eat meat or marry; therefore young people often shrink from it, even when they are very ill. The Church exhorts them not to be afraid, as they incur no such obligations.

When a Russian Christian dies, he is dressed in the "costume of his calling," as the late Emperor has been dressed in the uniform of the Preobrazhensky regiment of infantry, that "Transfiguration" regiment formed by Peter the Great, and so favored by him. The costume of a man's profession is chosen to clothe his corpse, because every man is held to direct account for his plain duties in this present life, and his calling therein. A white

winding-sheet or a white garment is sometimes used, especially for children, to signify that the dead person departs pure or with purified, penitent heart. On the brow of the dead person, as he lies in his coffin, is placed a thin, narrow strip of silk or cotton, stamped with representations of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and John the Baptist. This "halo" or "glory" is a symbol of victory over passions and other spiritual enemies. A cross or a holy picture is laid on the breast, and a printed prayer (called by scoffers "the passport") is placed in the hands of the corpse.

For three days after death the body lies in its coffin in the house, and "panikhidi" are said twice a day; generally at two and at eight P. M. The name of these services signifies an all-night religious service, and is a reminiscence of the funeral rites held over departed Christians in the catacombs during the second and third centuries, which included the Holy Communion. There the early believers recounted, by the side of his coffin, the good deeds of the dead martyr or Christian, and thus did the modern funeral sermon have its origin. Another reminiscence of the catacombs is found in the lighted candles which are held by all who are present at the "panikhidi." They also symbolize the light of faith, which illuminated the Christian deeds of the dead person and the joyful confidence of the worshipers in the bright future of the departed. From the moment of death until the burial service on the third day, the Psalter is read constantly over the corpse. The belief is that the soul hovers about its body during those three days, in and around the house where it has dwelt, grieving over its separation from the body, and its sins. When it hears the sad and comforting Psalms, its pain is alleviated, and the angel in charge of it comforts it with the hope of God's mercy.

At the funeral service, on the third day, the soul follows the body to church, and remains in great fear and doubt as to what is to become of it when its body is hidden in the earth. Those present pray for themselves, as well as for the dead man, and say: "Give rest with Thy Saints, oh Christ, to the soul of Thy servant." When the prayer of absolution has been read, the Lord commands the angel to bring the soul to Heaven to do homage to the Creator of all things. Then the angel is commanded to show the soul all the various pleasant abodes of the just, and the fairness of Paradise for six days. Naturally this makes a sinful soul "gnash its teeth and reproach itself." On the ninth day the soul is brought to do homage again to God; and the relatives and friends of the departed have a church service on this day to pray for his soul as it is being escorted through hell for thirty days. On the twentieth day, when the soul is half-way through its preliminary wanderings, another service is often held. On the fortieth day after death, the friends again assemble and pray for the soul, which is now being "presented" to God for the third and last time. On this fortieth day God assigns to the soul an abiding place until the Day of Judgment. Thereafter services are held on the half-yearly or annual anniversaries of the death, at the request of the friends and relatives. NEW ED

At the funeral the body is accompanied on foot by

male relatives and friends, and by "torches," which have the same significance as the candles, and the road is thickly strewn with fragrant twigs of "the evergreen fir-tree," which is a symbol of hope in an eternal life for the departed. In Russian cities these "torches" resemble street lanterns plucked up by the roots—as if the dead man had deprived the town of light—borne by hired mourners clad in black and silver. At requiem masses the body of the departed is represented by a dish of rice and raisins placed on a reading desk upon the floor of the church in front of and some distance from the ikonostas, or rood-screen, behind which stands the altar. The candles are placed, the incense wafted, the processions performed in relation to this symbol, as in relation to the body at the funeral. The rice is a symbol of the resurrection; a grain must fall into the earth and die before it can bring forth life. The raisins are symbolical, in the same way, of Christ, the first fruits of them that sleep in the Lord. Any other grain and fruit would serve the purpose equally well, but rice and raisins are generally used. These explanations will be of special interest to those people who were so fortunate as to attend the solemn requiem mass which Gen. A. E. Olarovsky, the consul-general of Russia in America, caused to be said for the repose of the late Alexander III. The service was one-third in Greek and two-thirds in Russian; the Greek priest and reader being intelligible to the members of the Greek colony who were present, and the old Slavonic of the Russian ritual appealing to the hearts of the Russians.

Under the Trial by Ordeal

HORRORS OF SUPERSTITION..... KANSAS CITY JOURNAL

There are examples of ordeals in the Mosaic law, but they are not of extreme stringency. An authority not more recondite than Lingard gives the early English usage. First came three days of preparation by fasting and prayer (and conceivably by some very different method). On the solemn day a caldron was made to boil in church and a stone was placed apparently in the boiling water. Two juries of twelve men apiece were present in the interests of accuser and accused. Both sides tested the water; if both agreed that it did boil, the accused plunged his bare arm in and took out the stone. His arm was then wrapped in a cloth and sealed up. On the third day the priest inspected the limb. If it was perfectly healed the accused got off. Clearly, in this ordeal, the testing representative of the accused may have been corrupted, or the examining priest may have been tampered with.

The other method, with similar preparations, was the carrying of a redhot bar of iron for the distance of three steps; the hand was then sealed up and examined as before. Here the original test is more stringent. It has been suggested, naturally, that, as many persons escaped scathless, the clergy had a secret for curing rapidly or for preventing the burn. Lingard argues that such a secret must, at least, have been known to exist, and a distinguished modern chemist has avowed his own ignorance of any adequate method of preventing a burn or scald. In 1174 one John Senex was condemned, on an unsuccessful appeal, to the boiling water. In all cases the accused had been brought in guilty by a jury, and even if he succeeded in the ordeal he was often banished. Success was only an "attenuating circumstance," and sham ordeals may have been

winked at. Ordeals were abolished under Henry III., and it seemed that the Popes never liked them.

Turning now to Southern India, we find a curious case of a domestic ordeal. On October 2, 1714, Father Bouchet wrote that native Christians, without consulting the missionaries, would go through the ordeal of holding the naked arm in boiling oil, and would come out scathless. It is well known that the hand, protected by its natural moistness, can be plunged into molten metal. It may be so with boiling oil; any one can try it himself. But, if so, everyone would escape by that ordeal, and its efficacy would only lie in frightening a guilty conscience. Father Bouchet knew a native Christian who was very jealous of his wife. At last the poor woman, outwearied by his reproaches, offered to do the ordeal. The Othello then boiled the oil himself, that there might be no error, and bade her insert her hand, keeping it there till he gave her the word to extract it. He let her stand with her hand in the oil for a short time, and when she took it out there was no sign of burning. Father Bouchet cross-examined the woman, who declared that she felt as if her hand was in tepid water. Knowing the furious jealousy of the man, Father Bouchet had no doubt as to the temperature of the oil. The hand, he said, is washed before insertion, "to prevent any secret remedy." In Arabia he finds a more stringent, though less painful, test; the woman carries glowing embers for twenty yards in her veil; if the veil burned, she was guilty. The father imposed a penance on a Christian who had made his wife undergo this ordeal two months before his own arrival.

In considering whether or not some physical secret exists, handed down by tradition, it is well to remember that such "fire tests" have been part of the stock-in-trade of the conjurers from the Greeks to the Red Indians. The evidence is quite good enough for any circumstance not contrary to the laws of nature, and some art or method is the least difficult hypothesis. Again, it would not be easy to say in what old religion the ritual of treading on hot coals, embers, burning-stones, or that like, is not a common rite. It exists in modern Bulgaria, a revival from paganism. In Borneo, a Chinese firm meant to establish a place of business not long ago. The European inhabitants were amazed one day by seeing a street covered for some distance with redhot embers, on which a respectable Chinese merchant was walking with naked feet. The object, as it turned out, was to ascertain by this ordeal whether the place was a good place for a commercial establishment. The result was favorable. Now, if there is a known trick, a medicament, such as an old commentator on Virgil hints at, where is the use of the test?

In Fiji a recent traveller not only saw, but photographed natives marching with bare feet over redhot stones. The fillets of dry fern about their ankles were unscorched, like themselves. He appears to have noted hints that there was some secret method, and in all these cases among savages the fire-walkers undergo a preparation by the priests. Probably they do not confine themselves to fasting and praying. At Pondicherry, in Bouchet's time, there was a very disagreeable ordeal. A deadly snake was put into a hollow ball with a ring in it. The accused had to extract the ring without being bitten by the serpent. He commonly bit one of the several suspected persons. Here a substituted ring may have saved many a life. "An-

other way: Write the names of the suspected people on pieces of paper. Cover these up and go away. On your return, the name of the person which is out of its place in the circle is the name of the guilty individual." There are a few invocations of demons to be done. This plan is reckoned infallible.

Mystery of a Deadly Stone

AN ELECTRIC BOULDER....PHILADELPHIA TIMES

One of the most recently discovered inexplicable phenomena is an immense electrical stone which crops out above ground in an almost inaccessible mountain pass some fifty or sixty miles north of The Needles, in Arizona. In pursuing a conscientious investigation into a subject of this kind, one finds it necessary to call into requisition such an immense number of grains of salt that the real truth of the matter becomes frequently lost in a briny deep, as it were; but in spite of this, the existence of the electrical stone has been proved beyond the possibility of doubt. In a multitude of witnesses there is safety, and it appears that the natives were for many years acquainted with the stone and its peculiar properties long before its discovery by a party of hunters a few days ago. Among the Indians the stone goes by the name of the "Death Trap," and the peak whereon it is located is called Death Trap Mountain.

The stone itself is described as being a rough, jagged outcropping, bursting up through the shale of its surroundings, reaching up the mountain side to the height of about seven feet, when a sharp projection shelves over again, making a three-sided tunnel, perhaps nine feet long and five feet wide. Ordinarily the rock is of a blue metallic lustre, and shows traces of volcanic action, being seamed and ribbed as if by melted lava. In the heat of the day, when the sun shines squarely upon it, the stone assumes a faded pale blue hue, at which time the Indians declare it to be perfectly harmless. As the sun leaves the gorge, however, the stone begins gradually to deepen in color, and when night comes and there is no moon, it glows with all the brilliancy of a molten mass. This lumination may be distinctly seen for a great distance where there are no intervening mountains to obstruct the view. Now, as to the peculiar death-giving power of the stone. It is said that nothing great or small can set foot upon it and live. So powerful are the volts which it gives out at even the slightest contact, that it is impossible for even the largest animals to withstand their strength. Recently the party of hunters referred to ventured without a guide into some of the more dangerous mountain passes in the up-country, and by chance found their way into a narrow gorge, having come in hot pursuit after a little, fleet-limbed mountain goat which they managed to start from the rocks below. Suddenly, while they were all some seventy or eighty feet away, they were astonished beyond measure to see the goat fall dead in his tracks, although not a shot had been fired. They were making ready to climb up the ledge and secure the little creature, when an old Indian high up on the cliff behind called to them to stop. So frantic was his manner and so persistent his admonitions that they waited till he scrambled down to them, and then for the first time came to light the story of the electrical wonder.

The goat had fallen within the death-trap, the Indian explained, and had the hunters followed after him they, too, would have shared his fate. There was ample

evidence at hand to prove to the hunters the truth of the old man's statement, for the little gorge surrounding the stone had been turned into a perfect charnel house, full of the whitening bones of its many victims. The hunters expressed the deepest gratitude to the old Indian for saving their lives, but regretted no little the loss of the goat, whose species is almost extinct now, whereupon the old man unwound a riata from his waist and flung it up under the rocks. His aim was unerring, and presently the goat was dragged down into a place of safety, whence the hunters removed him. The sun was almost down, and had quite left the gorge, so at the request of the Indian the hunters accompanied him to his mountain-perched cabin, and from there beheld the lighting up of the stone when the moon was gone. As they all sat about the fire watching the phenomenon, their old host told them marvelous stories of the wonder, among others the legend of its discovery by the tribe hundreds of years ago. The legend runs about as follows:

Once upon a time there came into the midst of the tribe asking food and shelter a stranger, with a marvelously beautiful face. His body was little and mean and puny, and his back was humped, but his face was fair beyond all description and strangely beautiful. His eyes were large and luminous, like twin stars, and although he seemed to know nothing of herbs or their properties, he possessed the marvelous faculty of healing the sick by laying his hands upon them, or even by looking fixedly at them with his great eyes.

Even dumb animals would flock around him if he chose to have them do so, and the chief held him in such reverence that by and by he adopted the stranger into the tribe and made him a medicine man. Many years passed, during which the stranger still lingered, and in the meantime the chief's son had grown to manhood, and it became time for him to take a wife. The comeliest maiden of the tribe was selected as his bride, and preparations were made for the nuptials. When the wedding-day arrived, however, the maiden was missing, and an old woman declared that the medicine man had spirited her away. A diligent search failed to disclose her whereabouts, and the chief reluctantly consented to believe the friend of his adoption guilty. A company of twelve of the bravest warriors were ordered to drive the medicine man out of the tribe, for no one would consent to see him killed outright, so great was the love of the people for him.

Early in the morning the warriors set out to chase him beyond the mountains, the medicine man running swiftly on before, so that they could scarcely keep him in sight. Finally it became evident that he was leading them on after him instead of fleeing before them, and at last, though the chief sent messengers to order the men to return, it was impossible to get them to heed the command. On and on they followed, climbing the mountain side, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, but keeping their eyes fixed desperately on the medicine man before them. The chief's messengers followed as close as they dared, and at last beheld with consternation the warriors fall one by one dead between the parted lips of a great blue stone. Thus was the death-trap discovered many hundreds of years ago, and the Indians believe it to have been set by the medicine man to ward off all pursuit after him and the stolen bride of the chief's son.

TREASURE-TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

The Inchcape Rock...Robert Southey...Ballads of the Brave (Methuen & Co.)

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The good Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell:
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The seabirds scream'd as they wheel'd around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fixed his eyes on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess—
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eyes were on the Inchcape float:
Quoth he: "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound—
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph: "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And, now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph: "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.
Now where we are we cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound—the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
"Oh! heavens! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And beat his breast in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even now, in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape bell,
The fiends in triumph were ringing his knell.

Mary Ambree....Ye Courageous Mayde....Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry

When captaines couragious, whom death cold not
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt, [daunte,
They must' red their souldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When the brave serjeant-major was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herself from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemleye to shewe;
A faire shirt of male then slipped on she:
Was this not a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of prooffe shee strait did provide,
A strong arminge sword she girt by her side;
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all such, as wold, (to) bee of her band;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

"My soldiers," she saith, "soe valliant and bold,
Nowe followe your captainne, whom you doe behold;
Still formost in battell myselfe will I bee:"
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say,
"Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons so well do agree,
Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree."

She cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

"Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:"
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Shee ledd up her souldiers in battaile array,
'Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets so hott;
For one of her own men a score killed shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre;
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on every side,
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;
To beate down the walles they all did decree:
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

"Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
To ransom thy selfe, which else must not live?
Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must be:"
Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

"Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?"

"A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
Who shortlye with us a prisoner must be."

"No captaine of England; behold in your sight
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight:
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple mayden called Mary Ambree."

"But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree."

The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
Who long had advanced for England's fair crowne;
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all:

"He nere sell my honour for purple nor pall;
A mayden of England, sir, never will bee
The wench of a monarcke," quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne;
Therefore English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

The Isles of Greece.....Lord Byron.....Poems

The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,—
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds that echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blessed?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet—
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Cheronese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such claims as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however, broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine:
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning teardrop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Samian's marbled steep—
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

The Ballot and Woman

MARY WICK SAXE.....THE GREEN BAG

The thought that suggests itself to most men and women is, Will the enfranchisement of women be of benefit to the entire community? not, Will it be of benefit to women as a class? but, Will it be expedient for all, that women should vote? Many articles and essays have been published in favor of suffrage, but one looks in vain for any single well-defined exposition of a benefit which is to result to either women or the State. "Glittering generalities, fantastic speculations, socialistic theories," one finds in plenty, but nowhere the statement of a wrong to woman that man has refused to redress, of a provision for her benefit that he has refused to make. One of the most prominent suffrage speakers acknowledges that, in the last fifty years, through the legislation of men, women have obtained in the eye of the law a more favorable position than men themselves hold. Many arguments are advanced for woman's suffrage, one being that the ballot is an inherent right. But there is no such thing as an inherent natural right of an individual to vote. The right to say who may or may not vote has and must always remain with the State, and must be exercised with reference to the interest, not of an individual, but of the State. In no proper or exact sense is the suffrage a right at all, or even a privilege. It is a duty imposed upon the male citizen, because it is believed that its exercise by him will be for the best interest of the whole community. Suffrage, if a right, is a political and not a natural one. As our Constitution has it, it is the right of every person to elect or be elected according as the same is established "by the frame of government."

Consider the probable effect of admitting to the ballot all women; not alone the brilliant and intellectual women, but the densely ignorant, who have neither the education, the mental capacity, nor the desire for political knowledge; not alone the "semi-civilized foreigner," but his wife and daughters. In the lowest class of laboring women we find the really dangerous element, too ignorant to understand political questions, too weak to resist the voice which would influence their votes by persuasion or bribery, they would, like the same class of men, form a mass of unreasoning voters, the ready prey of unscrupulous politicians. To say that the women are no worse than the men does not help the matter, for it is this class of men from whom we have little to hope and much to fear; it is their vote that now threatens the honor of our country. Shall we double this threatening element? Educated women already influence men in a great measure by public opinion. They voice public opinion, which is much more influential and powerful than the ballot itself.

It is claimed that women will purify and elevate politics because they are purer and more conscientious than men; but this is exceedingly doubtful when applied to politics. It seems reasonable to expect, were women admitted to vote and hold office, that all the corruption and intrigue displayed by men would be found in women. The fact that women have no political prizes to gain, no offices in view, no constituency

to please, has made them of great value in works of philanthropy and reform. The influence of woman when standing apart from the ballot is immeasurable; she can be broad, liberal, and wise, free from the prejudices of partisanship, with all men ready and willing to help her; whereas, if she were a voter, she could depend only on her own party, the woman's vote often being divided against itself. Let us move slowly, and not consider the vote as the only infallible means to all wished-for ends, the only panacea for all evils.

It is urged that to refuse women the ballot is to render her liable to taxation without representation, and this is proclaimed as a gross injustice. The term "taxation without representation" has been misunderstood. Taxes are the involuntary contributions levied and collected by the government for the protection, benefit and advancement of the entire community. They are levied alike on voter and non-voter, citizen and alien, children and adults, men and women; in short, there is no relation, in fact or theory, between taxation and the voting power. As the bill of rights has it: "Each individual has a right to be protected in the enjoyment of his life, liberty and property. He is obliged consequently to contribute his share to the expense of this protection." Now that is the reason why every property owner, man, woman, infant or alien is obliged to pay taxes, because he or she is protected in his or her life, liberty and property. Every woman, every minor, gets this protection, and the enjoyment of taxes when put out in roads, sewers, libraries and schools, in just as full a measure as men. The comparison that Mr. Edwards made, in the Green Bag of May, 1895, of dumping the tea into Boston Harbor with giving the suffrage to women, is a little far-fetched. American interests were different from those of England and were not represented in her legislature, but the interests of American men and women are essentially the same—the family is represented.

In the United States it is impossible to compare suffrage in the Western and Eastern States, the difference being so great. In Wyoming there are only one-half as many women as men, and not one man or woman to the square mile, while in Massachusetts there are fifty thousand more women than men, and many men and women to each square mile. Also there are in the far West no large cities such as we have in the East. Mr. Gardiner, a prominent scientific and business man of Kansas, spoke of an election in Leavenworth in the following manner: "One party put up a man of questionable reputation as Mayor, the other party nominated a man of spotless character. Soon the latter's friends found that the other party were enlisting all the negro women of the city to their cause by sympathy and bribes. We then saw that all would be lost if we could not arouse our wives and sisters to their duty as enfranchised women to vote for the pure election. Soon they became interested and began canvassing around amongst their neighbors. Constantly they increased in numbers and enthusiasm, until finally people who had been friends and neighbors for years would not speak, and the whole history of each candidate, with that of their ancestors and followers, was discussed in every household, even before its youngest members. Women

had caught the fever of politics, and it raged high and furiously. And, as a climax, on election day we saw our wives and daughters driving through the city, picking up women of the lowest possible class and morality, and then walking with their arms around them to the polls to see that they voted rightly. Every means of intimidation, bribery and cajolery which had been used by men was employed unhesitatingly by women on election day, and yet when the votes were counted the result was no different than if they had remained quietly at home without the ballot." In England, for some time past, the franchise has in a small way been given to single women who pay rates and taxes, and in '94 it was extended to married women who pay rates and taxes in their own names, and the franchise was enlarged; but no conclusions can as yet be drawn from so recent a grant of the voting power. The property qualification was done away with in America in 1820 on the ground of expediency, and if women are given the suffrage it should be given them on the same basis that men have it. Many of the suffragists do not desire an educational qualification, claiming that the ballot will educate women, but how women can get a lift and learning out of a right that has not made men better or wiser is an anomaly not explained.

The higher education of women is a thing entirely apart from the ballot, for women without it have obtained entrance into most men's colleges, as well as into all professions. They can be lawyers, doctors, ministers; in fact, one finds no business or profession closed to her, no barrier interposed to her development and advancement in any direction in which her sex permits her to direct her footsteps. But these advantages of higher education, and the professions are open only to the exceptional woman, while the ballot is to be opened to all women; not little by little so that they might learn to appreciate its dangers and disadvantages and avoid the rocks and reefs, but all at once the flood-gates are to be opened, and the franchise given to women. She is to learn, through bitter experience, and the country is to suffer the consequences. Some of the late articles written by suffragists prove conclusively by their tone that it is better for women to move slowly; that they need time in which to learn that a wisely-adjusted bit is an excellent thing. The mind of woman is essentially religious, and there is little doubt that her politics have been and would be influenced by religion. The election in Bridgeport, Conn., is a proof of this, the Protestants and Catholics both working assiduously for their own candidates, the Catholics coming off victorious. In Brookline, Mass., the only disturbance at the polls since the Australian ballot system came into use, was when the A. P. A. women thronged around the polls, begging men and women to vote for Protestants. This mingling of religion and politics can be of no good to either, as it is usually conceded that religion and politics are better in different channels.

Women's wages, we are told, will be raised as soon as they have the ballot. This statement can be best answered by the question: If the ballot will raise women's wages, why has it not raised the wages of men? Men have been voting a long enough time, and as yet have not been able through legislation to come to any satisfactory basis about wages. The constant strikes all over the country prove this. Women, as a rule, seek temporary work, hoping soon to leave it. The average

age of working-women is twenty-two, as determined by government investigation. You see what this means, that women who have obtained some degree of skill are constantly dropping out, and their places are being filled with untrained girls. The wisest and best of our women are studying what can be done for the working-girl. They hope that organization among workers and the co-operation of all intelligent men and women may do much to raise the position of the working-girl. The suffragists urge the necessity of reform in legislation, which will never be reached through men, since they do not suffer from the injuries brought about by the want of them, and here they have in mind the social evil. No legislation will ever wipe that out. Men must be refined and women strengthened before vice will disappear. Legislation may hasten it, but in this case as in that of intemperance, when you array women against men you are antagonizing the very people you are trying to win, and adding an evil to the one you are seeking to remove. We can only work surely by stemming the tide of evil through early education, before it has grown too strong and overpowering.

The main reason, however, why suffrage should not be given to women at present, is that a majority of women do not want it, some through indifference, it is true; but a large number of intelligent women do not wish to assume a new duty when they have now before them problems unsolved. These women realize that the interests of men and women are the same, and that no legislation which is unjust to women can be good for men; it is only an unenlightened public opinion which can think otherwise. Why should the ballot be thrust upon the unwilling majority of women? The suffrage is no universal solvent, it performs no miracles, it creates nothing new. The ballot is only one form of influence, one means of obtaining an end. It has its dangers and disadvantages, and must we not pause before we increase its problems? Mr. Edwards, in his article before referred to, says: "You shall have this disability removed, which is an everlasting reproach to a dominant sex, and be placed on an equal footing with husband and brother." The position of women is not inferior to man; she does not need to be placed, for she is already on the same footing with him. Is it necessary for woman to follow in the very same footsteps as man in her march towards a better condition and a higher life? Our educated women are our leisure class, and from them we have a right to demand the wisdom that comes from the highest ideals lived out in the noblest lives. Let these women become the leaders of Public Opinion, now the strongest force that governs the world. But above all let them hold sacred the calmness, the retirement and dignity of their lives, and keep undimmed the high ideals which shall give guidance and light to those less favored than themselves.

In What Does Wealth Consist

ARTHUR KETSON....A SCIENTIFIC SOLUTION (ARENA)

"Wealth consists of consumable things," says Adam Smith. Man is the consumer, not the thing consumed, yet we find capital employing labor—that is mankind—instead of labor employing capital. Again, to categorize land as wealth is likewise unscientific, for wealth consists of definite quantities of things possessing definite qualities, the result of definite human exertions. But land, comprising as it does the soil and all beneath it,

even to the earth's centre, is an indefinite, indeterminable quantity of matter of unknown qualities. In fact, it is a factor of indeterminable power, and is not the product of human labor. Land in its totality comprises the earth; but the earth stands in no definite value relation to any product. It is, in fact, of indefinite value; or, we may say, that since all wealth proceeds from labor and land, since it could not exist but for land, the land is of incalculable, of infinite value. In other words, land is not an economic quantity, and therefore it cannot, scientifically speaking, form a part of wealth. Land is the mother and labor the father of wealth. Other considerations show, too, the impropriety of classifying the factors in production with the products themselves. Wealth is created for use and consumption, and the existence of society depends upon its continued and incessant creation, consumption and renewal. Wealth is naturally and inevitably perishable. It is born to die. Reproduction can only continue so long as the factors are operative; hence, the safety of society and of the entire human race depends upon keeping them at all times in a condition free and fit for use. To class them with wealth is to class them with consumable things, and with things capable of being destroyed, reproduced or substituted by other things. Whilst man reproduces his species, land cannot be increased beyond the boundaries of the globe. Being incapable of destruction and increase, and not a product of labor, land is not, scientifically speaking, a part of wealth.

The Failure of Punishment

LADY COOK.....THE HUMANITARIAN

Every now and then the conscience of the community is horrified by some abominable crime. Public interest becomes violently excited, and all the details are read with avidity. Should the criminal be discovered, his trial is watched by the eyes of the nation, and if his crime be murder, the public conscience of the majority is appeased when he is sentenced to death. Formerly the execution was a festive occasion for all but the prisoner. People went to view it as they go to see a horse race, a circus performance, or any other pleasant show. Seats were paid for, and places taken early. Rude jokes were cracked, and ribald songs sung. Refreshments were devoured at the foot of the gallows, and the Bill Sykes of the hour was cheered by his friends, and exhorted to die "game." If he showed signs of fear, the mob cursed and howled. Bravado, insolence, and impudence were expected from him for their approval, and he seldom disappointed them.

We find that punishments after the Christian era were little, if any, less cruel than those under Paganism. Virginity was the supreme theoretical virtue of the early Church, the foundation of her wealth and strength. Thus the first Christian emperors issued edicts by which panderers were condemned to have molten lead poured down their throats, and not only was the ravisher put to death, but the ravished also if she consented to his act. Nevertheless, nowhere are fouler records of immorality to be found than among those who were the most strenuous upholders of chastity. The comparative immunity of monks and priests made them the most debauched and most debauching classes of the community. They were not slack, however, in imposing pains and penalties upon others. The punishments inflicted by the Church exceeded the civil manyfold, both in number and sever-

ity, but they did not succeed in checking ecclesiastical offenses. For instance, when witches were punished with most cruelty was precisely the time when witches most abounded. Each auto-da-fe was followed by an abundant crop of fresh victims. We look on these follies of our predecessors with scorn and pity, and perhaps, in the future, our errors, to which we so fondly cling to-day, will be similarly regarded.

It has been found by ages of experience that the most horrible punishments or sufferings were least deterrent. In many cases they seem to have had a strange fascination for weak minds that boldly courted them, just as the Circumcelliones, in the fourth century, courted suicide. These insulted the Pagan customs to provoke martyrdom—killed each other for the glory of God—and, as St. Augustine informs us, assembled by thousands at a time, and "leaped with paroxysms of frantic joy from the brows of overhanging cliffs till the rocks below were reddened with their blood." Healthy minds regard horrors with wholesome abhorrence, but not so the unhealthy. And we are still so ignorant of the extent to which these latter exist, and of the peculiarities of mental and moral weaknesses and the influence upon them of current events, that it becomes doubtful whether severe punishments do not incite to new crimes, and, indeed, whether all forms of punishment, except restrictive ones, may not be mistakes.

It has been proved over and over that crime is in its nature epidemic, and from this it would appear to be the outcome of disease. Lunatics in this country were regularly whipped in former times, and those who had infectious complaints, such as smallpox, were similarly treated if they broke bounds even during delirium. In the parish constable's accounts for 1710, at Great Staughton, Huntingdonshire, is this entry: "Pd. Thomas Hawkins for whipping two people that had the smallpox, 8d.," and in 1714, "Pd. for watching, victuals, and drink for Mary Mitchell, 2s. 6d.; pd. for whipping her, 4d." Yet the people who ordered and performed these atrocities were not destitute of humanity, but were gravely wanting in perception.

If it were possible to abolish crime by severity, then despots should be the greatest social purifiers. Henry VIII., in the twenty-second year of his reign, made poisoning treason, and the penalty, to be slowly boiled to death; but so ineffective was this that in the first year of his son's reign it was repealed. We have had all kinds of maiming and lopping by law. Eyes, lips, ears, noses, hands, tongue, besides an unnameable one. When men were disemboweled and hanged for petit treason, women were disemboweled and burnt. To be hanged, drawn and quartered was common. English women were burnt for witchcraft and for all kinds of treason, whether poisoning a husband or defaming the Queen, until the thirtieth year of George III. Next they were drawn and hanged, and now they are hanged only and for murder alone. Who can say whether the repeal of this last might not be as wise as that of the previous ones? Had we the same moral courage as our ancestors, we should try it.

We are aware that this proposal would be indignantly rejected by a large number. Many would bang us with that verse of Scripture, "Whoso sheddeth," etc. But they were the same sort who clamored for the burning of inoffensive women on the ground that "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Those who believe in the

amelioration of harsh laws rather than in extreme punishments, who hold that men can be drawn into goodness but can never be driven, are for ever encountered by these Biblical "bangs." We protest against yielding to the narrow zealots who meet every suggestion for the improvement of social conditions in this age by a quotation from the Pentateuch. In addition to the maiming and capital punishments named, and often for the most frivolous offenses, such as stealing a sheep or killing a hare, there have been a host of excruciating tortures inflicted to extort confession.

When Felton was threatened with torture, he said: "If I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my lord of Dorset, and none but yourself." Secretary Winwood wrote of a prisoner in James I.'s reign: "Peacham this day was examined before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture; notwithstanding, nothing could be drawn from him." Queen Elizabeth once tortured all the servants of the Duke of Norfolk, yet no lawyer found fault with this violation of the laws. As an able writer says: "The truth is, lawyers are rarely philosophers; the history of the heart read only in statutes and law cases, presents the worst side of human nature; they are apt to consider men as wild beasts."

Minor punishments were liberally provided by borough towns. These, like little independent States, while acknowledging a suzerain, made their own laws and administered their own punishments. Fear was the ruling feature of their systems, as in those of the higher powers. Now a single hanging creates a sensation. But in 1787, thirteen men and women were conveyed to the gallows at once at Worcester, not one of whom had committed murder. In the borough towns there were the tumbrel for such as pilfering millers, the ducking-stool for scolding wives, the brank for taming shrews, the cage or pillory, the skimmington, and the stocks for all. In the ballad, Titus Oates is made to say:

"See the rabble all round me in battle array,
Against my wood castle their batteries play;
With turnip granadoes the storm is begun."

Immorality was punished sometimes by the stocks and a whipping. Cardinal Wolsey, when incumbent of Lymington, was set in the stocks on a Fair day for drunkenness. Then there were also the dark house or dungeon, the drunkard's clock, the whipping-post, entries in the Hustings' Book, branding, and all sorts of arbitrary fines and imprisonment. Nothing was too high or too low for the borough magnates, except such matters as had to go to sessions. A man who had associated with another man's wife "in a very suspicious manner," was imprisoned for more than a year. A walk on the Sunday, a hasty word, or absence from church, were also duly punished. Even love matters were not above the cognizance of justices.

The game laws have been very fertile in punishments, and still occasion a large part of the crime of country districts. To take an egg out of the nest of a swan, falcon, goose-hawk, lanner or goose, was visited by a year and a day's imprisonment and a fine at the will of the Crown. For "killing or wounding any deer in any park or inclosed ground" was, by a statute of George I., transportation to the plantations for seven years. As time proceeds, these cruel punishments, so incommensurate with the offenses for which they were designed, have dropped one by one away. With this

amelioration, the habits and happiness of the people have correspondingly improved. Our morals are purity itself compared to those of the past. And why? Because we are better instructed in secular knowledge; because we have more freedom and so acquire habits of self-control and self-respect; because we have got rid of prying agitators and social spies. But the madness of those who would restore the old state of things is like that which afflicted the inhabitants of the Neapolitan districts for two centuries ending with the seventeenth—the madness of self-destruction. Theirs was attributed to the bite of the tarantula; ours is a more virulent poison of the mind. Lecky tells us "the patients thronged in multitudes towards the sea, and often, as the blue waters opened to their view, they chanted a wild hymn of welcome and rushed with passion into the waves." So amongst us are thousands who advocate those harsh measures and backward marches which would ultimately engulf us in all the horrors of anarchy and general criminality.

The Social Problem of France

CITIZENS AND ALIENS....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

The question of dealing with alien residents is again to the fore in France, as it has often been in the last twenty years. The low birth rate in France keeps the number of native inhabitants about stationary, sometimes causing it actually to decrease. The sole increase, therefore, comes from the influx of foreigners, who are attracted thither by the comparative sparseness of population, high rates of wages, and other advantageous conditions of life and industry. At the same time few Frenchmen emigrate, and of those who do a large proportion presently return home. Now the striking and novel feature of this report is the showing it makes of gross disparity between emigration and immigration in other respects than mere numbers. Frenchmen who leave their country do so for their country's good; not in the sense of the notorious "true patriots," but in a strictly practical and commercial sense. Many, for example, have gone in recent years to the Argentine Republic. The result is that in three years French commerce with that country has increased from \$9,000,000 to \$40,000,000. That is the only country in which the number of French settlers has materially increased, and it is the only country with which French trade has increased. The lesson is obvious. Every French emigrant is a commercial agent for the Fatherland.

The alien immigrants, on the other hand, bring little gain to France. In all France there are more than 1,130,000 foreigners, mostly Italians and Belgians, with a good many Germans, Spaniards and Switzers. It is entirely within bounds to say that of these more than 1,100,000 are destitute of outside incomes, and are making their living and perhaps some savings out of French industry. A bill has been framed, decreeing not only that a naturalized citizen shall not be eligible to any public office, military or civil, but also that his sons and grandsons, though born in France, shall suffer the same disability. Not until after the third generation shall they be full citizens of France. In the meantime the most serious matter of all, the unnaturally low birth rate, is not touched, and there seems to be no practicable way of dealing with it. Yet it is the real evil that is, more than all else, sapping the vitality and destroying the strength of the French nation.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

The Most Difficult Piano Piece

ESTIMATES BY MUSICIANS.....ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT

"Among all known musical compositions written for the piano, which is the most difficult of execution?" To this often-asked question *Le Figaro* has endeavored to obtain a definite and final answer by interviewing the best known pianists and teachers of the piano in Paris. The attempt has not been very successful. Some of the "virtuosi" interviewed saw in the question only an opportunity to say something clever and epigrammatic, and made no attempt to really answer it. Others wandered from the point by confusing execution with interpretation. Those who rightly understood the question as referring solely to mechanical difficulties and treated it seriously in their replies were so far apart in their views that the discussion was practically unresultant, and left the question but little nearer settlement. The palm of difficulty was not definitely awarded, but there was so much in the discussion that will probably be of interest to students of piano music that it has seemed worthy of review.

No fewer than sixteen compositions and groups of compositions are named by the French pianists as among those presenting the greatest technical difficulties to the performer. They are as follows: Beethoven's sonatas, opera 57 and 106; Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Brahme's Variations on a Theme of Paganini; Balackireff's *Islamey*; Chopin's Ballades, first, third, and fourth, and the finale of his sonata in B flat minor; Liszt's Etudes and twelfth Rhapsody; Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor and his Etudes Symphoniques; St. Saëns's *Allegro Appassionata*; a sonata by Thalberg, and a sonata by Von Weber. Of these compositions only four have more than one vote, and none has more than two. Only one composition has the undivided support of its adherents. This is Balackireff's *Fantaisie Orientale Russe, Islamey*, which both Louis Diemer and Francis Plante declare to be preëminently the most difficult to execute of all music yet written for the piano. Mme. Roger-Miclos and Marmontel, the oldest of the professors of the Paris Conservatoire, pronounce for Liszt's Rhapsodie, No 12, among others; Raval Pugno and Mme. Roger-Miclos name the Beethoven sonata in B flat, opus 106, and these two pianists are also agreed as to the extraordinary difficulty of Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor.

Islamey, then, must be pronounced the winner in *Le Figaro's* competition. This competition is not yet very generally known among American pianists. Of the three other more familiar works named as peculiarly difficult, American pianists generally will be inclined to rank the Beethoven sonata *Für Hammerklavier*, opus 106, as the severest test of virtuosity. The other Beethoven sonata that figures in the list of the sixteen most difficult compositions, opus 57, the familiar *Sonata Appassionata*, is in the repertoire of about every professional pianist. Opus 106 is very seldom played in public. As practical proof of its difficulty, it may be mentioned that Von Bülow once publicly broke down in it while playing it from memory, some years ago, at Chickering Hall. The breakdown was covered up, the

audience being given to understand that something had gone wrong with the instrument. The tuner in attendance was sent on the stage, with instructions to spend fifteen or twenty minutes in ostensibly putting the piano to rights, while Von Bülow, out of earshot of the audience, utilized the time thus gained by furiously practicing, on an upright piano the passage that had baffled him. As for the difficulty of the Liszt Rhapsodie, it may be remarked that this perfect pianist, than whom no composer ever knew better the capabilities and the limitations of technique, wrote always "for the hand," and presented no problems of execution out of the range of virtuosity. Classing one of his compositions as preëminent for technical difficulties is, therefore, rather the reverse of a compliment to this composer. The proverb, in regard to those who ask questions that the wisest cannot answer, may be not improperly borne in mind while considering problems of execution that the most skilled pianist cannot fully solve, presented in musical compositions intended to be played upon the piano by mortal hands.

The epigrammatic answers of some of the Parisian pianists to *Le Figaro's* questions, though they have next to no relevance, are sufficiently amusing and suggestive to be worth quoting. C. D. Beriot holds that, since pianists are not provided, as they should be, with five thumbs on each hand, and are forced to struggle all their lives against the inequality of their fingers, as to strength and length, and especially against the weakness of the fourth finger, the technical feat that pianists find the most difficult of all is playing the simple scale, as it should be played, with absolute evenness. Delaborde's opinion, which, paradoxical as it is, will be shared by many a timid player at the moment he takes his seat on the piano-stool before his audience, is "for me the most difficult of piano pieces is whatever piece I happen to be playing, while I am playing it." Andrew Gresse believes that the composition most difficult of all to play, with entire correctness, is any composition that one finds himself obliged to play in the presence of its composer. Composers much in the habit of hearing their compositions played will probably, if they are quite frank, fully endorse M. Gresse's view. And even the most skilled of pianists will own that sometimes, bowing himself off the stage amid storms of applause for his "perfect execution" of some monumental work of Bach, Beethoven, or Schumann, he has had much reason to rejoice in his heart that the composer could not possibly have heard his playing, being dead. "Les morts ne reclamant pas!" as M. Andrew Gresse puts it.

Electing a Royal Academician

STACY MARKS....PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES

There are several peculiar customs connected with the election of a new A. R. A., and this is one of them: After the ballot has taken place, the name of the successful candidate is announced by the President. Then the rush to be the first to communicate the joyful news begins among the listeners. The name of the successful candidate is wafted from gallery to gallery till it reaches the doors of the entrance-hall, where a group of "models" is sure to be waiting for the news, each one eager

to be the first to get into a hansom and drive as quickly as possible to the house of the fortunate painter or sculptor with the glad tidings, to be rewarded by the customary "tip" of a sovereign. Sometimes it happens that the first elected one lives at some distance from town, in which case there is much disappointment in the crowd of models, who relieve themselves with curses and gnashing of teeth! Architects do not employ professional models—at least, I never knew but one who did, and he is no longer here. Imagine, therefore, the surprise of a most distinguished member of that profession when an oddly-dressed, half-breathless man invaded his drawing-room, proclaimed the news, and waited for the tip. My friend not knowing the custom, explanations were made, when, more amused than annoyed, he gave the model his fee, who bowed himself out. He had not got clear of the house, however, when another hansom was heard at the street door, and Model Number Two came to try it on. The architect, though possessed of humor, thought the joke was becoming stale. However, he gave the fellow his gratuity and saw him off the premises. There was actually another model on the road, but the new Associate, fearing "the line would stretch out to the crack of doom," thought it time to strike, had the door barred, the gas turned down, and thus regained the interrupted privacy of his sanctum.

Tapestry Weaving in America

RIVALING FRENCH LOOMS....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

An attempt has been made, the success of which is now assured, to make tapestry in the United States. It is intended that the product shall rival that of the famous Gobelin looms. The factory is on the Bronx River, at Williamsbridge, and is said to be the only one in the world outside of France. Besides the two government institutions in France, the Gobelins and Beauvais, employing altogether not more than seventy-five men, including artists, artisans, apprentices, helpers, and the Bureau of Administration, there are only two other establishments of note, those of Mr. Hamot and Mr. Braquenie, both at Aubusson, employing together not above 200 men all told. There are also one or two isolated weavers in and around Paris.

Some years ago the Windsor works were established in England under the patronage of the Queen and many of the nobility, with the object of making tapestry weaving a home industry. Men were obtained from the Gobelin and other factories, and some magnificent work was turned out. The residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt, at Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, contains some fine specimens of tapestry in the shape of hall and staircase friezes which were made at the Windsor works. In consequence of gross extravagance on the part of the mahagement the royal support was withdrawn, and soon afterward that of many prominent people. The institution collapsed, and the master workman, together with other French weavers, formed the nucleus of a tapestry factory in this city, which was started by a well-known dealer in antique furniture. A feature in the new industry is the apprenticeship of a number of American boys to the trade. They have proved satisfactory.

There is hardly a more picturesque industry in New York than that of tapestry weaving. The rows of men swaying to and fro at their looms with the precision of clockwork as they throw the shuttles; the rhythmic rattle of the old fashioned French looms and the quaint

songs which the weavers always sing while working make up a picture which is a strange one even in this cosmopolitan city. The workmen form a little French colony in the village of Williamsbridge, none of them being able to speak English. Every step in the process of tapestry weaving has to be done by hand. No machinery yet devised could do the work. This partly accounts for its costliness. As a first step in the manufacture a cartoon is made, which is used as a copy from which to weave the fabric. Upon the excellence of this cartoon, which is really a finished oil painting, the success of the tapestry depends.

The cartoon is stretched upon a frame and mounted upon rollers which revolve at the will of the operator. About an inch above the surface of the cartoon are stretched the threads which constitute the groundwork of the tapestry. These threads are made of tightly twisted wool, and are about one-sixteenth of an inch apart. The artisan takes his various-colored threads of wool and silk, and with the cartoon for a guide begins to weave them around the ground threads and gradually works up a copy of the cartoon in the form of tapestry. By long practice the weavers are enabled to follow the drawing and colors of the cartoon through the threads, although they are so close together. To an ordinary observer the cartoon is almost invisible, and what colors can be made out are a confused mass, but the artisan is apparently able to see through the threads without any trouble. Considerable judgment in color and delicacy of manipulation are of course necessary, and can only come from long practice. Men are exclusively employed in the weaving, and the rapidity with which they throw the shuttles and select the various-colored threads is marvelous. Women sew the fabric together and tighten up the threads after the weaving is finished.

One of the advantages of a good piece of tapestry is the permanence of its colors. The colors must be of a fast quality and possess much brilliancy or the tapestry will fade and become dull and lifeless in appearance. Much of the superiority of the Gobelin tapestry over all others is ascribed to the excellency of the dyes used. The water used in mixing the dyes is taken from the little river La Bievre in the suburb St. Marcel, Paris. In the fifteenth century a family of dyers named Gobelin established their dye works on the banks of this river and soon became renowned above all others. In the sixteenth century the tapestry works were added to these dye works, and to this day they have retained their original reputation for the unrivaled quality of their dyes. The water of the Bronx River possesses the same property as the famous Bievre, and the dyes obtained with its use are said to be equal to the Gobelin dyes.

A great deal of the tapestry now made is woven from the famous cartoons of the old masters. When tapestry weaving was in its golden age in Flanders, the great weavers had their cartoons painted by Van Eyck, Vander Weyden, Memling and others, and by the great Italian masters, Raphael, Giulio Romano, etc. The Gobelin cartoons were painted by Le Brun, Lefebvre, Coypel, Boucher, Watteau, Audran, Oudry and other famous artists and their disciples. Modern tapestry is handicapped by the lack of such men, and more especially from the fact that so little attention has been paid to cartoon painting by modern artists. Now that a field is open, it is possible that able men will be found to give expression to modern art in the form of tapestry.

FARMER ELI'S VACATION: JOURNEYING TO THE SEA*

A SHORT STORY. BY ALICE BROWN

"It don't seem as if we'd really got round to it, does it, father?" asked Mrs. Pike.

The west was paling, and the August insects stirred the air with their crooning chirp. Eli and his wife sat together on the washing-bench outside the back door, waiting for the milk to cool before it should be strained. She was a large, comfortable woman, with an unlined face, and smooth, fine auburn hair; he was spare and somewhat bent, with curly iron-gray locks, growing thin, and crow's feet about his deep-set gray eyes. He had been smoking the pipe of twilight contentment, but now he took it out and laid it on the bench beside him.

"No; it don't seem as if 'twas goin' to happen," he owned. "It looked pretty dark to me all last week. It's a good deal of an undertakin', come to think it all over. I dunno's I care about goin'."

"Why, father! After you've thought about it so many years, an' Sereno's got the tents strapped up, an' all! You must be crazy!"

"Well," said the farmer, gently, as he arose and went to carry the milk-pails into the pantry, calling coaxingly, as he did so, "Kitty! kitty! You had your milk. Don't you joggle, now!"

Mrs. Pike came ponderously to her feet, and followed, with the heavy, swaying motion of one grown fleshy and rheumatic. She was not in the least concerned about Eli's change of mood. He was a gentle soul, and she had always been able to guide him in paths of her own choosing. Moreover, the present undertaking was one involving his own good fortune, and she meant to tolerate no foolish scruples which might interfere with its result. For Eli, though he had lived all his life within easy driving distance of the ocean, had never seen it, and ever since his boyhood he had cherished one darling plan—some day he would go to the shore and camp out there for a week. This, in his starved imagination, was like a dream of the Acropolis to an artist stricken blind, or as mountain outlines to the dweller in a lonely plain. But the years had flitted past, and the dream never seemed nearer completion. There was always planting, haying, and harvesting to be considered; and though he was fairly prosperous, excursions were foreign to his simple habit of life. But at last his wife had stepped into the van, and organized an expedition with all the valor of a Francis Drake.

"Now, don't you say one word, father," she had said. "We're goin' down to the beach, Sereno, an' Hattie, an' you an' me, an' we're goin' to camp out."

For days before the date of the excursion Eli had been solemn and tremulous, as with joy; but now, on the eve of the great event, he shrank back from it, with an undefined notion that it was like death, and that he was not prepared. Next morning, however, when they all rose and took their early breakfast, preparatory to starting at five, he showed no sign of indecision, and even went about his outdoor tasks with an alacrity calculated, as his wife approvingly remarked, to "for'ard the v'y'ge." He had at last begun to see his way clear, and he looked well satisfied when his daughter Hattie and Sereno, her husband, drove into the yard in a wagon

cheerfully suggestive of a wandering life. The tents and a small hair trunk were stored in the back, and the horse's pail swung below.

"Well, father," called Hattie, her rosy face like a flower under the large shade-hat she had trimmed for the occasion, "guess we're goin' to have a good day!"

He nodded from the window, where he was patiently holding his head high and undergoing strangulation, while his wife, breathing huskily with haste and impatience, put on his stock.

At length the two teams were ready, and Eli mounted to his place, where he looked very slender beside his towering mate. The hired man stood leaning on the pump, chewing a bit of straw, and the cats rubbed against his legs, with tails like banners.

"Well, good-by, Luke," Mrs. Pike called over her shoulder; and Eli gave the man a solemn nod, gathered up the reins, and drove out of the yard. Just outside of the gate he pulled up.

"Whoa!" he called, and Luke lounged forward. "Don't you forgit them cats! Git up, Doll!" And this time they were gone.

For the first ten miles of the way, familiar in being the road to market, Eli was placidly cheerful. The sense that he was going to do some strange deed, to step into an unknown country, dropped away from him, and he chatted, in his intermittent, serious fashion, of the crops and the lay of the land.

"Pretty bad job up along here, ain't it, father?" called Sereno, as they passed a sterile pasture where two plodding men and a yoke of oxen were redeeming the soil from its rocky fetters.

"There's a good deal o' pastur', in some places, that ain't fit for nothin' but to hold the world together," returned Eli; and then he was silent, his eyes fixed on Doll's eloquent ears, his mouth working a little.

"We've prospered, ain't we, Maria?" he said, at last; and his wife, unconsciously following his thoughts, in the manner of those who have lived long together, stroked her black silk "visite," and answered, with a well-satisfied nod:

"I guess we ain't got no cause to complain."

The roadside was parched under an August sun; tansy was dust-covered, and ferns had grown ragged and gray. The jogging horses left behind their lazy feet a suffocating cloud.

"My land!" cried Mrs. Pike, "if that ain't golden-rod! I do b'lieve it comes earlier every year, or else the seasons are changin'. See them elderberries! Ain't they purple! You jest remember that bush, an' when we go back, we'll fill some pails. I dunno when I've made elderberry wine."

Like her husband, she was vaguely excited; she began to feel as if life would be all holidays. At noon they stopped under the shadow of an elm-tree which, from its foothold in a field, completely arched the road; and there they ate a lunch of pie and doughnuts, while the horses, freed from their headstalls, placidly munched a generous feed of oats, near by.

At the lunch Eli ate sparingly, and with a preoccupied and solemn look.

* From *Meadow Grass*. By Alice Brown. Copeland & Day.

"Land, father!" exclaimed his wife, "you ain't eat no more'n a bird!"

"I guess I'll go over to that well," said he, "an' git a drink o' water. I drink more'n I eat, if I ain't workin'." But when he came back, carefully bearing a tin pail brimming with cool, clear water, his face expressed disapprobation, and he smacked his lips scornfully.

"Terrible flat water!" he announced. "Tastes as if it had come out o' the cistern." But the others could find no fault with it, and Sereno drained the pail.

"Pretty good, I call it," he said; and Mrs. Pike rejoined—

But Eli still shook his head, and ejaculated "Brackish, brackish!" as he began to put the bit in Doll's patient mouth. He was thinking, with a passion of loyalty, of the clear, ice-cold water at home, which had never been shut out by a pump, from the purifying airs of heaven, but lay where the splashing bucket and chain broke, every day, the image of moss and fern. His throat grew parched and dry with longing.

When they were within three miles of the sea it seemed to them that they could taste the saltness of the incoming breeze. The road was ankle-deep in dust; the garden flowers were glaring in their brightness. It was a new world. And when at last they emerged from the marsh-bordered road upon a ridge of sand, and turned a corner, Mrs. Pike faced her husband in triumph.

"There, father!" she cried. "There 'tis."

But Eli's eyes were fixed on the dashboard in front of him. He looked pale.

"Why, father," said she, impatiently, "ain't you goin' to look? It's the sea!"

"Yes, yes," said Eli, quietly; "bymeby. I'm goin' to put the horses up fust."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Pike, and as they drew up on the sandy tract where Sereno had previously arranged a place for their tents, she added, almost fretfully, turning to Hattie, "I dunno what's come over your father. There's the water, and he won't even cast his eyes at it."

But Hattie understood her father, by some intuition of love, though not of likeness.

"Don't you bother him, ma," she said. "He'll make up his mind to it pretty soon. Here, le's lift out these little things while they're unharnessin', and then they can get at the tents."

Mrs. Pike's mind was diverted by the exigencies of labor, and she said no more; but after the horses had been put up at a neighboring house, and Sereno, red-faced with exertion, had superintended the tent-raising, Hattie slipped her arm through her father's and led him away. "Come, pa," she said, in a whisper; "le's you and me climb over on them rocks."

Eli went; and when they had picked their way over sand and pools to a headland where the water thundered below, and salt spray dashed up in mist to their feet, he turned and looked at the sea. He faced it as a soul might face Almighty Greatness, only to be stricken blind thereafter; for his eyes filled painfully with slow, hot tears. Hattie did not look at him, but after a while she shouted in his ear, above the outcry of the surf,—

"Here, pa, take my handkerchief. I don't know how it is about you, but this spray gets in my eyes."

Eli took it obediently, but he did not speak; he only looked at the sea. The two sat there, chilled and quite content, until six o'clock, when Mrs. Pike came calling

to them from the beach, with dramatic shouts, emphasized by the waving of her ample apron.

"Supper's ready! Sereno's built a burn-fire, an' I've made some tea!"

Then they slowly made their way back to the tents, and sat down to the evening meal. Sereno seemed content, and Mrs. Pike was bustling and triumphant.

"Well, father, what think?" she asked, smiling exuberantly, as she passed him his mug of tea. "Does it come up to what you expected?"

Eli turned upon her his mild, dazed eyes.

"I guess it does," he said, gently.

That night, they sat upon the shore while the moon rose and laid in the water her majestic pathway of light. Eli was the last to leave the rocks, and he lay down on his hard couch in the tent without speaking.

"I wouldn't say much to father," whispered Hattie to her mother, as they parted for the night. "He feels it more'n we do."

"Well, I s'pose he is some tired," said Mrs. Pike, acquiescing, after a brief look of surprise. "It's a good deal of a jaunt, but I dunno but I feel paid a'ready. Should you take out your hairpins, Hattie?"

She slept soundly and vocally, but her husband did not close his eyes. He looked, though he could see nothing, through the opening in the tent, in the direction where lay the sea, solemnly clamorous, eternally responsive to some infinite whisper from without his world. The tension of the hour was almost more than he could bear; he longed for morning, in sharp suspense, with the faint hope that the light might bring relief. Just as the stars faded, and one luminous line penciled the east, he rose, smoothed his hair, and stepped softly out upon the beach. Here he saw two shadowy figures, Sereno and Hattie. She hurried forward to meet him.

"You goin' to see the sun rise, too, father?" she asked. "I made Sereno come. He's awful mad at bein' waked up." Eli grasped her arm.

"Hattie," he said, in a whisper, "don't you tell. I jest come out to see how 'twas here, before I go. I'm goin' home, I'm goin' now!"

"Why, father," said Hattie; but she peered more closely into his face, and her tone changed. "All right," she added. "Sereno 'll go and harness up."

"No; I'm goin' to walk."

"But, father—"

"I don't mean to break up your stayin' here, nor your mother's. Tell her how 'twas. I'm goin' to walk."

Hattie turned and took her father's hand.

"I'll slip into the tent and put up somethin' for your breakfast and luncheon," she said.

So Eli yielded; but before his wife appeared he had turned his back on the sea, where the rose of dawn was fast unfolding. As he jogged homeward, the dusty roadsides bloomed with flowers of paradise, and the insects' dry chirp thrilled like the song of angels. He drove into the yard just at the turning of the day, when the fragrant smoke of many a crackling fire curls cheerily upward, in promise of the evening meal.

"What's busted?" asked Luke, swinging himself down from his load of fodder-corn, and beginning to unharness Doll.

"Oh, nothin'," said Eli, leaping from the wagon as if twenty years had been taken from his bones. "I guess I'm too old for such jaunts. I hope you didn't forget them cats."

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

Building a Two-Hundred-Foot Pudding

BAKING IN A TRENCH.....SPOKANE REVIEW

I had been ten years on Savage Island, and meant to come to England on a visit, but before leaving went to each village to say "good-by" to the people. We had been three weeks from home when we got to a little village called Liku. The evening after our arrival there was a terrible commotion—men, women and children were running about—some carrying sticks, some logs of wood, and some big stones. The men began digging a long, shallow trench with their sharp-pointed sticks. The boys brought big stones and firewood. These were piled up all along one side of the trench. The wood was then set fire to, and was soon blazing, while the stones on the top were getting hot. While the fire was burning one side, little bundles of something white and soft were being undone from the clean leaves that contained them. This was the paste out of which the pudding was to be made.

There were no flour, suet, eggs, milk, plums or currants in it. It was the paste of a native vegetable called taro, and old cocoanut, both grated very fine and mixed together. A long pudding cloth was laid along the side of the trench, and in it the pudding was carefully wrapped. It was not calico or linen, but nice clean banana leaves. Over this, long cocoanut leaves were plaited. When the stones were hot enough, some were quickly laid along the bottom of the trench, then the long pudding laid on top of them, and then some more stones at the sides and on the top. Some girls had brought heaps of leaves to lay over the top to keep the heat and steam in, and the earth which had been dug out of the trench was thrown over the top. The cooks and puddingmakers all went to sleep, and left the stars to watch their cookery. Next morning at eight the whole village was astir, men, women, and children, all in holiday attire.

It was soon uncovered, and was found to be well done. Long poles were brought and laid the whole length. These were fastened to the pudding by small vines, canes, etc. It was then rolled out of the trench on one side; short sticks were made fast crosswise to the poles, and all was ready for taking up. About 100 men and boys then raised it on their shoulders, and, with one tremendous shout, started toward my house, accompanied by the whole village. I measured it before carving and found it was 200 feet long—two feet longer than the Monument of London is high. It measured thirteen inches in circumference. It was soon carved into pieces four yards long and these were distributed all over the land, men carrying as much pudding as their strength would allow to distant villages.

Making a Cup of Coffee

JOSEPH M. WALSH.....COFFEE (WALSH)

Many connoisseurs maintain that the roasting of coffee is best done at home, as no doubt it is, all risk of adulteration and stale coffee being avoided by this method. So, to avoid all risks, the consumer should purchase the coffee in a whole state, and grind it personally; but any suspected sample of ground coffee may be tested by the following simple and practical ex-

periments: (1) Note whether the ground coffee hardens or "cakes" when pressed between the fingers; if so, the coffee is evidently adulterated, most probably with chicory. (2) Place a small sample of the suspected coffee on top of water in a wineglass, and, if part floats and part sinks, it is undoubtedly adulterated either with chicory, roasted cereals, or other analogous substances. (3) If the cold water, in which a sample of the ground coffee has been placed, becomes deeply colored, it is an evidence of the presence of some roasted vegetable substance. (4) But to more definitely detect the presence of chicory, or other foreign substances, in ground coffee, put a teaspoonful of the suspected sample on the surface of a glass of cold water. If it floats for some time, scarcely coloring the water, it is *pure* coffee; but if part sinks, and imparts a reddish-brown tint to the water as it falls to the bottom of the glass, it is adulterated with either chicory, rye, peas, or other analogous matter; or, again, place a spoonful of the coffee in a white bottle of cold water, and shake well for a few moments, and, if the sample is pure, it will rise to the top, scarcely coloring the water; but, if adulterated, it will sink and discolor the fluid for the following reason: The pure coffee, being enveloped in an oily substance, prevents the grounds from absorbing the water, while the adulterant, being devoid of this feature, quickly absorbs the water, and thus, becoming heavy, sinks and discolors the fluid to a greater or less extent, according to the proportion used. (5) Spread out on a piece of glass, or other smooth surface, a little ground coffee and moisten it with a few drops of water, and pick out, by means of a needle, the small particles. If these particles are of a soft consistence, the coffee is undoubtedly adulterated, as the particles of the coffee-seed or bean are hard and resisting in nature, and do not become soft or pliable, even after prolonged immersion in water. These simple methods will usually suffice to detect the ordinary forms of adulteration, but to determine the character and extent of the adulteration science and chemistry must be resorted to, for which purpose the use of a microscope will prove the most reliable and powerful auxiliary as a means of detection. The appended formulas are given, as showing the different methods by which coffee is, or may be, prepared to suit the varying tastes of different consumers, from which, after testing, one may be selected for permanent adoption:

1. Put the requisite quantity of finely-ground coffee in a granitized vessel, and pour on sufficient cold water to just cover it, and allow to stand over night in a moderately warm position. Put it in the pot next morning, pour in absolutely boiling water, and allow to heat to the boiling point, and set back from the fire to prevent ebullition. By this method the full strength of the coffee will be obtained, and the delicate aroma preserved without the extraction of its bitter and astringent properties.

2. To prepare coffee by filtration, without the aid of an urn or French coffee-pot: Put finely-ground coffee in a thin muslin bag, and place in an ordinary utensil, first heating the vessel thoroughly, and pour on briskly boiling water slowly around the bag, so as to permit it

to absorb and saturate the coffee effectually and extract its full strength, after which allow it to stand and settle without boiling.

3. Another excellent method, known as the "cold-water process," is to mix the finely-ground coffee with the white of an egg and sufficient cold water to just cover the mass, stirring it well meantime; next, pour in about one-third of cold water required for the infusion and set the vessel on the range, where it will heat gradually to the boiling point; just as soon as it approaches the boiling point, add another third of cold water and repeat, until it again reaches the boiling point, then pour on the balance of cold water and allow it to come to the boiling point again. After which remove and let stand where it will simmer for a few minutes and settle, which may be hastened by the addition of a little more cold water; but if in a hurry, boiling water may be used instead of cold by this method also, but the cold water extracts more fully the active and refreshing principles of the coffee without its deleterious properties, making a stronger and richer infusion than the boiling water, as more of the strength and aroma is carried off in the vapor arising from the use of the latter.

4. A quick, convenient and economical method for producing a cup of good coffee is to first heat some freshly-roasted and finely-ground coffee—an ounce to each quart of water—in a pan over a brisk fire, and fill a muslin bag with it; then so arrange as to suspend it midway in the pot, and pour on absolutely boiling water slowly, so as to allow it to trickle through the bag. After which allow it to stand for about ten minutes where it will keep hot without boiling, and serve with milk and sugar. But the simplest, most rapid and effective method is to place about two ounces of ground coffee in a stew or saucepan, and set it on a bright fire, stirring the coffee meantime with a spoon until quite hot, and then pouring over it a pint of briskly boiling water, covering it over closely for five minutes, and passing it through a thin muslin cloth, warming the liquid again before serving.

5. For the "ideal cup of coffee," take one part genuine Arabian Mocha and two parts finest Java; roast each separately and blend well together, and grind fine immediately before preparing. Fill an ordinary tea-cup two-thirds full of the coffee, with one raw egg and shell. Place the whole in a strainer or percolator and pour on one quart of briskly boiling water, then let stand for about ten minutes where it will keep hot without boiling, and serve with cream and sugar to suit, or, better still, with hot milk. But should a vessel without a strainer or percolator be used, let the infusion boil up once, and pour in a cup of cold water, after which let it stand for at least five minutes to thoroughly settle, and you have a beverage brown, creamy, rich, fragrant and delicious.

A most convenient, simple and inexpensive method of roasting coffee by families, travellers or others desiring to roast their own coffee is to put the requisite quantity—usually about a quarter of a pound—in a thin glass flask or bottle placed over a charcoal fire and shaking it well during the process until completed. The non-conducting power gives this material an advantage over the metal, the coffee being less liable to burn in it, and the coffee can be better observed and regulated during the progress of the process. But a

simple iron pan may also be used effectively for the purpose, if care be taken to keep the coffee constantly agitated with a wooden knife or spoon, as a single burnt bean will impair the aroma, and stopping the operation as soon as the beans begin to crackle and assume a light-brown color. Before grinding put the roasted beans in an iron pan or plate, and place on the range to heat until the aroma developed in the coffee by the roasting operation perfumes the room, after which grind in an ordinary mill and prepare according to any of the foregoing recipes.

Many consumers connect the idea of the strength of coffee with a dark or black color and fancy their coffee to be thin and weak if it does not possess such color. This is entirely erroneous, as good, pure coffee is never so, the dark color being imparted by means of a little burnt sugar or other ingredient. The true flavor of pure coffee is so little known to some persons that many who drink it for the first time doubt of its goodness because it tastes of the natural flavor, forgetting that coffee which does not possess the flavor of coffee is not coffee at all, but an artificial concoction, for which many other things may be substituted at pleasure. Hence it is that if to the vile decoctions made from chicory, carrots and beets be added the slightest quantity of pure coffee, such persons fail to detect the difference, and which also accounts for the enormous diffusion of such substitutes and adulterants; such mixtures with an empirical taste most people fancy to be coffee. Another error of frequent occurrence in the preparation of coffee for the table, and which results probably from the habit of tea-making, is that of using too little coffee in proportion to the quantity of water. More coffee in proportion should be used than tea, that is, for a full pint of the infusion an ounce to an ounce and a half of coffee, that being about the proper proportions for a beverage of average strength.

Table Manners Long, Long Ago

ANCIENT TIPS IN ETIQUETTE.....THE BOSTON HERALD

Five Courtesies of the Table. That is the title of a curious old manuscript of the thirteenth century to be found among the numberless rolls of yellowed and shriveled parchments which constitute the great wealth of the Ambrosian library at Milan. It is written in verse by one Fra Bonvesin, who appears to have been an arbiter of good manners to the public of six centuries ago, and who has not been essentially improved upon by the numerous writers on etiquette of more recent years. Fra Bonvesin seems not only to have possessed pretty good sense regarding the cardinal points of refined table manners, but also to have had the appreciation of the more delicate touches of good breeding and gentility worthy of my Lord Chesterfield himself. "If you sprinkle water on the hands, do so gracefully, and see that they are not unclean," is his first injunction.

It can do no harm to repeat some of the worthy monk's admonitions, for they are not only of interest as throwing light on the civilization and customs of the time, but the greater number of them might be pasted in every man's hat with advantage to the wearer, provided he would look at them occasionally—for almost every one has at least read or been told of what good manners are. The practice of them is what is lacking. After impressing on his readers the necessity of cleanli-

ness in personal appearance at table, he continues: "Do not be in too great a hurry to take your seat at table before being invited; if you should find your place occupied do not make any disturbance about the matter, but politely yield." The Tübingen school, the Renans, and the Ingersolls had not yet unsettled the popular mind on certain important questions, and the necessity of saying grace was of more consequence in Fra Bonvesin's day than it might be considered now. One is particularly warned not to neglect saying grace. "It is, to the extreme, gluttonous and vile, and showing great contempt of the Lord, to think of eating before having asked his blessing."

This over, one is admonished "to sit decently at the table, not with the legs crossed or the elbows on the board." "Do not"—mark this, you representative from the rural districts, you business-man with but a few moments to spare for your lunch, you well-gorged patrons of high-priced restaurants, mark this—"do not fill your mouth too full; the glutton who fills his mouth will not be able to reply when spoken to." And elsewhere the careful brother utters an especial warning against the breach of good manners in eating noisily. Evidently the worthy frater thought little of the table-talk of that day, for his next recommendation savors strongly of the homely but expressive mandate of our grandparents: "Let your victuals stop your mouth." Fra Bonvesin's version is: "When eating speak little, because in talking, one's food is apt to drop or be spluttered." "When thirsty, swallow your food before drinking." Excellent hygiene, as well as good manners.

In that early time dinner services were not as complete as in later periods. Each guest was supposed to bring with him his own knife and spoon, as will be seen further on, and there was but one drinking cup for the whole company. The following admonitions as to the use of this cup are of interest:

"Do not dirty the cup in drinking; take it with both hands firmly, so as not to spill the wine. If not wishing to drink and your neighbor has dirtied the cup, wipe it before passing it on." The fourteenth courtesy is admirable, and not only admirable but applicable to many diners-out of the present and to all those amiable people whose conviviality is in excess of their discretion: "Beware of taking too much wine, even if it be good, for he offends trebly who does so against his body and his soul, while the wine he consumes is wasted." Prudent old Fra Bonvesin! "If any one arrives during the meal not to rise but to continue eating." The sixteenth courtesy is one particularly significant for the present, as in it those who take soup are counseled not to "swallow their spoons," and are further advised to "correct themselves of this bad habit as soon as possible." "If you sneeze or cough, cover your mouth, and above all, turn away from the table."

The next courtesy has the true Chesterfieldian stamp: "Good manners demand that one should partake, however little, of whatever is offered—if, that is, one is in good health. Do not criticise the food, or say: 'This is badly cooked or too salt.' Attend to your own plate, and not that of others. Do not mix together on your plate all sorts of viands, meat and egg; it may disgust your neighbor. Do not eat coarsely or vulgarly, and, if you have to share your bread with any one, cut it neatly if you do not wish to be ill-bred. Do not soak your bread in your wine, for," says the frater, "if any

one should dine with me and thus fish up his victuals, I should not like it." "If with ladies, carve first for them—to them the men should do honor. Always remember if a friend be dining with one to help him to the choicest parts. Do not"—and how very thoughtful and sensible this advice—"do not, however, press your friend too warmly to eat or drink, but receive him well and give him good cheer." "When dining with any great man cease eating while he is drinking, and do not drink at the same time as he. When sitting next to a bishop do not drink till he drinks, nor rise till he rises." "Let those who serve be clean, and let the servants be free from any smell which might give a nausea to those eating."

An admonition that will commend itself to all good housekeepers is not to "wipe one's fingers with the table-cloth. Let the hands be clean, and, above all, do not at table scratch your head, nor, indeed, any portion of your body. Do not, while eating, fondle dogs or cats or other pets. It is not right to touch animals with hands which touch the food. When eating do not pick your teeth with your fingers. Do not lick your fingers, which is very ugly and ill-bred, for fingers which are greasy are not clean, but dirty." "Do not trouble your neighbor with questions; if you require anything from him," says the polite monk, "wait till he has finished eating. Do not tell at table doleful tales, nor eat with a morose or melancholy air, but take care your words are cheery. When at table avoid wrangling and noisy disputes, but if one should transgress in this manner, pass it over until later—do not make a disturbance. If you feel unwell at table repress any expression of pain, and do not show suffering, which would inconvenience those at table. If you happen to see anything in the food which is disagreeable do not refer to it. If it is a fly or other matter say nothing about it."

"In handling your bowl or plate at table place your thumb only on the edge. Do not bring with you to table too many knives and spoons; there is a mean. If your bowl or plate is taken away to be refilled do not send up your spoon with it. To all these matters pay attention in eating; do not put too much upon your spoon at one time, for not only will you give much embarrassment to your stomach, but you will by eating too quickly offend those sitting near. If your friend is with you at table, be cheerful and continue to eat while he eats, even if you should have had enough before he has finished; he might otherwise out of shame stop before his hunger was satisfied." Easily it is to be seen that courtesy is based on kindness of heart and is not a mere conformity to a code of arbitrary rules concocted by some who would be exclusive. Fra Bonvesin's courtesies are all essentially applicable to all time and in all places where the amenities of life are observed, the only exception being in such instances where an advanced civilization has changed the mode of living. One of these exceptions is found in the forty-eighth courtesy, though its precept is closely allied to the preceding: "When eating with others do not sheath your knife before every one else at table has done the same. When you have eaten, praise Jesus Christ for receiving His blessing; ungrateful, indeed, is he who neglects his duty." An admonition that will more readily commend itself to many worthy people is part of the fiftieth and last courtesy in this series of wise counsels: "Wash well your hands and drink good wine."

THE SKETCH-BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Awaiting the Black Cap

WALTER L. EMANUEL....PICK-ME-UP

Hugh Lankester stumbled out into the open.

The great doctor had passed sentence. It was a black-cap case. Hugh Lankester was to lose his sight.

Sir William had not said it in so many words. But there was no doubt left in Lankester's mind. Lankester had had no idea things had gone so far when he decided to consult Sir William. Suddenly, something that Sir William said startled him, and Lankester had asked him point-blank: "Shall I go blind?"

"You follow my treatment carefully," answered the doctor, "and I think we shall get you all right. You've been overworking yourself; you must give up all thoughts of the Exam. for the present. You'll have to use your sight sparingly now. You must take to dark glasses. You must—"

"Yes, but you don't tell me. Shall I go blind?" Lankester had interrupted, almost rudely.

"Your sight may last you many years."

"Thanks."

"It all comes from brain wear. You've been fidgeting about that Exam. You must leave town for a while, and go into the country, and forget that there are such things as books as quickly as possible. Amuse yourself. On no account allow yourself to be depressed. Good-by, and let me see you again in a month. Meanwhile, keep up your pecker."

The great doctor, a stern person to look at, had spoken almost tenderly.

And now Hugh Lankester was outside.

"Curse Elphinstone!" he muttered.

Elphinstone was the man, a former schoolfellow of Lankester's, now walking the hospitals, who had advised him to go and see the great doctor. Lankester had met him one afternoon—it was one of his bad days—and had told him of the curious tricks his eyes were playing.

"They get all misty," he explained.

Elphinstone looked grave, and said:

"Take my advice, old man, and go to a specialist."

Lankester said he would take the advice. But when he got home, and looked at his eyes in the glass, he could see that there was nothing at all the matter with them, and he set Elphinstone down as an alarmist. Then, in a few days, he ran across Elphinstone again.

"Well, have you been to an oculist?" he asked.

"No."

Elphinstone then told him plainly that he was a confounded young idiot to delay the thing like that.

"I'll go after my Exam.," said Lankester.

"No; go to-morrow," said Elphinstone.

And now he had been, and he was cursing the man who had sent him. If a fellow had to go blind—well, let it come suddenly and unexpectedly. Far better so than to have to sit at home watching for it day by day. Curse Elphinstone!

Curse everyone! Why the devil did they all get in his way? He was hurrying down Oxford Street now—he did not quite know where to—and people kept running into him, and jostling up against him as he passed.

"Curse you!" he cried, savagely, to a child who got in his path, and the child ran off howling to its mother.

Then, by a strange irony, he knocked into an old blind man who was standing on the curb, and upset his tray of matches.

"Shame!" said a woman. "Look what you've done, you clumsy lout—and him blind, too."

Lankester turned.

"What's that? Blind, do you say? Poor devil! I didn't know that. You can't see at all? Ah, that's bad. God knows, I'm sorry for you. It must be hard not to see—cruel hard—devilish hard. Here."

And he took half-a-sovereign from his pocket, and gave it to the man.

"You are generous, my lord," said the woman, who thought it was a farthing.

Lankester continued on his way. At last he got a stretch of pavement to himself, which set him free to think again. Well, one thing, at any rate, was pretty certain; it was all up with his career. The Indian Civil Service would have to try and get along without the aid of Hugh Lankester. He supposed, by the bye, that the gov'nor would stump up all right. Or would he have to walk the streets, led by a mongrel cur, selling matches?

"Fusees, a yaypenny a box; pity the poor blind man!" he rehearsed between his teeth.

The idea tickled him and he smiled. Then, suddenly, he thought of Ethel and got serious again. Ethel! Ah, that was the worst. That was where it hit hardest. Of course, he could not—would not marry her now. He must let her off. And yet—he might get better. For what had the doctor said? "Your sight may last you many years." What a duffer he was to make up his mind for the worst. That was just like him. Perhaps, after all, the sight would not give out. And yet—what was the good of deceiving himself? That had only been a way of putting it. The doctor knew well enough it would go, and soon. It was not to be doubted. He must give up Ethel. Under the circumstances he could not expect her to marry him. Imagine pleasure-loving little Ethel wedded to a blind man—or, at best, a man with black goggles! He laughed aloud at the idea. Hargreaves would have her now. . . . For a moment he felt remarkably like blubbering. . . . Then he began to wonder whether he should have warning of it, or would it come quite suddenly? Why hadn't he asked the doctor that? But, of course, the sight would gradually get weaker and weaker until it went out altogether. That is how it would be. Well, he knew what he would do as soon as he felt it coming. He was not going to live in darkness all his life. Hugh Lankester was not quite such a fool as that. Not quite.

He had reached Bond Street. Two ladies bowed to him. It did not strike him till they had passed that he had not raised his hat to them. Hang it all, how abominably rude they must have thought him. He must wake up. He stretched his eyes. How strong the sun was! Then he fell to thinking again. He called to mind now how once, at an "At Home" about a couple of years ago, a palmistry woman had examined his hand, and had said:

"You won't have a very long life—you'll commit suicide." At the time he had treated it as a good joke.

But suppose, after all, the thing should come suddenly, without warning? It was just possible. Then it would be too late; he would not be able to see to do anything. . . . Better, perhaps, to have done with it at once. Yes, yes. No, not quite at once, though. He would go on the bust for a week, and then— How should he do it? He must buy a pistol. Or poison? No, poison was a woman's way. Better get the pistol. Still, poison was cleaner. And yet he did not know. Pistol—poison? Poison—pistol? Pistol—

Suddenly he stopped, and put his hand to his eyes.

"Hell!" he cried, staggering back against a shop-window, "Hell! it's come!"

People ran up.

"It's come!" he cried, "it's come!" Then added, "But it's too soon. It's not fair, it's not fair."

"What's come?" asked the crowd.

"It—it. Oh, light the gas—light the gas; won't somebody light the gas?"

He tore at his eyes.

The eyes were still open, but the sight was gone.

They led him away.

"Five pounds to the man who'll kill me! Ten pounds! A hundred pounds! Oh, for mercy's sake!—is there no Christian here who'll do it?"

"Billay!" shouted a boy, "ere's a bloke off 'is nut."

The Last of His Race

M. QUAD.....DETROIT FREE PRESS

An hour before sunset he came out of his hiding-place on the banks of the Little Missouri. Hunger drove him out. He sniffed the air and looked about him like a fugitive. He was a fugitive. His once proud bearing had given place to the demeanor of a skulker. The fire in his eye had died out—he had become thin and weak—he started in alarm as a coyote sneaked out of the bushes above him and gave utterance to a dismal howl. He startled by the voice of such a creature—he, the grand old buffalo bull who had led a herd of thousands in a hundred wild stampedes—who had known no conqueror, who had traversed half a continent unchecked by man or the obstacles of nature!

He lifted his head and looked to the south. From the Canadian line and beyond, down to the very waters of the Rio Grande, the American bison could once be found in numbers absolutely countless. Their migration made a continent tremble. Their stampedes made mountains rock. A strip of country two thousand miles long by six hundred broad had been their pasture ground. A thousand streams had been made to quench their thirst—a thousand fords created that they might pass in safety.

And now the end has come! If there was one single living buffalo between him and the waters lapping the far shores of Texas it was some craven in hiding like himself. From the Laramie plains to the waters of the Elkhorn—from north to south of a continent, the plains and prairies and valleys yielded up the monuments of man's cupidity in the shape of bleaching skeletons. They bleached in the sun by day and blackened under the dews of night. At every yard was a skull polished by the teeth of wolf and bear and coyote; at every rod a skeleton with bones falling apart and half-hidden in the grass. Even amidst the firs and cedars and pines on the hillsides were bones—carried there by the vultures who feasted and grew fat and were lethargic with over-

feeding. Down in the dark and dismal ravines, where the foot of man had never trod—up canyons where the darkness and silence were like a horrible nightmare—there were skulls and ribs and thigh-bones, dragged away by panther and grizzly and wildcat.

Scarred by arrows, wounded by bullets—pursued by foes from valley to valley and from river to river, the whilom monarch has at last found a covert and a breathing-spell for a day. He has skulked like a wounded wolf; he has crouched like a fox in his lair. The cry of a vulture hovering high above had made him tremble—he, who had driven the dreaded grizzly out of his path more than once, and whose sharp, stout horns had sent more than one Indian pony to his death!

Ah! But the cries of the coyote have brought company! They come sneaking out of thicket and grass and crevice until there are a dozen. The youngest calf of a herd would not fear them, and yet their angry snarls make the old monarch tremble! The sun seems to drop into a lower notch as the old monarch moves softly about to snatch a bite here and there, but always keeping his eye on the pack. As the craving of hunger becomes partly satisfied, the fire comes back to his eyes, and he even gives his head a defiant toss. If their howling brings the savage wolf, he will die fighting—he will die game. He has fought them a hundred battles, and never suffered defeat.

Here they come! He looks up to find himself almost encircled. They are hungry and gaunt. Their eyes blaze, and foam falls from their lips as they close in on him. Now, watch him! He is no longer the fugitive—the craven, trembling at every sound. His head is held high; there is a royal fire in his great eyes, and he utters a low bellow of defiance and paws the earth as a challenge for them to come on.

Crack! Crash! Hurrah!

The bull totters, sways to and fro, and falls to the earth, shot through the heart. A man leaps out of the thicket, waves his hat and gun, and cheers the success of his shot, while the wolves sneak away into the twilight and growl and snap at each other. The last of his race is dead. He would have died fighting as a monarch should, but man prevented. It is the last hide—the last feast for wolves and vultures—the last monument to mark man's savagery when stirred by cupidity and selfishness.

Parents, Obey Your Children

LITTLE FREDDY'S LETTER.....CHICAGO TRIBUNE

There is a bright little boy of ten on the South Side whose papa is a life-insurance agent. Life-insurance agents, it is probably known, are early risers, as it is a tradition in the business that it is the agent who comes early and stays late—that is to say, camps out with his intended victim—who gets the policy. Freddy was nearly always asleep when his papa left for the city in the morning, so his papa got into the way of writing little notes of farewell and leaving them for delivery when he woke up. Freddy didn't answer these notes, although repeatedly urged to do so, because, in spite of the fact that he is a bright little boy—as will transpire—he is not, to use the current vernacular, "stuck on himself," and could never summon up courage enough to try his lead pencil at this style of composition.

The other evening, however, the necessary inspiration came. His papa was called out on business and

mamma wanted to go with him. She thought he could write the policy better if she was with him. He thought he couldn't and said so bluntly. He went away alone, but his wife knew where he was going and joined him later, as both were well acquainted with the people to whose house he had gone. He has a bluff way of speaking, and what he said was not taken at face value by his wife, as the sequel showed. Freddy, however, who hadn't known papa as long as mamma had, thought the matter over for a long half-hour and then decided that the time had come for him to reply to the numerous communications that he received.

When papa and mamma returned he was fast asleep, but they found the following note, written in a little boy's sprawling hand, fastened to the pillow on the side where papa always sleeps:

"My Dear Papa: I have been wanting to answer your letters, but the way you talked to mamma at the dinner table to-night made me write at once. You know very well, papa, that you're in (the) wrong and I want you (to) promise me that you will not do it again. If you think it is nice to talk that way to mamma I don't. You should be good to mamma as she has been to us always, and I think you ought to beg mamma's pardon to-morrow morning before you go. these are the things I want you to promise me:

"Do not meddle with the Andry Jackson leage.

"Do not take anything bad for your kidneys.

"Do not smoke or axcept or buy any cigars.

"Don't meddle in any one's else's business and tend strictly to the insurance business and nothing else.

"Don't have any letters written by typewriters.

"Be good to mamma and we will all be happy. Your aff son,
FRED."

Reform in Bloody Gulch

ADOPTING A HIGH MORAL STANDARD....TIMES-HERALD

He wore a buckskin suit and wide-brimmed hat. The revolvers at his belt looked as if they had seen considerable use, but he was quiet when the stranger in the smoking-car drew him into conversation.

"Yes, I've been pretty tough," he said. "I guess we all have out at Bloody Gulch, but we have got over it. Got religion, you know. A fellow came through there last week with a gospel cart, and he got all the boys out and talked to 'em good and hard. He said a lot about how a feller should be known by his deeds and not by the bluff he puts up. He said his work was what counted and not the guff. So we all got thinkin' about what tough critters we were, and we made up our minds to try a new way."

"To be good?" asked the stranger.

"That's it; that's the stuff exactly," said the man with the big revolvers. "We are goin' to be good and start a regular old reform wave shootin' around the gulch. There's been a lot of lynchin' out there, you know, and so we took that in hand first; made up our minds that it had got to stop, and stop quick. The boys don't stand no foolin' when they get ready to move; somethin's got to happen. So when we heerd about the Eastern cities and their reform committees and their civic federations, and all that sort of stuff, we got together and organized a little committee of our own. It was a hot one, too, I tell ye. All the boys belong to it that are any good, and they swore they'd stop lynchin' inside twenty-four hours, and they done it."

"Organized an anti-lynching league, I take it," said the stranger.

"That's what it was, and it was a hummer. We just waited our chance to ketch some of the tough fellers that was taking the law into their own hands, and we got it. We heerd of a lynchin' that was comin' off that very night we organized our reform committee. Some of the fellers from the other end of the gulch had located a hoss thief, and they were goin' out to string him up. Well, stranger, a hoss thief is a pretty durned mean sort of a critter, and I ain't got much use for 'em myself, but religion is religion, and if a feller's got it, I reckon he's got to stick to it. So we went out after the lads that was goin' to lynch the hoss thief, and we caught 'em about a mile up the gulch. We saved the hoss thief, stranger, and we labored with the lynchers good and hard—just like the gospel feller said we should."

"Were you successful?"

"You bet we was. They ain't been a lynchin' in the gulch since that night. When we want reform you bet we get it, and get it quick, and everybody knows that we mean business. There can't be no mistake about that."

"What did you do with the lynchers?"

"We lynched 'em."

As Piper Tim Passed By

THE GYPSY MINSTREL.....BLACK AND WHITE

"I can pipe, too," he said.

Do you know how a child's eyes look when he has just learned how beautiful this vast world is, when he feels his wings like a bird, ere the heritage of the sons of toil has dimmed them? So Tim's eyes looked that winter night. He opened the door of the smithy where the members of the village orchestra sat at practice round the blazing forge. Every man paused, instrument in hand, at the sound of the fearless, shrill young voice.

Then, smiling, Tim shut out the drifting snowflakes and stepped into their midst. The small feet were shoeless and dark as the earthen floor on which he stood. The clothes he wore hung round his slim form in grotesque tatters. But above the tatters rose a face such as God sends into a dark world now and then. Noble were the features, the sweep of the blue eyes was clear and grand, the curve of the lips was proud yet sweet. From the beautiful brow waved hair, tawny and sun-kissed, on which the glistening snow shone like stars.

The men had scarcely time to look at the child when, raising his pipe to his lips, he began to play. The wonderful eyes shone; the slim, brown fingers obeyed the impulse of the grand soul imprisoned in tiny Tim. Strong men laid aside their instruments and clasped horny hands to listen; here and there a face shadowed; now and then a tear was furtively wiped away.

Tim smiled as he took the pipe from his lips, and his eyes turned wistfully to the blazing fire. They made way for him; they entertained him as if he had been of royal estate. A small, three-legged stool was his throne, and he sat there, pipe clasped close, as happy as a king. He told them whence he came, as far as he knew.

"Over the hills," he said, "far, far over the hills." They called him Piper Tim in the caravan, never another name. He had always piped.

Then he laughed and stretched his thin, brown hands with joy to the blaze. He could tell nothing more; he

belonged to the "tinker band," and the sound of music had drawn him so that he lingered to listen while the caravan went on its way "over the hills."

The smith's wife admired the child's lovely face; his tatters brought tears to her eyes; womanlike, she gave him something to eat and to drink. Then they sat once more amazed while he played on his pipe ere, with laughing farewell, he went off into the darkness. That night the smith sat long dreaming by the red logs in his forge. He sighed as he turned in at the cottage door, where his wife awaited him by the fire.

"How would it ha' been," he said, "gin we'd kept the little chap, the piper? Our bairn would just ha' been about his age gin the Lord spared him."

There was a note of anxious query in his tones. But the starved mother's heart in the woman cried out:

"El, but I've been sittin' here seein' the bonny face o' the bairn in the firelight. I thought o' him out there in the darkness an' the snaw wi' the tinkers folk. God keep an' guide him. I wish ye'd spoken sooner. Keep him! Would I no', wi' you' bonny face, you' blithe e'en!"

"When he comes back again," the smith said, as he drew his chair to the hearth, and his wife with a glad smile echoed his words.

The schoolmaster placed his old violin tenderly in its corner that night. He smiled a little bitterly as he thought of his gray hairs and his many years of plodding, then of Piper Tim.

"He plays as a bird sings," he thought, "really, his heart is full of music." Then he trimmed his lamp and sat down to his books.

But the boy's face smiled from every page; the free, fearless voice shone in the crackling flames. The schoolmaster flung aside his book, and was back in the old days, when the hills, and the stars, and the sunshine had been his book, a maiden's eyes his heaven, and the world a world of wonders. He looked at the empty chair of his dead wife, and he thought of sons and daughters far away.

"If I had kept the lad," he mused, aloud, "I could have made a man of him, have saved him from the tinker's life; he would have filled my empty home."

Long he dreamt, then a smile of resolution curved his lips.

"When he comes again," he said.

And Piper Tim?

He went on his way that night, turning again and again to look at the long, bright gleams that fell on the snow from the great forge fire. He knew his people were camping in the mountains, and to the mountains and darkness he turned his face. There was singing in his heart, there was always singing there, so he went on his way merrily. Up, up, through the blinding snow, neither cold nor weary for the singing in that heart of his, he watched always for the gleam of the red camp-fire. But he beheld never a spark.

The stars shone out serenely. Tim raised his face to them; they smile into their twin stars, his eyes. Yet still was there no camp-fire.

Tim, growing sore, sat down in the sheltered cranny of a rock. He raised his pipe to his lips. He played a tune that began bravely and ended softly, and more softly still. Tim was asleep. The snowflakes fell like bristling stars; the dawn smiled over the hills, but Tim piped never again.

Little recked the tinker band that one child less crouched to the fire, one brown hand less stretched to the steaming pot. When the musicians meet in the smithy on winter nights, and the wind shakes queer melodies from trees and mountains, the men look at each other, and sometimes a light breaks over rugged faces. "Sounds like a tune from Piper Tim," say they.

Occasionally a strange presence seems to fill the place. The smith and the schoolmaster raise eager faces, words tremble on their lips—but ah! the fancies that are ever a-slumber in dreamers' hearts have been stirred by the wind's song and the shadow of the dancing flames.

The Watchman and the Labor Problem

INDUSTRY BY DEPUTY.....THE NEW YORK SUN

A remarkable instance of misdirected skill was discovered recently by the owner of a large factory. The watchman, whose duty it was to patrol the building during the night, was equipped with a patent watchman's clock to check his movements and let his employers know how he performed his duty.

There are many different styles of watchman's clocks. The one in question, however, consisted of a small clock strapped to the man's body and having a number of keys kept at various separate stations throughout the building. In his rounds the man was supposed to insert a key at each station, and the clock would automatically record the hour and minute when the record was made. The keys were of different shapes, and were chained to their respective stations.

During the silent watches of many nights the man devoted considerable thought to inventing some scheme for beating the clock, and finally he hit upon the device of a skeleton key that would answer for all the stations.

Night after night he sat and smoked in the little sentry-box on the ground floor, using his skeleton key at the proper hours, and all went well.

The regularity of the records, however, was such that the firm suspected that something was wrong, so they took away his clock and gave him a pedometer instead. Then they thought they could tell just how far he had walked during the night, knowing the distance to be covered, and could detect any lapse on his part to a nicety.

The pedometer troubled the watchman greatly, because it was hermetically sealed, and he found himself unable to tamper with it. So he made his rounds like a man, but he kept thinking.

One night, while he was passing through the engine room where the small night pump was at work filling the big tank on the roof, an inspiration came.

He tested the scheme and it worked. The rest of the night he spent in the engine room mentally patting himself on the back and marveling at the ingenuity of his brain. The next night he brought down his old pipe and a new bottle of whiskey to celebrate the event.

It was warm in the engine room, and toward morning he fell asleep. He was found there by the engineer, who exhibited the snoring watchman to a member of the firm. He was sprawled, unconscious of everything, in the engineer's chair. His pipe and the empty bottle were beside him on the floor, and the pedometer was securely tied to the piston-rod of the pump, marking off the miles at the rate of four an hour. According to the record he had walked thirty-two and one-half miles.

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

The Nautilus Cradle Song....Ida Whipple Benham....Youth's Companion

The winds upon the summer sea
Droop lazily, croon lazily;
Afar upon the water floats
The tiniest of fairy boats;
Hither it bends its sails for us—
The gleaming, gliding nautilus.

Queer haven hath that little boat,
In coral groves, aloof, remote,
Where, amber-eyed, the fishes dwell
Deep underneath the glassy swell—
The little boat; the nautilus
Adream, afloat, adrift, for us!

And light and free, and glad and gay,
We'll glide away, we'll gleam away,
Beyond the listless breakers' mouth,
To north, to east, to west, to south!
The little boat has come for us—
The nautilus!—the nautilus!

A pearly ship with silken sails
All spiced with balm of Indian gales
From fair Ceylon and Celebes,
From clove, and nard, and coffee-trees—
Sweet as a censer drifts to us
The fairy boat—the nautilus.

O close your eyes and dream awhile.
O close your eyes and dream and smile.
Hark! how the slumb'rous ripples sing,
The lazy billows rock and swing!
The ebbing tide goes out with us,
Slow drifting with the nautilus.

Berceuse.....Laura G. Achroyd.....The Senate

Sleep, little one, with your head on my breast,
Blossoms and bees lie a-dreaming;
Wrapt in a slumber, the bird in her nest
Heeds not the moon faintly gleaming.
Where are the silken-winged white butterflies,
Sailed through the garden the bright sun to greet?
Stirless they rest 'neath the shadowy skies;
Sleep thou, my sweet.

Sleep, little one, with your cheek velvet-red
Pressed, like a rose, on my shoulder.
Dim grows the light in the sky overhead,
Dim grow the shadows, and colder.
Hushed is the wind on the wooded hill's brow,
Silence has chained his invisible feet.
Heavy with slumber, the lithe willows bow;
Sleep thou, my sweet.

The New Chivalry....Gabriel Setoun....Black and White

Up and down the garden, round the green we ride,
Knights in shining armor, keeping side by side;
Rob upon a clothespole, I upon a broom:
Back, ye thorny branches; give our chargers room.
Up and down the garden, round and round the green,
Knights go forth to battle for their King and Queen.

Yonder is the castle where a coward knave
Keeps a lovely princess prisoned like a slave.
"Ho! ye craven-hearted, cross a sword with me."
Soon my trusty blade will bring him to his knee.
From the castle riding, back across the green,
We shall bear the princess to the King and Queen.

But a band of robbers meets us, ten to one;
Here is work for heroes ere the day be done.

Spurring on our chargers, hand to hand we fight,
Off go heads of nettles, flying left and right.
What a lot of victims scattered o'er the green.
So should knights do battle for their King and Queen.

But, before we rested from the bloody fray,
Bob reeled from his charger, threw his sword away,
For a nettle stung him, and the pain was sore.
Wounded in the sword hand, he could fight no more.
So we left our chargers grazing on the green
Where we'd battled bravely for our King and Queen.

Then we hurried homeward, Rob in pain and grief,
And I bound his wound up with a docken leaf;
But when mother saw it, blistered, hot and red,
"Wounded, but not vanquished." That was what she said.
And she told how heroes gloried to have been
Wounded, fighting bravely, for their King and Queen.

The Sandman's Coming....Lizette W. Reese....Independent

As soon as the yellow sun is down
And the bolts are fast on the door,
With his sack of sand he rides into town—
With his sack of sand before.

He fills a hand with the shining thing,
And over the dusky ground,
As a sower scatters the seed in spring,
He scatters the grains around.

Past he rides to the wharf and the ships,
Past to the foot of the hill;
Ever a finger is on his lips,
And his horse's hoofs are still.

He gallops up through the old York lanes
And down through Rosemary street;
Like seed he scatters the glistening grains,
And they leap up tall and sweet.

Tall and sweet in swaying rows,
Straight into bloom they leap;
Behind him, behind him, wherever he goes—
The violet blossoms of sleep.

In Dreamland.....George E. Bowen.....The Inter-Ocean

Are you dreaming sweetly, my little pet,
Of the daytime joys you cannot forget?
Or do fairies lead you to scenes afar
Where the queen and her royal household are?

I am sure there is music as sweet and clear
As your own glad laughter, my baby dear,
For they caught it up from your lips to-day
As the merriest music a heart could play.

And the flowers in bloom in the fields out there
I have often seen in a form more fair,
For the fairies selected with taste all wise
The colors you wear in your cheeks and eyes.

And the sun is shining as softly there
As the gold agleam in your silken hair.
Is it all a vision? I'm sure 'tis true,
And the fairies have gathered their joys from you.

Oh! the sleep is sweet where the dreams are filled
With the simple song you have gayly trilled,
And the starflowers glow with a new delight
When you wander out in the fields at night.

Oh! little one, sleep, when the nights are kind,
In dreamland seek for the joys you find;
May they glow and glitter, and each pure star
Reflect you forever, just as you are.

APPLIED SCIENCE, INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

How Smokeless Powder is Made

THE SCHULTZE PROCESS.....ARMS AND EXPLOSIVES

The wood fibre, which is the basis of Schultze powder, is purchased in a form resembling coarse blotting paper. It is cleaned and torn up into shreds until as light and fluffy as cotton wool, and dried. A certain quantity of this fibre is weighed off and passed into the nitrating house. Into each tank is placed a mixture of strong nitric acid and sulphuric acid. While the former of these chemicals enters into the composition of the explosive, the latter is only there for the subsidiary purpose of absorbing the water that is formed in the main chemical process, which begins the moment that the wood fibre is introduced. After a thorough immersion, the wood fibre and the nitric acid have formed that important alliance which is responsible for the explosive properties of Schultze powder. The next series of processes are for the purpose of removing every trace of free acid from the nitrated fibre, or nitrolignin as it is termed. The latter substance in its pure state is stable and reliable. It may be stored, heated within reasonable limits of temperature, and in many ways treated with a good deal of familiarity; but should there remain the slightest trace of uncombined acid, many uncertainties arise, and the resulting powder will not satisfy the severe requirements of the authorities. The wet mass taken from the nitrating tank is put in a centrifugal machine, where a large proportion of superfluous acid is removed, and then it is tipped into cold water. After this it has no peace for about four weeks—it is boiled, it is torn up and disintegrated by "devils," and rolled under five-ton edge runners.

The nitrated fibre is now ready, granting, of course, that it is passed by the chemist in charge, for the second portion of its treatment, viz., its formation into grains. In the first place it is filled into small sacks, and placed under a hydraulic press, from which it emerges comparatively dry and in the form of a hard cake. After this it receives a further course of edge runners, and the opportunity occurs for adding to the nitrated fibre other ingredients, of which oxidizing salts and paraffin are chiefly notable. The next process is the simple one of shaking it up in sieves with a very fine mesh. This causes the detached pieces of fibre to become granular as a result of the bumping they get against one another; and when grains small enough to pass the mesh are formed, they fall through and are collected beneath. A repetition of this process in a sieve with a smaller mesh serves to improve the form and regularity of the grains.

The manufacture of Schultze powder is now approaching completion, for these grains have only to be dried, and then they will resemble this powder as it was prior to the beginning of last year; but now the hardening process is added. We need not linger over the drying, beyond stating that the powder is spread on canvas trays and a current of warm air is passed through it until the drying is complete. The grains are hardened by being placed in revolving barrels, kept at a fairly high temperature by hot-water jackets, and having poured into them a collodion mixture. The effect of being shaken up in close contact with this mixture, under favorable conditions of temperature, is for the

collodion to penetrate to the interior of the somewhat loosely built-up grain and form a glaze in and around it, the outer surface being somewhat harder than the interior. For reasons of economy the spirits are volatilized and condensed to the amount of 90 per cent. of the original quantity in their prior form, so as to be used over again. That this hardening process has improved the powder is evidenced by the greatly increased sales registered during the past year.

Electric Welding of Car Rails

MAKING CONTINUOUS CAR-TRACKS....INFORMATION

The process of making continuous car-tracks, by welding the ends of rails through electric heating, is being successfully applied to trolley tracks in many parts of this country. It has been long since demonstrated that electric heat is an effective welding agent, a strong current being sent through two rails, which are so greatly heated by resistance to the passage of the current at their point of junction as to become completely welded. The joint is more perfect than can be made by the ordinary hand-welding, and is completed in a fraction of the time. In trolley rail-welding, as now performed in Detroit, three cars are used. The first car conveys an hydraulic jack, which compresses the rail ends, and brings them into the proper degree of contact. On the second car are emery wheels, which grind off the rust and scales from the ends. This is followed by a car containing the necessary electrical machinery. The current used is an alternating one of 330 volts force and with a volume of about 30,000 amperes. In about five or six minutes the ends of the rails are heated to about 2500° F., and the weld is effected. The continuous rail, it is claimed, greatly increases the safety of running trains. In using it, all frogs and switches can be eliminated. Cars can be transferred bodily from one track to another by the use of hoisting machinery.

Extending the Siberian Railway

ENGINEERING PROGRESS IN ASIA....LONDON TELEGRAPH

In reference to the Siberian Railway, which, it is stated, is to be extended to Manchuria in connection with a Russian loan to China, the following is an extract of a Consular report recently issued. The first, or Western Siberian section, will extend from Tcheliabinsk to the River Obi, a length of 1,328 versts (885 miles), thence to the town of Irkutsk, a distance of 1,754 versts (1,169 miles). Simultaneously with the building of this portion of the line, the work now in progress on the Vladivostock-Grafsky section will be continued, and the construction of a line connecting the Ural mining and Siberian trunk line with Ekaterinburg will be commenced. This portion of the work is to be completed not later than 1900. The second stage of the work will consist in the construction of the portions of the projected line which extend from Grafsky to Haborovka, 292 versts (195 miles), and from the station of Mysovskoi, the starting point of the railway on the other side of the Baikal Lake, to Stretinsk, a distance of about 1,009 versts (673 miles). In the third and final stage will be constructed the Circum-Baikal portion, 292 versts (195 miles), and the section from Stretinsk

to Haborovka, a length of about 2,000 versts (1,333 miles). In this manner the Trunk Siberian line, starting from Tcheliabinsk and terminating at Haborovka, will extend over a length of about 6,730 versts (4,487 miles). The cost of the construction of the first section of the line is estimated at £15,000,000, this sum including the cost of connection with the Ekaterinburg line. The money assigned will be paid yearly in sums not exceeding £4,000,000.

In the Feron-Mege Telescope

UP IN A BALLOON CHICAGO TRIBUNE

The Feron-Mege "Telescope," as it is termed, is one of the projected unique attractions of the Paris Exposition of 1900. In it, through mechanical appliances and scenic effects, visitors will be projected in a balloon through space, and subsequently in a boat to the depths of the ocean and the centre of the earth. The building proper, as planned by the two originators, French architects from which it takes its name, will cover a space 400 square feet; will be about eight stories high, and built of marble. From this stone foundation there will arise a column of tube 505 feet high, making the total height 700 feet. A company has been formed with sufficient capital to secure the scheme.

In the ascent the balloon passes near to the principal planets to allow the voyager to discern details. Daylight disappears for the moment. Clouds will be travelled through and by mechanical and electrical combinations varied effects will be secured. The final point in the upward flight will be the moon, upon which a landing will be made. The downward flight is purposed to be made more rapidly and without pause until the globe is reached. At this point the balloon is left and the car plunges into the water. Here, through a series of sea-aquarium arrangements containing living fish and planets, wonders of the deep will be shown. Submarine boats will float in the waters and wrecks will form part of the picture in this mimic sea, which will be illuminated with constantly changing electrical effects. This part of the work is announced as undertaken in accord with descriptions by Verne and Flammarion.

The car is purposed to hold 100 people, and is divided diametrically into two parts. Arrived at the top of its ascension, it will describe a semicircle on its own axis, and enable the spectators to see going down what the others saw going up. The second part of the "telescope" is arranged to contain the wonders of nature, discoveries of the century, inventions and explorations. Part three will show, through panoramic means, and again with electrical illuminations, the most interesting countries and cities of the globe. In each will be figured its inhabitants. By an arrangement of platforms products of each country may be purchased of natives appropriately costumed. It is claimed not alone to give visual opportunity, but opportunity to enjoy the sensations of travel under certain conditions and within the limit of the "telescope." At the top of the tube the air, mechanically exhausted, will give the travellers an opportunity to experience for a moment the sufferings which genuine aeronauts must undergo. On the downward way the balloon will be gradually slower in descent prior to the plunge into the water, and as the depths of the sea are reached darkness follows the light of the artificial sun illuminating the earlier voyage.

From the bottom of the sea, and when the car enters

a veritable hole in the ground, the air of the subterranean journey will be made to bear out the heavy dampness and oppression consequent on such conditions; for the last of these series of impressions has been reserved, perhaps not inappropriately, intense heat. That is held for the moment when the car reaches the supposed centre of the earth. Looking over the side of the car there appears, to bear out quite completely the impression, a glowing lake of fire. When this last of the sensations is considered sufficiently impressed, both as regards future benefit and present enjoyment, the car returns to the surface of the sea. On the way there is again passed, in reaching the water, reproductions of different branches of mining. The concentric parts, two and three, constitute really one, and are divided from each other by a space of forty-six feet, and joined by fixed boards running in spiral around them to a height of 164 feet, and placed vertically at thirty-three feet apart. Two superposed platforms, one movable, the other fixed, revolve parallel to the planks.

The system of locomotion established is by means of cables. The ascent is made in view of the panoramas contained in the first part, then passing over at the top the descent is made on the outside around the second portion to the original starting point. Numerous steps unite the platforms to allow spectators to pass from one to another on foot, returning at will to the car-system. It is estimated that 2,500 people can be accommodated on the movable platform, and a like number on the stationary. A later plan of making the grand ascent is to employ an elevator of twenty-nine cars going up on one side, and descending on the other, without interruption. Electric lights and ventilators would, in this case, be attached to each car.

Success in Photography in Color

G. W. WEIPPIERT CHICAGO LAMP

Among the numerous inventors who make their home in Chicago there is one whose name should be known in every house in America. But, like many other bright minds, he became a victim of the law's delays and others have reaped the fame and fortune to which his genius entitled him. In professional and scientific circles James W. McDonough is recognized as the inventor of the telephone; among lawyers he is considered a litigant par excellence; readers of patent reports and court decisions admit his brain power and deplore the existence of conditions which permit a wealthy and soulless corporation to rob a man of the rewards of his intellect and industry simply because he has not the means or the physical strength to conduct a thirty years' legal warfare with unprincipled opponents. In April, 1876, Mr. McDonough applied for a patent on his telephone. In March of the same year Bell had been granted a patent. The instruments invented by both were very much alike in construction and identical in principle, but McDonough had begun his experiments long before Bell filed his application. He placed his interests in the keeping of a now defunct telegraph company, which undertook to fight the claims of the Bell people. A decision was rendered in Mr. McDonough's favor, after the lapse of several years, on the ground that he had been the first to establish the telephone principle.

The Bell company took an appeal, but before the case was definitely settled the telegraph company, among whose assets were the McDonough claims, failed

and litigation came to an abrupt close. Hence all the real inventor of the telephone has to show for his work is a book-case full of printed legal briefs establishing his claim beyond a reasonable doubt, and the consciousness of having fought valiantly for the establishment of his rights. The future historian of electrical science will, no doubt, do justice to Mr. McDonough, yet before speaking of other accomplishments of the same gentleman, the writer has thought it advisable to refer to him primarily as the originator of the telephone. But not only in the field of electricity has Mr. McDonough attained distinction. The art of photography, many years ago, found in him an earnest devotee and student. In the early days of the war he was attached to the Ellsworth Zouaves, among whose prominent members was one of Chicago's most progressive photographers. At this time, while looking at the exhibit in this friend's gallery, he conceived the idea of the possibility of photographing in colors. From a pastime his researches evolved into science; and then happened one of the most remarkable things ever recorded, and one which more than anything he has done since testifies to the unique mental qualities of the inventor.

On the way to and from his daily toil he had to cross the Chicago River, a stream then already famous for the thickness of the scum gathered on its surface and the putrescent odors emanating from its waters. Pedestrians by the thousand would run across the bridge, holding handkerchiefs to their nasal appendages to escape from the foul smells of the river; but one evening Mr. McDonough peeped over the railing of the bridge and was charmed with the brightness of the colors sent out by the scum on the filthy water. On the next day he looked at the same spot from a different point of view and could discover nothing but the ill-smelling recreation floating lazily in the morning breeze. For some weeks he continued his observations and then concluded that the principle of interference of light could be applied to photography and that with its aid the prismatic colors could be reproduced at will in all kinds of pictures. Without delay he began to make experiments along this line of reasoning, working off and on from 1865 to 1881 to perfect his idea. In the latter year he applied for a patent on his invention. After years of toil he had succeeded in making colored pictures which, as he himself says, were not satisfactory, however. If they were held at the correct angle they showed colors; if not they lost their distinguishing feature. The inventor, a thoroughly practical man, saw at once that while his discovery might be of interest to the amateur, it possessed no commercial value.

Instead of being discouraged by this failure, Mr. McDonough continued his researches, and in March, 1892, patented a process for photographing in colors which may be destined to revolutionize the art. Work already done shows steady progress and promises eventual perfection. The problem of the reproduction of objects in colors closely resembling the originals evidently is solved, as well as the feat of applying the method in everyday photography. Mr. McDonough presented the writer with a specimen of his work which proves more conclusively than words that his process has a grand future and that any object can be reproduced with facility in the colors of nature. According to a technical description, which, however, is plain enough to be understood by amateur photographers,

the McDonough process requires a specially ruled screen and specially ruled paper. A multi-colored screen, ruled with very fine alternate lines, or formed of small dots or small particles, is employed. Fundamental colors of the spectrum are preferably used, such as orange-red, yellowish green, and violet-blue. The screen is ruled with lines in these colors, about three hundred to the inch. This screen is placed in front of, and in close contact with, a specially sensitized orthochromatic plate which is then exposed in the camera to the object to be photographed, and a black and white negative is ultimately obtained in lines corresponding to the screen in the register. From this negative a positive is made in the ordinary way, on glass or paper. Then, if the screen, or one similarly ruled, is laid on the positive, and moved until the two are in register, the picture appears in the original colors. The positive may be printed direct upon paper ruled or lined in the same colors as the screen, and registering, of course, in color and form with the same. It may be printed on a printing-press from one half-tone plate on paper ruled with colors in the same manner as the screen, but preferably lighter in tint.

Two of the screens were recently exhibited to experts in New York, who say in their report that "they were apparently transparent celluloid with nothing to indicate any ruling except a slight purplish tint. Ruled papers were also examined, and were apparently white." Of particular interest to the experts was the following: "Unrolling a small Japanese scroll, Mr. McDonough pointed out the various tints, and then exhibited what was apparently an ordinary black and white transparency. After examining scroll and transparency an apparently clear piece of celluloid was handed to us, and was placed in contact with the transparency. Moving the celluloid a little, the transparency suddenly became a mass of color, reproducing exactly every shade of color present in the Japanese scroll. The celluloid was a ruled screen, and the transparency had been made from a negative made through this ruled screen. When it is remembered that but one camera and one exposure are required, and that from one negative any number of pictures may be printed, the capabilities and possibilities of this new process of color-work seem really illimitable."

The art of neither printer nor lithographer has ever succeeded in reproducing the patterns and colors of rugs, carpets, wall-papers, dress goods, chinawares, and other delicate goods and fabrics. Commercial travellers handling such merchandise have to carry dozens of trunks and show samples to their country customers—one carpet salesman for a Chicago house carrying no less than seventy pieces of baggage. Color photography would relieve merchants of this terrible tax, as the camera would reproduce the most delicate shades and patterns to perfection. Two trunks full of carpet samples and ten trunks full of rugs could, with the aid of color photography, be reduced in bulk to a convenient portfolio, whose pretty pictures would answer all the requirements of the most particular customer. Production of artistic portraits would also be stimulated by the natural color process, which would show the flesh tints, the gay cravat, and the snowy-white collar to perfection; and extraordinary color phenomena now lost to science could be preserved in all its beauty for years with its aid.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

The Modern Craze for Curios

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA....LONDON TELEGRAPH

The modern craze for curios must decidedly be ascribed to the historic Bernal, who was an enthusiastic collector of old china. The sale of porcelain realized a very large sum. As Mr. Bernal had been heard to boast that he had never given more than four shillings and sixpence for a porcelain teacup he must have been one of those diligent hunters after rarities in the obscure districts of the town where Dickens describes the dealers of musty treasures as "crouching," as though they were hiding their belongings from the public eye in jealousy and distrust. In any case, the Bernal sale seems to have awakened in the mind of Society an impression that the requirements of gentility could not be met without the accumulation of curios, and an immense demand arose for bric-a-brac, the principal condition insisted upon being that the articles should not be necessarily beautiful, but old and rare. Wardour street and Hanway street continued to hold their own, but there soon began to spring up, principally in Bond street and Piccadilly, a number of really splendid shops for the sale of articles of vertu, and by degrees these establishments extended westward to Knightsbridge and eastward to Coventry street and Cranbourne street.

The demand for Dresden, Sèvres, Capodi Monte, old Wedgwood, old Worcester, Chelsea and Yarmouth was for a time seriously diminished by the Japanese craze. The public purse was opened without stint for the purchase of Satsuma ware. Japanese enamels, Japanese porcelain, bronzes and carved work became the rage, and concurrently ingenious British manufacturers began to fabricate draperies, harmonizing in design and hue with the artistic importations from Japan. After a while, however, the Japanese craze began to abate among persons endowed with real taste; it was found that the importation of really valuable and antique Japanese ware had practically ceased, and that an immense quantity of fantastic rubbish was being foisted on the English market. Japanese curios had again to cope with the keen competition of curios from Algeria and Tunis. Gaudily embroidered and spangled stuffs, low tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ostrich eggs inclosed in nets of mingled silk and silver, mirrors and slippers and prayer carpets for a while found favor in English eyes; but ere long there was a revulsion of feeling, and a desire to purchase first-rate old European china was revived. Another craze, more limited in its scope, made itself felt after the sale of a large number of old and precious violins which had been collected by Mr. Joseph Gillott, of steel-pen manufacturing celebrity. There was a rush for Stradivariuses and Amatis with incontrovertible pedigrees; but it was found before long that a good many of the so-called Amatis and Stradivariuses were impudent simulations, and the craze died out. Much more extensive and much more permanent has been the mania for old furniture. Genuine Chippendale was the first article of this kind most sedulously sought for; but the largest sums given for Chippendale were inconsiderable in comparison with the simply enormous prices realized at auction for examples of old French furniture.

Early Boule sold well; but the very largest, and perhaps the most extravagant, bids were made for tables, bureaux and consoles of mahogany, tulip and rosewood with ornaments of gilt bronze made in the reign of Louis XVI. As much as £500 has been given for a table or a cabinet for which the original maker did not receive more than five louis; nor has this odd caprice shown as yet any single signs of abatement. Some apology for this extravagant penchant for Louis XVI. furniture may be found in the circumstance that such furniture is almost always unimpeachably genuine; to forge it would require an expenditure of skilled labor which would scarcely afford a profit to the dealer. An exact counterpart of one of the masterpieces of the pre-Revolution ebonists might enable the purchaser to echo the remark of the collector of old Dutch pictures, who, when he was informed by an expert that the canvas which he had bought as a genuine Ostade was in reality a forgery executed in his early and struggling youth by David Wilkie, replied that he did not care, since the imitation was as good as anything that Ostade had ever painted. It must be sorrowfully admitted that the modern clamor for curios has led to a vast amount of spurious imitations of old china finding their way into the shops for the sale of such articles.

In some cases deceit in the matter of ceramics is next door to the impossible. The dealers and the amateurs are all experts, and it would be known at once if a so-called specimen of Rose du Barri or of Bleu du Roi were brought to the rostrum. There is, it is true, a contemporary imitation of Rose du Barri in old Spode ware, but the article bears the mark of the Spode factory, and is sold altogether in good faith. But where forgery is most largely employed is in the production of sham Dresden. It is not worth while to forge old Sèvres, since the most notable examples are known all over Europe, and there is no demand at all for modern Sèvres in this country. Dresden china, on the other hand, continues as popular as ever, and the production of spurious items of porcelain with the Semper Augustus mark and the two crossed swords is almost boundless. Vases and candelabras and clocks, the bust of the Chinese mandarins with the movable tongue, which protrudes and lolls to and fro; the celebrated bundle of asparagus, the chevalier with the bag-wig and sword, who, with a huge pair of shears by his side, is riding on a goat, are fabricated to a surprisingly large extent principally in the neighborhood of Paris, and find their way to England, to every country on the Continent and to the United States. As I have said, these pretty but trumpery objects never make their appearance at the great auction rooms, but a ready sale is found for them among people who have more money than wit, and who have dealings with persons who have more business astuteness than principle.

Old plate is another department of curios in which unblushing frauds are often perpetrated. It has been discovered that the practice has long existed of cutting genuine hallmarks of the seventeenth and eighteenth century dates out of small articles of plate, such as saltcellars and spoons, and welding them into large salvers and bowls of quite modern manufacture. There

is a reason for everything, for oleomargarine as for bogus curios. Our dairies do not produce enough of the best fresh butter, and tradesmen with an imperfect sense of ethics lay in stocks of sham butter. There are not enough curios in the civilized world, so the manufacture of sham Dresden, apocryphal Limoges enamels, mythical ivory carvings, and simulated antique tapestry goes merrily on. As regards the last named fabric, an excusable imitation exists; the Florentines have long since practiced the art of tapestry painting. A peculiar kind of canvas is made, the texture of which exactly resembles that on which genuine tapestry is woven, and on this the subject selected is hand-painted. There is certainly no more harm in this subterfuge than there is in the electro-plate, which is as handsome as silver, but makes no pretense of being the real thing.

Tapestry-painting, I understand, has lately been introduced into England with very fair prospects of success; but if the art obtains, its acceptance will be a tacit reproach to us for neglecting to patronize the productions of the Royal Tapestry Works at Windsor—a factory for the manufacture of genuine Arras, which has been closed for the lack of public support. The general condition of our present economy in the ways of curios can hardly be described as satisfactory. Superb examples of china, carved work, bronze, enamels and furniture occasionally make their appearance in the saleroom; their merits are at once acknowledged, and they find prompt purchasers at splendid prices. On the other hand, the name of bogus curios is legion, France being mainly responsible for their manufacture; nor does there seem any probability of a stop being put to the production of articles which are not by any means that which their venders pretend them to be. Civilized humanity, when it resides in a handsome house, insists on having its little store of real or supposititious old porcelain, and it is to be feared that the sum of the supposititious very largely exceeds that of the genuine article.

The World's Wealth of Diamonds

MILLIONS IN STONES.....YENOWINE'S NEWS

There is always something fascinating about the subject of diamonds and rich and poor like to read about precious stones. It is estimated that during the last twenty-five years the American people have paid duty on at least \$180,000,000 worth of diamonds and other precious stones. In 1893 alone they imported \$15,203,563 worth, but in 1894 there was a falling off owing to hard times, and the total was only \$4,856,985. This does not include uncut diamonds, of which we imported more than a million dollars' worth in 1892, \$800,000 worth in 1893, and \$566,267 worth in 1894. During the last twenty-two years we have imported \$7,087,817 worth of uncut diamonds. In 1880 we imported only \$129,000 worth of uncut diamonds, and in 1889 only \$250,000 worth. The large increase of late has been due to the fact that a number of American jewelers have opened diamond-cutting establishments. There are now fifteen establishments in the United States which employ from one to twenty men. There are 4,000 manufacturers in Europe and about 200 in the United States, who employ between 7,000 and 8,000 persons as cutters and polishers. Perhaps 28,000 people are employed in the diamond mines throughout

the world. We read that in past centuries 60,000 people were working in some single Indian mines at one time, and perhaps that statement is not exaggerated, since by the aid of modern machinery one miner can now accomplish as much as twenty who used the primitive methods. The total value of all the diamonds in the world undoubtedly exceeds one billion dollars.

There are perhaps 8,000 dealers in diamonds in the world, who carry in their stock stones worth perhaps \$350,000,000. The remainder are in the hands of private individuals. To compare present conditions with those of the past, it is instructive to note the enormous increase in the production of diamonds, and the important industrial changes wrought thereby, which have resulted from the discovery and working of the great South African mines. During the past quarter century ten tons of diamonds, selling for more than \$300,000,000 uncut and \$600,000,000 after cutting, have been added to the world's wealth—an amount more than twice as great as the value of diamonds known to exist before. This vast value is in the most concentrated, portable and ornamental form, and more convertible than anything except gold and silver. Its accumulation has built up cities like Kimberley and maintained important industries in Amsterdam and other centres. The De Beers Company, Limited, a single corporation, with stock having a market value quoted at over \$90,000,000, controls more than nine-tenths of the entire output and regulates and maintains the price. As a result, diamond-cutting industries have been established such as were not thought of before, employing hundreds of people in immense mills, where the cutters used to hire only the benches at which they did their work.

Dinner Services Hallowed by Royalty

BEVERLY CRUMP.....DENVER REPUBLICAN

One of the oddest fads I ever knew is that of a Washington lady, the wife of a well-known newspaper correspondent and author. She has travelled all over the world, and has endeavored to bring away from every capital, as a souvenir of her visit, a dinner-plate that once belonged to and bears the crest of some famous man, woman or monarch. Her collection is large and includes examples of the chinaware of nearly every country. Some of them are old, others commonplace, and some are fine and beautiful. There are many collections of teapots and urns and vases, but this is the only collection of plates that I know. It is the custom in the palaces of the Old World to refurnish the private apartments and provide a new table service whenever a monarch is crowned. It is usually of domestic manufacture, for in every country of Europe are porcelain works, and always of a special pattern designed to suit the taste of that particular sovereign, although the celebrated manufactory at Sèvres, France, has furnished the china of many of the royal families of Europe for two or three centuries. When the new comes in, the old is stored away somewhere on the top shelves of the imperial pantry, and this lady reports that in only two or three instances has she failed to persuade the attendants who show visitors about the palaces to overhaul it, and secure for her collections samples of the plates upon which the dead kings and emperors have dined.

The china of Queen Victoria, like that estimable lady herself, is very simple and plain, and it has been furnished for years by a single and famous factory at Wor-

cester. It is heavy, plain white, with a narrow gold band, and the initials V. G.—Victoria Regina—in the centre. The same staid pattern is used at Buckingham Palace in London, Windsor Castle, and at the Queen's private palace at Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, and this fact is accounted for by the Queen's well known habits of economy. It is presumed that her castle in the Highlands of Scotland is furnished in a similar manner, although it is never opened to visitors, and the collector has not been able to secure a sample from that place. The china of the Prince of Wales comes from the same factory, but is of great variety and more ornamental than that of his imperial mother, and it usually bears the royal crest. The Princess of Wales has a taste for delicate patterns, and she likes the lightest and thinnest china that can be secured. Her cups are like egg shells, and her plates as thin as wafers. Not long ago a great fuss was made by the English manufacturers because she ordered a full service of several hundred pieces from France.

When the palace of the Tuilleries in Paris was sacked by the Commune, the most superb collection of china that was ever gathered under a single roof was scattered among the people. It included several dinner and breakfast services that had belonged to and been used by Louis XVI., Louis XV., Napoleon I., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., and all was of the finest Sèvres, of special patterns designed by famous artists, for the French kings were fastidious and extravagant, and the luxury of the empire has never been surpassed. The palaces at Versailles and St. Cloud were stripped in a similar manner. In time the china was conveyed from the garrets of the plunderers to the pawnbrokers, and the shops of dealers in art and antiquities, and it has been picked up by collectors from all over the world. A New York gentleman has an entire dinner service which belonged to Louis XIV., that was collected for him during the course of two years by a Paris dealer in secondhand goods, and single examples of rare quality can be found upon the walls of thousands of houses. Millions of francs have been made by the dealers in this sort of way by buying and selling the imperial china. Louis XIV. was in the habit of ornamenting his dinner-plates with the portraits of the ladies of his court. Louis Philippe followed his example, and if the biographies of the ladies would accompany their pictures, the plates would bring a much higher price. The china of the latter monarch is of the rarest quality and design, but is very common, and samples can be purchased at almost any antique shop in Paris, London, or New York. He almost monopolized the Sèvres factory during his reign, and the palaces in Paris, Versailles, St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau were filled with gems that have lost much of their value, however, because they are so numerous. Louis Philippe was very fond of cupids and garlands, and thousands of pieces bearing those designs are still in existence.

Napoleon the Great adopted the humble bee as his sign manual, and not only the china but the furniture and draperies of his palaces, his swords and carriages, and even his note-paper, bore a representation of that useful insect whose name represents the first letter of the name of Bonaparte. In the centre of his plate one usually finds the escutcheon of France, very elaborately and beautifully done in gold. Napoleon III. used china of very delicate pattern, usually white and gold,

with an ornamental "N" in the centre, surmounted by a coronet. It was probably designed to please the refined taste of the Empress Eugenie. He had a beautiful set of white with a black enamelled border, upon which were traced in gold the eagles of France and in the centre the imperial escutcheon; a similar set in royal blue, another in pink, and others in bronze, green, canary yellow and maroon. These sets were very large, and each was sufficient to serve several hundred people. The lady collector of whom I speak says that although she has made many attempts she has never been able to secure a sample of the china of the German emperors, as the attendants at the palaces in Berlin, at Potsdam, and Magdeburg were invariably beyond the influence of persuasion or bribes, which speaks well for the Teuton honesty. Nor was she ever able to penetrate the royal pantries at any of these places, even to see the china used, and at the Dresden factories from which the supply comes, no price she was able to offer would induce the sale of a single piece.

The winter palace at St. Petersburg, Russia, with the exception of the Vatican at Rome, is the largest residence in the world. It has 700 rooms, many of them of enormous size, and some so large that the White House at Washington could be erected in them, portico and all. It is said that 5,000 soldiers have been sheltered under its roof. The czar does not occupy it very often, as he prefers the smaller and more comfortable palaces at Peterhoff and Gatschina, but most of the court balls, banquets and other official functions take place there. He has six palaces in and around Petersburg, but those are his favorites. The storerooms of the Winter Palace are filled with the china of the Russian czars as far back as Catherine the Great, and here the lady collector was able to obtain samples by purchasing them of the attendants who brought the pieces to her hotel one at a time for several days afterward, and demanded only moderate prices—not more than some plates would be worth at a shop without considering the value of association. The imperial china is all of Russian manufacture, and does not equal in quality nor in lustre the product of Austria or Germany or France. It is plain and coarse, and the decorations are not very artistic, although there is in the Winter Palace a world-famous table service of solid silver, overlaid with gold, that will furnish a banquet of 500 covers. It dates back to the time of the crazy Emperor Paul, who was the son of Catherine the Great.

The plates used by all the czars are larger than the ordinary size. Those of Catherine were ornamented with conventional designs of blue and gold, and bore the imperial crest in the centre. Catherine the Great was one of the most luxurious and profligate monarchs in history. She is known as the Cleopatra of modern times. She was a liberal patron of the arts and sciences. She filled a palace that she called The Hermitage with one of the finest collections of pictures and statuary in the world, and called to her capital the most famous poets and artists of Europe. Her taste was exquisite—more to be admired than her morals; and it would be natural to find in her collection the most beautiful of china, but it is commonplace. Nicholas, "The Iron Czar," as he was called, used enormous plates and cups and saucers of the commonest china, heavy and coarse, which were also decorated with blue, and in the centre bore his initial, with a crown and cross. But this

would be expected of him, for he was in no sense artistic in his taste, nor luxurious in his surroundings. He was a man of austere life, and the habits of a monk. His bedroom, which remains as he left it, is like a cell in a prison, and the iron bed upon which he slept and upon which he died is narrow and hard.

The china of Alexander II., who was assassinated by the Nihilists, was a little better in quality, but of similar design, only it bore the initial A. and an eagle with outspread wings. That of the late czar is of the same pattern, and bears the same initial with the distinctive III. under the A. to indicate that it belongs to the third monarch of that name. It is said that the private china in the smaller palaces is very different, and of much better quality.

The royal china of Spain is made at the factory of the Marquis de Pickham, at Seville, which occupies the ancient monastery of Los Cuevas, in which Columbus spent the last few weary years of his life, and in whose chapel his remains lay from his death in 1506 to 1540, when they were removed by his daughter-in-law to the cathedral at Santo Domingo. When the Republicans came into power in Spain, some years ago, they destroyed nearly all the china in the palace at Madrid, and much of the furniture, including the throne; but that was only a canopy and a couple of large, French gilt-chairs, and the world sustained no loss. But the contents of the pantry included a wonderful collection of rare old ceramics, such as are now found only in the museums. The Spaniards learned the potter's art from the Moors, and they had it to perfection, as the tiles in the Alhambra will show. The old Spanish tiles are the finest in the world. You find them in the monasteries and the palaces of the hidalgos everywhere in Spain, and scattered all through Mexico and Central and South America, where they were shipped in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The officials of the Republic had a beautiful lot of china made for the palace, but when the monarchy was restored that also was destroyed, as it bore a crest that was offensive to the King and the Court. Not a piece remains except a few samples which the Marquis de Pickham happened to reserve in his factory, but seldom shows them except to foreigners, for political feeling runs high in Spain, and any vestige of the Republic is odious. The china of Ferdinand and Isabella—not the sovereigns who patronized Columbus, but the rulers of Spain in the middle of the present century—was very beautiful. It was white, with a gold band, arabesques of raised work around the edge, with a monogram of the letters I and F in the centre surmounted by a crown. That of Alphonso XII., the late King, and the father of the boy who sits on the throne of Spain to-day, was equally pretty. It bears the ancient escutcheon of Spain, the same that was embroidered upon the banners of Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro and other heroes of the conquest of America—the Castle, representing Castile; the lion, representing Leon, and the pomegranate, representing the Kingdom of Grenada, which was added when Boabdil, the last of the Moorish monarchs, who had ruled in Southern Spain for seven hundred years, was driven out of the Alhambra.

One of the most beautiful plates in the collection comes from the palace of the Archduchess Stephanie, of Austria, the daughter of the King of Belgium, and the widow of the reckless and wayward Rudolph, the

heir to the throne of Austria, who was one morning found lying dead in his summer palace beside the body of the most beautiful woman of the Austrian court. It was a tragedy that caused all Europe to shudder, and revealed a scandal that brought shame and humiliation to the proudest and one of the most exemplary families on that continent. The widow, who is still young and a beautiful woman, lives with her children in the palace near Vienna that had been assigned to her husband, and her china bears a monogram made of a double S.

Eyebrows Made to Order

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH OVER NATURE.....NEW YORK SUN

We learn from French sources that a London perfumer has found a new way of fixing up eyelashes and eyebrows. Instead of painting them in the usual vulgar old style, he puts the genuine article there, and professional and amateur beauties of the great city are flocking to him to be made just too lovely for anything. The operation is said to be extremely delicate, though by no means painful. He takes a hair from the head of the beauty, or, if she does not like precisely the color of her own hair, he takes one of any other color that she likes, threads an extremely fine needle with the hair, runs it along inside the skin of the eyelid, sewing sailmaker's fashion, but leaving the loops sufficiently long to enable him to cut them afterward, so that they will form a range of beautiful fringe and look perfectly natural. For eyebrows he does the same thing; but the eyebrow operation is, of course, less delicate. Arched eyebrows, bushy eyebrows, straight eyebrows, crooked eyebrows, all sorts of eyebrows, in any color or shade or form, this wonderful perfumer makes for the ladies of London; and it is said that his success is something astonishing.

In My Lady's Violet Room

A Dainty Feminine Fad.....NEW YORK HERALD

To have a special color, flower and perfume marks the fin-de-siècle girl. The color must appear in all her belongings, even to the furnishings of her room; the delicate perfume must linger in everything she touches, and she wears no other flower but that one which she has adopted as her own. It would be considered a serious breach of etiquette for one girl to adopt the color which her friend has chosen. The flower and perfume are also exclusive so far as permanent use is concerned. A very charming girl, who has just come to her New York home, sunburned and happy after a mountain trip, is a "violet" girl. She is a tall, slender blonde, with a perfect seashell complexion, and the delicate tint she has chosen accords well with her dainty prettiness. I visited her home the other afternoon and she entertained me in a "violet room."

The center of the light hardwood floor was covered by a rug in which light and dark lavender tints were blended, and upon the white enamel bed was a dainty linen coverlet, embroidered with scattered violets in their natural colors. The "Empire" whitewood dressing-table, with its triplex mirror reflecting the silver brushes and toilet boxes, was covered by a scarf of linen and Irish point lace, placed upon a square of violet satin. Everything in the room reproduced the tender tints of the violet, and the walls and ceilings reflected back the same tender hue. The faintest possible odor of wood violet was in the air, and the general effect was one of grace and beauty.

HER SISTER'S SWEETHEART: A MOOD OF JEALOUSY

By SONYA KOVALEVSKY

Selected reading from Sonya Kovalevsky. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. The Century Co.

Among the accomplishments which Dostoévsky encouraged was music. Up to that time I had learned to play on the piano as the majority of little girls learn, without feeling any particular liking or any particular hatred for it. My ear was only moderately good; but as, from the age of five years, I had been made to play scales and exercises for an hour and a half every day, a certain amount of execution had been developed in me now, at the age of thirteen—a tolerable touch, and a faculty of reading music at sight very readily.

It happened that once, at the very beginning of our acquaintance, I had played for Dostoévsky a piece in which I was remarkably successful—variations on the themes of Russian songs. It chanced that, on the occasion when I played, he was in a sensitive, emotional state of mind, for he went into ecstasies over my playing, and, allowing his feelings to run away with him, as usual, he began to lavish on me exaggerated praises—I had talent and feeling, and God knows what all!

Of course, from that day forth I became passionately fond of music. I begged my mother to get me a good teacher, and during the whole of our stay in Petersburg I spent every leisure moment at the piano, so that in the course of three months I really did make progress.

Now I prepared a surprise for Dostoévsky. One day he happened to say that of all musical compositions he loved most of all Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, and that this sonata always overwhelmed him with a whole world of forgotten sensations. Although the sonata was considerably more difficult than any of the pieces which I had hitherto played, I determined to learn it at any cost; and really, by expending a vast amount of labor on it, I got to the point where I could play it fairly well. All that I now waited for was a convenient opportunity when I might rejoice Dostoévsky. This opportunity soon presented itself.

Only five or six days remained before our departure. Mamma and my aunts were invited to a grand dinner at the Swedish Embassy, the Ambassador being an old friend of our family. Aniuta, who had already tired of balls and dinners, excused herself on the plea of a headache. We remained alone in the house. That evening Dostoévsky came to us. Our approaching departure, the consciousness that none of the elders was at home, and that such an evening would not soon come again, put us in an agreeably excited frame of mind.

This was a capital moment to play his favorite sonata. I began to play. The difficulty of the piece, the necessity of looking well at every note, the fear of making mistakes, soon absorbed all my attention to such a degree that I was entirely taken out of my present surroundings, and did not observe what was going on around me. I finished with a self-satisfied consciousness that I had played well. I felt an agreeable weariness in my hands. Still quite under the influence of the music, and of that pleasant emotion which always lays hold of one after every bit of well-executed work, I awaited the well-merited applause. But silence reigned. I glanced around: there was no one in the room.

My heart sank. Still suspecting nothing definite, but with a dull presentiment of something evil, I entered the adjoining room. That was empty also! At last, on raising the portière which masked the door into the small corner drawing-room, I beheld Aniuta and Feodor Mikhailovitch there.

But heavens! what do I behold?

They were sitting side by side on the little divan. The room was dimly illuminated by a lamp with a huge shade. The shadow fell directly on my sister, so that I could not distinguish her face, but Dostoévsky's face I saw plainly; it was pale and troubled. He was holding Aniuta's hand in his hands, and bending over her. He was talking in that passionate, broken whisper which I knew and loved so well.

"Anna Vasilievna, my darling, do you understand? I loved you from the first moment that I beheld you, and before that I had already had a presentiment of it from your letters. And my love is not the affection of friendship, but passion—the passion of my whole nature."

Everything swam before my eyes. A sensation of bitter solitude, of deadly insult, suddenly took possession of me, and all the blood in my body seemed to rush first to my heart, and then to pour, in a burning flood, to my head.

I dropped the portière and fled from the room. I heard the crash of a chair which I had overthrown.

"Is that you, Sonya?" cried my sister's voice, in a tone of alarm. But I made no reply, and did not halt until I had reached our bedroom, in the other extremity of the apartment, at the end of a long corridor. When I stopped running, I immediately began to undress in great haste, without lighting the candle, fairly tearing off my clothes, and, still half-dressed, I flung myself into the bed and hid my head under the coverlet. At that moment I feared but one thing—that my sister would come and call me to the drawing-room. I could not see them now.

A hitherto unknown sensation of bitterness, insult, and shame filled my soul to overflowing, and especially the shame and insult. Up to that moment I had not, even in my secret thoughts, accounted to myself for the nature of my feelings toward Dostoévsky, and had never said to myself that I was in love with him.

Although I was only thirteen years old, I had already heard and read a good deal about love, but for some reason or other it had seemed to me that people fell in love in books, but not in real life. As for Dostoévsky, I had imagined that things would always go on all our lives as they had been going on for the last three months.

"And all at once, at one blow, all is ended!" I kept repeating to myself in my despair; and only now, when all seemed to me irretrievably lost, did I clearly understand how happy I had been all those days—those evenings—to-day—a few moments ago. But now—good God, now!

Even now I did not tell myself plainly what had changed, what had come to an end. I only felt that everything had lost its bloom for me; that life was no longer worth living!

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

Magic in the Brain

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THINKING.....PITTSBURG LEADER

Dr. Ramon Y. Cajal, the eminent Spanish histologist, has, by his late researches on the microscopic cells of the brain, carried the scientific world a perceptible step forward in the solution of that profoundly interesting problem, the mechanism of thought. The practice of thinking is indulged in by all human beings to a greater or less extent, and an increasing percentage of the community are much interested in thinking how they think. It can scarcely be said, however, that Dr. Cajal's late lecture, as delivered to the Royal Society, would be of interest to the majority, at it was the lecture of a great expert to an audience of experts, was phrased in the strange and perplexing polysyllables of a special science, and was, moreover, delivered in French. Consequently, its points in the meager outlines furnished through the press, conveyed little that was new and less that was understandable to the lay mind. It has now been translated in full, and when perused and pondered, it is perhaps the most interesting contribution of its kind that has ever been seen.

The study of thought action is one which can only be pursued by an investigator who has mastered the latest principles and steps in many other studies, and such an equipment is eminently in the possession of Dr. Cajal. All that has been learned of cell life, of protoplasmic action, of electricity in its multitudinous aspects, of nerve constitution and nerve conductivity, of the improved microscope and the inventions bearing upon its improvements of vital chemistry, of the living brain as explored by vivisection, and other branches of advancing knowledge must be facts well in hand, in addition to the latest developments and concepts of anatomy and physiology, before the highest and subtlest form of vital activity is explored. In all the directions named the special sciences have been aggregating facts bearing on the great problem for the last twenty years, though all the kinds of electrical batteries now known yet fail to indicate what kind of an electrical battery the brain is, while no photographic plate yet invented has remotely suggested the character of memory, that figurative photography within one's head which records and stores all the scenes of a lifetime in small masses of living matter, so that they may be recalled at a moment's notice, and in groupings which pay no attention to the lapse of the years lying between them.

It has long been known that the brain was composed of millions of minute cells, varying from one eight-hundredth to one five-thousandth of an inch in size. The control of the bodily activities by the cerebellum and the exercise of the intellectual powers in the gray matter forming the coat of the cerebrum have been indisputably established. Vivisection has given us a knowledge of the motor area lying along the fissure of Rolando which has been of incalculable benefit to brain surgeons and their patients, and the thought cells themselves, through the series of inventions for hardening and staining the brain, have, under the microscope, been studied deeply and successfully by investigators, whose results Dr. Cajal has only carried a step further onward. That step is important, however. Consciousness is still a

profound mystery. Memory is still the most inexplicable of facts. The physical organization of an idea remains about as unexplained as when Maudsley asked the question ten years ago. Ribot's study of the diseases of the memory and the diseases of the will have thrown light on general laws of action, but have said nothing as to physical constitution.

The intelligence of living matter is the elusive mystery before which science ever drops its hands. The fact is that a man's brain knows far more than the man does. It does automatically and intelligently a thousand things far beyond his own power and knowledge. His heart beats, his nerves conduct, his brain acts and his whole bodily economy is carried on without his volition and assistance. He eats and breathes because he cannot help eating and breathing. He has a certain power to injure the marvelous machine under his control, and in the pursuit of pleasure he usually injures it as greatly as the social laws and his own ignorance permit. The tenant for a life of a structure whose instincts will always be far more knowing than his intelligence, his study can only grope after a knowledge of how the brain acts without hope of every knowing why. But scientist or layman, this question of the how is ever one of profound interest, and from the discovery of air and respiration to the discovery of the circulation of the blood, and from that point to Sir Joseph Lister's antiseptic surgery, these surface diggings in the search for the deep-lying truth have been of measureless value to all men, and of incalculable influence upon the development of society.

To form an idea of the chief point developed by Dr. Cajal's researches, let the reader turn his eyes suddenly from this page and throw them upon some object. Suppose that his glance falls upon a closed book, say of dark green binding, lettered in gold. In an instant he has combined many thoughts—"book," "dark green," a specialization of his general idea of color; "letters," subdivision of his general idea of the alphabet and words, and "gold," a specialization of his general idea of metal. With the quickness of an electric flash four ideas have combined in his consciousness. According to the theory of Dr. Cajal these ideas did not come together, but in regular order, though the difference in time between their respective arrivals in consciousness were so minute as to be imperceptible. Now the exact point of their respective combination the scientist does not venture to suggest, any more than he assumes to theorize how we became conscious of the combination. He deals only with the machinery of this process, viewed and discussed from the standpoint of vital and electrical machinery as far as we understand vital and electrical machinery. Carrying the familiar process further, in a moment more the reader's mind has branched off from the book to a long train of ideas past, present or future, all coming into his consciousness without cessation, without confusion, and without any perceptible time in their passage.

He reads the title, thinks whether he has read the book or not; recalls or does not recall its contents, its characters or any of them; recalls his impressions of the author, thinks of another book which looked like it, or

had a title like it, which he read as a child in a garret twenty years ago; goes back to the garret, goes out of the garret into childhood again and is, in a moment, reviewing a phase of his life that he has not thought of for twenty years, but which instantly comes back to him, clearly cut, fully colored, perfect in all details, exactly preserved with its infinitude of minute elements in the mysterious storehouse of infinite facts located in the living matter behind his eyes. No two readers starting with a glance at the book will have the same train of thought. Every reader, however, will have some train of this kind which may flash to the past, sweep the present or dart into the future—by combination of stored facts in speculative groupings—as the case may be. This wonderful combining process is the first and most impressive quality of brain action, and the chief interest in Dr. Cajal's lecture lies in the description of the special machinery upon which this action depends.

He finds in the coat of gray matter, which in many convolutions covers the entire cerebrum, three distinct layers of cells. The whole thickness of the gray matter, which is the unquestioned seat of these processes, is only a quarter of an inch, and the middle layer of the three is so much thicker than the other two that other observers have divided it into three and even four layers. As its peculiar cells are all of the same character, however, though of different sizes, Dr. Cajal makes only one layer of these pyramidal cells, which are beyond any doubt the actual sphere of the operations which constitute the highest form of thought. Everything that may occur throughout the body is telegraphed at the same time to the brain, to this outer layer, and consequently to the pyramidal thought cells. All the bodily labor is beautifully and harmoniously carried on by the various departments. But, as in all other well-organized establishments, every item of action is automatically telegraphed instantly to headquarters, reported to the pyramidal seat of consciousness, and thus forms part of the comparatively mechanical cell process which we call thought.

The whole constructive scheme seems to be the aim of placing every microscopic cell of the pyramidal layer in immediate contact with every other cell and every other organ of brain or body. And to this end it has constructed itself with an ingenuity which the word infinite can alone express. That all brain cells are electrical generators to an extent is undoubted, though some of them have special transmitting or special electric functions. He finds that in all centres whence an excitatory impulse, a sending of a message, is known to come, that the cells are polarized, the nervous impulse uniformly entering by way of the protoplasmic extension, and being sent out latterly by an axis cylinder which transmits it to new protoplasmic apparatus and other cells. And in this way, throughout the whole field of the thought centre, the millions of cells are, roughly speaking, minute batteries receiving impulses and combining them and sending off new impulses to either traverse the field of thought in new combinations, forming new ideas, or to sweep over the field of muscular activity to express in action the volitional result of the thought process. His idea of the cerebral gray matter is, in fact, best conveyed by the metaphor which he uses. He compares it to a garden filled with wonderful and diverse growths, in which the plants, the foliage

overhead and the roots below are so interwoven and intertangled as to form a solid living mass. The whole mass is made up of minute electrical conductors, and through the electrical garden an impulse from without or one generated from within flashes through part or all the extent of the garden, so that any special excitation of any one part instantly becomes a general excitation throughout its entire extent, a fact of which all the parts are equally conscious.

In an address, the new facts of which are fruitful of new suggestions and, perhaps, of new theories, the most interesting vista of possibilities opened up is the bearing of Dr. Cajal's microscopic study of the optic nerve upon the mysterious process called memory. What memory is and how it is carried on nobody has yet remotely suggested. All the late advances in the knowledge of the phenomena of sound and of light will ultimately assist the solution of the problem, but they have thrown no clear light upon it as yet. Dr. Cajal has discovered in the optic nerve a certain apparatus whose only use and object can be to enable the brain or thought centres to excite the retina of the eye from within. Ordinary sight depends upon the excitation of the retina from without by light coming from objects. It appears now, however, that the retina can also be excited from within. This, indeed, bears out a fact of common knowledge, as we often see with our eyes shut, see in our dreams, and in trying to remember the appearance of an object in the past close our eyes and strain them in the effort to recall it to our vision. The machinery by which this is carried on is a system of centrifugal nerves lying within the optic nerve and running, not from the eye to the brain, but from the brain to the eye. They play no part in the phenomenon of sight, as it takes place from without; form no part of the electrical apparatus of external vision, as it is fairly well understood. Their construction shows clearly that they carry electrical impulses from the optic centres to the retina, and they end in spongy terminations at the back of the retina. While, according to Dr. Cajal, their significance is obscure, they leave no doubt that the special organ of sight can be excited in two ways—from within as well as from without.

The special importance of this is the light which it may throw upon the actual seat of memory. Memory has been supposed to be located, in all its complexity, in the two cerebral lobes of the brain. It appears to be possible and probable, however, that the power of remembering the appearance of any past object lies principally in the retina, and not in the brain; that, in response to an impulse from the pyramidal cells of the cerebrum, the retina as readily creates or reproduces an image of yesterday as it reproduces and transmits one of to-day. If this be as true as it appears to be, and if seeing an object again depends upon a re-creation of its image by the retina, there is no doubt that hearing a sound again depends upon a re-creation of the vibration in the ear. In the aural apparatus, therefore, similar centrifugal nerves conducting from within to without will be looked for, and this study has already begun. Analogy indicates that the organs of taste, smell and touch will be found similarly equipped, and that retasting, resmelling and retouching, as we often do in memory and in dreams, consists of an actual duplication of the original process; that any experience we may go through, and the act of remembering that ex-

perience, are similar mechanical processes employing precisely the same machinery; in other words, that the actual seat of memory is not the brain by itself, but the whole nervous system of the body.

Any reader who happens to be interested in memory can develop for himself the outlines of this fact by simple analysis. As "thought" is the combination in the brain of any number of special "thoughts," so "memory" is the re-creation of any number of special "memories." Suppose that the memory under consideration is that of a dancing party which the reader attended some years ago. This memory will be found to be entirely made up of special memories, visual, aural, motor, including all his muscular actions on the occasion, and others comprising all his sensations during the evening. A large part of it will be made up of words alone. Words are just as important to the action of memory as they are to the action of thought. To remember what we did on a special occasion we say it over to ourselves, or say it aloud. Whether we employ the organs of articulation mutely from within or sufficiently to create sound, thereby uttering the words aloud, our memory of past actions depends upon our ability to describe them in words—a fact clearly established by the power of memory in savage tribes, which varies directly with the copiousness of their vocabularies. The general illustration of this peculiar fact, that memory is located, generally speaking, all over the body, and the way in which "memory" is made up of "memories" is thus open to any one, and the researches of Dr. Cajal and his colleagues upon these re-arousing memory nerves will be looked forward to with great interest. Other corollaries from Dr. Cajal's facts are numerous and profoundly interesting. We cannot increase the number of cells in our brains. They are determined by inheritance. Study or the exercise of the mind can, however, increase the cell ramifications and develop the general "connectedness" of the cells.

The New Sciences and their Significance

PROFESSOR A. E. DOLBEAR.....TO-DAY

In one sense it may be said that science is developed knowledge and that knowledge in some degree has been possessed by mankind always, and hence what we call science to-day is but an extension of the knowledge of our ancestors. In another sense such a view is far from being correct, for it leaves the impression that what we have added during the past generation or two has been only an addition of substance, whereas it has been an addition in both substance and in character. When the hairy caterpillar, feeding on leaves, is transformed into a butterfly, feeding on honey, we can easily see that something more than mere growth has happened, and something similar has happened in the growth of knowledge and the interpretations we put upon our experiences. This is felt to be so different in character in many fields that it has been found needful to distinguish between the old and the new in the making of books.

The discovery of what is called the conservation of energy, which has banished forces of all sorts from the realm of physics, and shows that all kinds of phenomena are due to exchanges of motion between masses of matter big or little, made it needful to rewrite the whole subject of physics. The different departments of it, such as mechanics, heat, light, were formerly considered

as distinct sciences, which could be individually treated without necessary reference to others. Now such treatment is seen to be radically wrong, the terms used being only convenient expressions to distinguish between conditions, not things. For instance, when it is said that heat is a mode of motion, we mean that matter may have a variety of motions, translatory, rotary, vibratory, and so on, and that heat is one of these. The flight of a bullet is likewise a mode of motion, and the spinning of a top is another mode of motion. We also find that what a given body will do depends upon what kind of motion it has. Phenomena due to translatory motions we call mechanical, those due to vibrations among molecules we call heat, and phenomena due to rotations among molecules we call electrical, and as these different kinds of motions are transformable into each other, it happens that the translatory motion of a bullet can be changed into the heat motion on striking a target. There have been no forces, only forms of motion. Exchanges of motion between matter and the ether give rise to ether waves which are called light waves, provided they fall upon the eye, for there the effect is vision. If they had chanced to fall anywhere else the effect would have been to heat the body, so we know that there is no difference between a heat wave and a light wave, and also that what we call light is a physiological phenomenon, and has no existence apart from eyes. This discovery is likely to discharge the subject light from textbooks. Thus all through physics the changes are so great, and the fundamental conceptions so different, that it is quite proper to call the physics of this generation the new physics.

More than twenty years ago the development of chemistry had rendered the older conceptions misleading and they had to be abandoned. The science was seen to be founded on the laws of energy, and the notions of chemical force and chemical affinity have gone. Dewar and Pictet have lately shown that at low temperatures there is no chemical affinity, which is the same as saying that chemical action depends upon heat. This does not mean that the composition of, say, water has been found to be something different from oxygen and hydrogen, as has long been believed, but it does mean that the explanation of its properties is to be found in the motions of its parts, and this leads to the new chemistry. Astronomy is reckoned to be an old science. It was concerned with the magnitudes, distances, and motions of the various heavenly bodies. Early astronomers observed and recorded such as could be seen with the unaided eye. Later ones used telescopes, and made more accurate determination and discovered many such bodies unknown before. Since 1859 a new instrument has been turned to the sky and the spectroscope reveals the kind of matter the stars are made of, tells their conditions, as to whether they are composed of solids, liquids, or gases, whether they be moving this way or that, and photography has revealed the existence of many bodies which the eye has never seen and the telescope can never show. This new astronomical knowledge has been more than an extension of the old. We might have this new with almost none of the old, and it has led to the making of treatises called *The New Astronomy*, and it has given the strongest corroboration to the views held by some before as to the history of the solar system itself, namely, that it was in its early days a gaseous mass, scattered through

an immense space, and has come to its present form and condition through the action of gravity.

Every one knows how differently the facts of vegetable and animal life are interpreted now from the way they were before Mr. Darwin's work was published in 1859, and how later observers have been pushing their researches into the phenomena of life among microscopic forms, especially in the study of embryology, with the result of showing that the older views are quite incompatible with the new knowledge, and compelling all to adopt the view that the whole animal kingdom to-day, including man himself, are the descendants of far-off animal ancestors, and that these in turn were derived by descent from the simplest microscopic living things. Such science as that, if it be science, is plainly not an extension of natural history science as it was before Darwin. It is fundamentally different, with nothing in common. Again, the same investigators teach that all biological questions are ultimately physical and chemical questions, that vital force has no existence. It is plain that, true or not, it is new, and if it be true then there was no science of biology before Darwin, and it is proper to speak of biology as a new science.

Then, again, there has been what has been called mental science or psychology for generations. Its data were states of consciousness and its method introspection. Now, there has been a different kind of psychology developed, based on nerve action. Many of the so-called faculties have been localized, and a skillful surgeon knows from local symptoms what part of the nervous system is impaired, whether it be of brain or trunk, and can open the skull at the proper place to mend the diseased part. The conditions for thinking, acting, forming of judgments, memories, and so on, are all investigated from a physiological standpoint, and departments of such physiological psychology have been established in all the larger institutions of learning in Europe and America. The representatives of this new science are nearly a unit in declaring that the old psychology was altogether a visionary scheme and has no basis in fact, and that all, or nearly all, the conclusions drawn as to the mind and its mode of operation were wrong, oftentimes the very reverse of the fact. For instance, it was once held that a person laughed because he was pleased, that he wept because he was grieved, that he ran because he was frightened, and so on—each explanation assuming a state of mind as the antecedent of the action. All that has been changed, and now we are told that we are pleased because we laugh, that we grieve because we weep, that we are frightened because we run. We are told that these statements can be substantiated, in which case it is plain that we have a new psychology in the same sense that we have a new physics and a new biology. The trend of all investigation assures this.

The significance of all these new sciences lies in the fact that all of our institutions, educational systems, jurisprudence, penology, morals, religion and sociological affairs and notions of all sorts on all of them are founded upon the older views of nature and of mind. One long familiar with the old system of education, in which it was thought to be a virtue that a child should learn to be still, cannot but be startled on being told that to keep a child still is to stop it from thinking, that motion is essential to thought. Also that there are many kinds of memories that have no relation to each

other, so that one might study geometry, but his memory of it would not be helpful in the study of language or of other things, and that in general memory is no indication of intellectual advancement, that it improves with age rather than with effort. That what is called discipline is more often disastrous than helpful to the young, and that the first business of education is to be interesting. These, and plenty more, all implying that our present educational ideas and practices are all awry. Nature does all, and nurture nothing. There are many comforting and stimulating thoughts for the individual in the revelations of modern psychology as applied to training and building up the mind of youth to know itself and to realize its possibilities.

In legal matters, statutes are based largely upon what mankind has considered to be right, and each nation has had its own notions and practice. Compare the laws of Russia and China with those of the United States, and it will be seen that what is considered to be right depends upon what country one happens to be in. Penology has for its general implication the reformation of the transgressor of the law. All sorts of punishments, even to death, have been practiced in all historic time, yet it remains to be shown that punishment of any sort ever reforms one; and in general, the more severe the punishments for any misdemeanor, the greater the number of delinquents. This is true for schools of all grades, and for society as well, so the experience shows that punishments do not have the deterrent effect they are held in theory to have. If men have been as far wrong in their ideas and practice as these new sciences of biology and psychology seem to show them to have been, one might fairly infer that from failure to understand their own history and natures they had framed laws and meted out penalties in no way adapted to man as he is, and our present laws for both need extensive modifications. In religious matters, a very large part of both faith and practice in established institutions is founded upon ideas of the origin of man, of his original uprightness, of the origin of evil, and so on, which, if biology is to be believed, are the very opposite of the truth. If the early history of man was nothing like what it has been supposed to be, then the foundation of much which has been held to be religious truth, as we hold it to-day, is gone.

Sociology, too, in its large sense as the science of living together in such a way as that every one can get a maximum of comfort with the minimum of effort, needs to have its methods and ideals profoundly modified to bring them to accord in any degree with the past history of man; that is, before there will be any race improvement in society the motives of selfish action must change, and it has not been shown that legal enactments to thwart selfishness ever make any one less selfish, but generally more so, and no gain whatever is made. Each generation has had to do the same work as its predecessor. Is it not barely possible that what nature aims at in maintaining mankind upon the earth is something very different from what we idealize in social science? All this, and more, we get from a consideration of such science as is now with the present generation. Some of it is settled beyond a peradventure; some of it is highly probable; some of it we get by interpreting the past and the future on the same grounds we interpret the present, and altogether the lessons of science are not the ones our fathers thought.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

The Scientist's Belief in God

MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.....NEW SCIENCE REVIEW

Raoul Pictet, the learned Swiss physicist whose researches in low temperature—in the very domain of sympathetic vibratory physics—have brought him out of the “impenetrable cloud,” in which materialistic science has wrapped the mysteries of nature, into the light of religious science, after listening to “a wholesale” condemnation of scientific research from a Roman Catholic bishop, said to him, “Have you ever seen God?” “Of course not,” the bishop answered. “Then I have this advantage as a researcher of truth over theologians,” replied Professor Pictet, “for the longer I study the phenomena of nature, the more distinctly I see God in all of nature’s operations.”

When Edison was asked, “Do you believe in a personal God?” “Certainly,” he answered. “The existence of God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry.” “The reason for scepticism and unbelievers is not to be wondered at,” writes Thornton, “when men interested in scientific research find no evidence, from their experiments, of the presence of God in the Universe. How could this be otherwise? God has to man but a subjective existence, which could never be reached by any known mode of experiments. Therefore man must get outside of himself, which means that he must ‘die,’ to know God and the reality of things.”

Have We a Life Immortal?

CARDINAL GIBBONS.....THE PITTSBURG LEADER

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

The knowledge of one’s self, the history of others who have passed away, and faith in God, compel the belief in the immortality of the soul. Within one hundred years, nearly all who walk the earth will have bid farewell to the scenes of life, and their bodies will be a forgotten and insignificant portion of this earth upon which they tread. Though no fact is more evident than death, though nothing is more certain than death, though nothing is more certain to the learned and unlearned alike, yet there is in all the millions who now inhabit the earth a something that reaches beyond the grave, a something that peers through the portals of death, a something which says: “I shall not, I must not die.” Besides the body, which will soon be consigned to the grave, there is a principle by which we live, and move, and have our being. This principle we call the soul. This soul has intellectual conceptions and operations of reason and judgment. Our minds grasp what the senses cannot reach. We think of God, and of His attributes; we perceive mentally the connections existing between premises and conclusions; we know the difference between good and evil. This consciousness is inexplicable of being.

All nations, ancient and modern, whether professing the true or a false religion, have believed in the immortality of the soul, how much soever they may have differed as to the nature of future rewards and punishments, or the mode of future existence. Such was the

faith of ancient Greece and Rome, as we learn from the writings of Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. Belief in the soul’s immortality was held by the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Persians, and other nations of Asia. Grotius testifies that faith in a future life likewise existed among the Germans, Gauls, Britons, and other tribes of Europe. The Indians of North and South America looked forward to the happy hunting grounds reserved in after life for the brave. This belief in a future life was not confined to the uncultivated masses. It was taught by the most eminent writers and philosophers among the enlightened and polished nations of antiquity. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, guided by the light of reason only, proclaimed their belief in the soul’s immortality. “This belief which we hold,” says Plutarch, “is so old that we cannot trace its author or its origin, and it dates back to the most remote antiquity. Even idolatry implied a recognition of the soul’s immortality, for how could men pay honor to departed heroes, if they believed that death is the end of man’s existence?”

Belief in the soul’s immortality follows necessarily from a belief in an all-wise God. God, who created nothing without a purpose, has given us a desire to know, and a longing to be happy. Man’s intellect is not confined to the narrow limits of the body. It reaches to the unexplored depths of the sea; it wings its flight to the heavenly orbs; it enters into the most subtle substances, penetrates the matter that composes them and separates their elements; it dissects its own thoughts; while the carnal body can at best but serve as an unwieldy pivot, upon which this time-defying principle depends. Yet when analysis and calculation have exhausted their powers, the intellect of man still finds itself balked by unsolvable problems. Can it be that this intellect, so superior to the body of man, will perish forever, with its capacity for knowing still unsatisfied? Why this insatiable desire for happiness? Is it in vain? Yet ask any one of the millions who now live: Was there ever a time in your life when the cup of bliss was filled, was there ever a moment when you had all you desired and feared not its loss? Not one could answer yes, for death would say, with a hollow, mocking laugh: Thou fool, I come. Ask the miser who loves his wealth: Have you enough? His answer, accented by his thin, meager form, will be: More, still more. Ask the ambitious man, who loves himself: Are you satisfied? His answer will be: Higher, still higher. Ask the sensual man: Did you find happiness in the gratification of your appetites? He will answer: “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” Ask the father or husband as he stands at the grave of his beloved. He will answer: We shall meet again.

God has given us a desire for perfect felicity, which He intends to be one day fully gratified, and if this felicity cannot be found, as we have seen, in the present life, it must be reserved for the time to come. And as no intelligent being can be contented with any happiness that is finite in duration, we must conclude that it will be eternal, and that consequently the soul is immortal. Life that is not immortal is not worth living. “If a life of happiness,” says Cicero, “is destined to end, it cannot be called a happy life.”

It must be so, Plato, thou reason'st well,
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter
 And intimates eternity to man.

God is all-good and all-just. Yet, if death end all, how can we reconcile our experience of the world with God's goodness and justice? If death be the end of all, where would be the reward of virtue, the punishment of evil? Vice that ridicules, and virtue that suffers, are they to receive the same reward? The honest man and the thief, made equal by death? The innocent maiden, seduced and betrayed, to have the same destiny as the selfish villain who laughs at her downfall? St. Vincent de Paul, who renounced the pleasures of domestic life to rescue the fatherless waifs of the street, and the vicious wretch who sent these innocent orphans of untitled fatherhood into a cheerless world, both to be treated alike by death? If death end all, why restrain the inclinations of our vicious appetites? If the soul be not immortal, why should we not say with Cæsar, "Virtue, thou art but an empty word."

Society, with its laws, is only a tyrant, patriotism an insane sentiment, if the soul is annihilated by the hand of death. The soldier is ordered to a post of danger. If he leave it, he saves his life, but at the command of duty he remains and dies. Where is his reward? The honors that are paid to his memory? What benefit to him if his undaunted soul has ceased to exist? To sacrifice one's self for the public good is noble, generous and sublime; but if everything were to end with death, such a sacrifice would be insanity, for the soldier sacrifices, gratuitously throws away, a something which, if death end all, is of incalculable value to him—his life. Destroy the belief in the soul's immortality, and there will no longer exist a sufficient motive for heroic patriotism. Eradicate this belief, and the world becomes the theatre of anarchy and crime. Remember the result of the experiment when tried by France. Figuière, the materialist, hesitated not to say: "It was not petroleum, but materialism, that destroyed the monuments of France." Destroy this belief, and duty becomes but a "rope of sand." Religion, virtue, civilization and liberty are parts of the same chain, linked together by a belief in the immortality of the soul. Break this necessary connection, and the whole chain will go.

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
 Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
 The soul can comfort, elevate and fill.

The Human Element in the Bible

REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM.....NEW WORLD QUARTERLY

The Bible was written by men, tells the experience of men, and embodies the ideas of men whom God inspired, not to dissociate them from the world, but to make them the agents through whom He might disclose himself to the race according to its variable and growing capacity to apprehend Him as the source and law and goal of its life. But the revelation which comes through the Bible is not by any means confined to the thoughts and experiences and communications of the writers alone; it comes also through the experience—the ideas,

the struggles, the aspirations, the achievements, the virtues and the vices of peoples. Why is it that the Bible is nine-tenths history or the record of experience? Because it is through the actual life of men and preëminently through the actual life of the marvelous Hebrew people that God is revealed. A purely didactic revelation would be worthless. It must be dramatic; it must be experimental; it must show the divine life working in humanity, and inspiring and guiding it through its slow unfolding toward the realization of the kingdom of God. The practical denial of the human element in the Bible raises difficulties to the candid and not exceptionally credulous reader, that often make him turn away in despair of arriving at any satisfactory solution, if not in weariness and disgust. To reasonably study the Bible is a thoroughly intelligible book just because it is so truly human; and, being human, it has the inexhaustible interest of human experience with respect to the deeper problems and aspirations and needs of the moral and spiritual life. How the tragic story of human sin and suffering, and love and hate, and passion and endurance, and wisdom and folly, and victory and defeat, unfolds itself in these naïve and dramatic narratives! As it is the human element in Jesus Christ, the son of Mary and the prophet of Nazareth, that makes Him intelligible and for ever interesting to us, so it is the pervasive, genuine, unmistakable human element in the whole Bible that makes it intelligible and gives it perennial interest.

The Beliefs of Unbelief

LIFE DEMANDS FAITH....E. P. DAY....GREAT THOUGHTS

Life without belief is impossible. Delicate, subtle, undefined it must permeate the life of the individual even while he boasts his independence. Examine carefully the living of any man, his thoughts, his acts, his hopes, his fears, and you will feel the presence of a great unifying impulse that weaves the random threads into a complete texture. It is a belief in some one, some thing, some finality. It is like that magic attraction of the needle to the pole, that forces the activities to a fixed direction. Man may think it idle, vagrant, casual, accidental, but basically a belief underlies all. It is a mistake to suppose an unbeliever has no belief. Examine the unbeliever's tenets, and it will be found that the creed of those who have no creed is somewhat as follows: I believe there is but one God; I believe there are many gods; I believe there is no God. I believe not in creation; I believe in evolution; the world was not created; it was created by chance; it was created by a concourse of atoms; it always existed; it created itself. I believe man has no soul; man is a beast; a beast has a soul; the soul dies with the body; everything dies; nothing dies; death is a blessing; death is an evil. I believe not in religion; natural religion is the only true religion; all religion is unnatural. I believe not in revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in mythology; I believe in spirit-rappings. I believe not in Moses, Isaiah, or Christ; I believe in Osiris, Menu, Krishna, Ormusd, Buddha, Zeus, Jupiter; also in Zoroaster, Sanchoniathon, Confucius, Pythagoras, Mahomet, Swedenborg, Joanna Southcote, and Joseph Smith. I believe not in the Bible; I believe in the Shaster, the Vedas, Talmud, Zend-Avesta, Koran, Age of Reason, Davis's Revelations, and the Book of Mormon. In short, I am orthodox in every kind of heterodoxy, and a firm believer in all unbelief.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

At a Game of Living Whist

SOCIETY'S NEW RECREATION....BOSTON HERALD

The game of living whist bids fair to be as popular this summer for an evening entertainment on the lawn, as open-air performances of plays have been for two or three years past. The plan is this: The cards are represented by young men and women who are dressed in appropriate costumes, and whose suit and value are clearly indicated. There must, of course, be fifty-two cards, half men and women, four persons to play the hands, and a page, or herald, for each player. The guests are seated about three sides of a large space on the lawn, and from the fourth side come the cards. They wander in and out in fantastic march, with no rule, in mazes of dainty costumes and gleaming colors, making a charming sight. This is the shuffle. Then the dealer points each one to his or her place as they pass him by in indiscriminate disorder. The hand should have been played over and a record of plays made beforehand, and each card should know to which hand he or she belongs, so there may be no real confusion. They are thus arranged in the four hands on the open side of the square, with the player of each hand standing before his men. The leader holds his list in his hand and calls out what card he will lead—the king of spades, perhaps. The small herald blows his trumpet, and leads out the king, and each of the other cards follow him in like state, led by the herald from his own hand, till the four meet in the hollow square below the spectators, and the pages retire. The four in the centre then dance a little figure, something adapted from the minuet, quadrille, lancers or any fancy dance. The three conquered cards then bow low to the winner, who leads them off to make way for the next trick, and so on—each time the little dance, and the stately march and the fanfare of trumpets. This goes on until the hand is all played, when the winners of the game stand up together and the whole procession files by, bowing as they pass, and on to the open lawn again, where they go through the marches and countermarches, the four small heralds ahead.

So much for the general order of the performance. As to details, there are many to be considered. The first is as to the arrangements of the sexes in the distribution of the cards. Of course, the aces should be the four handsomest young women to be found, the king and knave should be men—the kings tall and the knaves of medium heights—and the queen a woman. As to the rest of the performers, one way is to make all the black cards young men and the red ones young girls. The matter of costumes, too, is important. They may be very simple, or, again, as elaborate as one desires. The aces should be entirely gowned in white with a large red or black figure to indicate the suit to which she belongs on the front of each one's skirt, or on a sash across the breast. The kings and queens should appear in some attempt at a court dress, how elaborate to be settled by the means at one's disposal.

In a case where the strictest economy is desired, all the young girls performing, except, of course, the honor cards, may dress in simple white gowns from their own wardrobe, and merely wear a broad white sash across the shoulder. On the other hand, when the question of

expense is not so important, the liveliest fancy may have full sway, and many charming costumes may be devised to add to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene; the four aces in white gowns, with no decoration, except, perhaps, a gold or silver border, the queens in royal robes and ermine and crowns, the kings in equally gorgeous raiment, bearing sceptres, and the knaves as knights or court gentlemen.

All of the ordinary cards may wear court dress, but of much simpler pattern than those worn by the honor cards, always taking care that some uniformity shall run through each suit of cards. A pretty idea, in an elaborately costumed affair, would be to represent as far as possible in each suit—hearts, clubs, spades or diamonds—the dress of some special historical period. For instance, all of the clubs might be in early English dress, knights in the armor of crusaders, and ladies with their tall pointed caps and flowing veils. The hearts would do well as beaux and belles of the Louis Quinze period, when all was frivolity and flirtation, powder and patches; the diamonds in empire or Napoleonic costumes, and the spades, perhaps, old Greek or Roman, or, if something more modern is preferred, in Russian dress, which is always picturesque. The suit spots on scarfs and dresses should be as large as possible, that the audience at a little distance may recognize the value of a card at once. There should be soft music to play during the march and the dancing, and the turf where the performance takes place should be very smooth and even for the dancers.

Hippopotamus Hunting in Africa

ABOU DO'S BRAVERY....YOUTH'S COMPANION

An African explorer went out one morning on a hippopotamus hunt, accompanied by some of his followers, one of them being an Arab patriarch of three-score years and ten. The old man, who had divested himself of almost all of the little apparel that was customary among his people, stepped as lightly as a goat from rock to rock along the rough margin of the river. When they had walked about two miles they discovered a herd of hippopotami in a pool below a rapid. Our old Neptune did not condescend to bestow the slightest attention when I pointed out these animals, says the explorer. They were too wide-awake. But he immediately quitted the river's bed, and we followed him quietly behind the fringe of bushes upon the border, from which we carefully examined the water.

About half a mile below this spot, as we clambered over the intervening rocks through a gorge which formed a powerful rapid, I observed, in a small pool just below the rapid, the immense head of a hippopotamus close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the river, about six feet above the surface. I pointed out the hippopotamus to old Abou Do, who had not seen it. At once the gravity of the old Arab disappeared, and the energy of the hunter was exhibited as he motioned us to remain, while he ran nimbly behind the thick screen of bushes for about a hundred and fifty yards below the spot where the hippopotamus was unconsciously basking, with his ugly head above the surface.

Plunging into the rapid torrent, the veteran hunter was carried some distance down the stream, and landed upon the rocks on the opposite side. Then, retiring to some distance from the river, he quickly advanced toward the spot beneath which the hippopotamus was lying. I had a fine view of the scene, as I lay concealed exactly opposite the creature, who had disappeared beneath the water. Abou Do stealthily approached the ledge of rock beneath which he had expected to see the head of the animal. His long, sinewy arm was raised, with the spear ready to strike, as he carefully advanced. At length he reached the end of the perpendicular rock; the hippopotamus had vanished, but far from exhibiting surprise, the old Arab remained standing on the sharp ledge, unchanged in attitude.

No figure of bronze could have been more rigid than that of the old river king, as he stood erect upon the rock with the left foot advanced, and the spear poised in his right hand above his head, while in the left he held the loose coils of rope attached to the ambatch buoy. For about three minutes he stood like a statue gazing into the clear, deep water. Its surface was still smooth, when suddenly the right arm of the statue descended like lightning, and the spear shot perpendicularly into the pool with the speed of an arrow. What river-fiend answered to the summons? In an instant an enormous pair of open jaws appeared, followed by the ungainly head and form of the furious hippopotamus, who, springing half out of the water, lashed it into foam, and charged straight up the violent rapids.

I never could have imagined that so unwieldy an animal could show such speed. It was fortunate for our old Neptune that he was secure upon the high ledge of rocks, for if he had been in the path of the infuriated beast, there would have been an end of Abou Do. The old man plunged into the deep pool just quitted by the hippopotamus, and landed upon our side; while in the enthusiasm of the moment I waved my cap above my head, and gave him a British cheer as he reached the shore.

Electric Light in the Jungle

SCIENCE AIDING THE SPORTSMAN.....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Although India traces its civilization back to the earliest time, and may be looked upon as the cradle of nations, to the European it represents the paradise of travellers. The ambition of many of those who visit India for pleasure is to taste the excitement of the chase after the wild game of the jungle. One of the most common methods of shooting is that by night, when a blue light is opportunely burned to give the sportsman an opportunity to take aim at a tiger which has been attracted to the spot by some form of bait, the sportsman being located above in a machan, or some other point of vantage. A correspondent in Calcutta, however, has employed a different and more advanced method of securing his prey, having resorted to the use of electricity to reach the desired result. He describes what he has accomplished as follows:

"I do a good deal of shooting, off and on, in the Sunderbunds, and other parts of India, principally tiger. As the jungles are very thick, the only way is to sit up at night in a machan or platform over a cow, or over an animal he has killed. At present I use a battery of six large cells, filled with sal ammoniac. It is very heavy and cumbersome, and the light only a five candle-power

lamp. From the box containing the cells I have a line of wire (double, of course), say, thirty to forty feet long, slipped on each end of the box by butterfly-nuts; the lamp is tied to a branch of a tree immediately over, say twenty feet high, the bait being at the other end.

"At about two yards from the battery there is a connection, I think, called a male switch. A short line of wire, about three or four feet long, makes the connection to the fore end of my rifle; at one end of this short length is a female switch to fit on above the male one, and at the other end two small rings are made of the wires. These rings are fastened by two big-headed screws to the bed of the connection. On hearing the tiger at the kill, I aim as nearly in the direction as I can; then a slight pressure of the thumb makes the electric connection, and the light opens right over the tiger. As the tiger is not in the habit of looking up, it is a second or two before he can make out where the sudden light has come from, and by that time he has a shell well into his ribs, and further proceedings interest him no more."

The difficulty with the system, however, was the great weight and size of the battery used, and the light was too feeble. Our sportsman is now fitting himself out with the Capro-farad battery, which may be carried in the belt like cartridges. It is estimated that thirty of these batteries, carried in this way, would be sufficient to provide a sixteen candle-power light, which would burn a sufficiently long time for the purpose of shooting. It would seem as if such a system might also be adapted for big-game shooting in the Rockies, where night hunting for the wily grizzly is also resorted to on much the same plan as that employed in the far East. The electric light thus employed would almost revolutionize hunting. Its appeal to the romantic would be strong in the white glare in the dim silences of the forest.

Marvels of Blindfold Chess

A TAX ON IMAGING....LONDON TELEGRAPH

Blindfold chess-play usually consists of a remarkable feat of memory, in which one player without sight of board and men conducts one or more games against opponents who play with both board and men. A blindfold exhibition, however, took place recently at the Bohemian Chess Club, London, which constitutes a most original departure from the ordinary mode of procedure. Two blindfold players—Mr. A. Curnock and Mr. T. Laurence—carried on six games against each other, all at the same time, without sight of board and men; that is to say, entirely by effort of memory. They began at 6 P. M., each player having the move in three of the contests, and sat side by side, with their faces turned towards the blank wall; while in another corner of the clubroom the members, for their own amusement, followed the games on six boards. Mr. Curnock, winning the toss, called out the first move in game No. 1. Mr. Laurence replied; then a move was called on board No. 2, and so on. After the first move and reply had been made in all the six games the players proceeded to the second move, beginning again at game No. 1. This continued for five hours, the fifteenth move being reached at each board, showing that the rate of play was thirty-six moves per hour in each game. Play was of the highest order, and victory fell to Mr. Laurence, who won two games by brilliant combination. The remaining four games were drawn for want of time to finish them.

MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

Marvels of Modern Surgery

MAN RECONSTRUCTING NATURE....NEW YORK WORLD

Provided that you can employ a skillful surgeon, you may have six inches of your jugular vein removed and live for years afterward without feeling the loss at all. A few persons have been thus distinguished and their lives have been saved as a consequence. The operation is exceedingly difficult and delicate. To the lay mind it seems impossible, but we are fast learning that the modern great surgeon does not include this word in his vocabulary. The jugular vein has had more glory than any other blood vessel. The most ignorant person knows its location and that to cut it means certain death. "I'll hit him on the jugular," is a common expression among prize-fighters and toughs. When a man gets hit on a jugular he usually goes down and becomes speechless for a minute or two, but the jugular is no more responsible for that than the big toe. There is a little shining cord—a nerve—just back of the jugular which controls speech and respiration. When a forceful blow is struck in the region of the jugular this nerve is paralyzed and what is technically known as a knock-out results.

The jugular is nearly an inch in diameter, and it will be readily understood how easily one can bleed to death if it is suddenly opened. It lies directly underneath the great muscle on the side of the neck which shows up so prominently in an athlete when he turns his head. Except in a very fleshy person, a cut of half an inch in depth will readily reach it. The removal of a piece of the jugular is justifiable in case of a large abscess, tumor, or growth of any kind on the neck or of inflammation of the walls of the vein and the tissue about it. The latter is very rare. Unlike the removal of the vermiform appendix, the removal of the jugular will never become a "fad." Seldom, indeed, is there any need of it. There are a great number of nerves in the region of the jugular. To cut one of them is serious. For instance, the nerve already mentioned, which lies next to the vein, controls the functions of speech and respiration. These nerves intersect each other like rivers, highways and railroads on a very small map. To cut out a piece of the jugular is somewhat like putting your pencil down on this map when you are blindfolded without touching a river, a highway or a railroad. But the surgeon knows the exact location of each little shining nerve, each little vein, from long study, and his scalpel is sharp and his touch is sure.

The flesh and tissue are cut away and the vein is lifted up clear of both, looking like a full hose when the water is turned on, while all the time the great muscle is held apart by forked steel hooks something like sugar tongs. A pair of clamps, shaped like blunt scissors, with rough surfaces, is fastened just above the point where the upper cut is to be made. Suddenly the tube collapses, just as the hose does when the water is turned off, for the output of blood from the brain has been shut off. A second pair of clamps is fastened just below where the cut is to be made. Next two strips of catgut or fine silk are tied tightly around just above the upper pair of clamps and just below the lower pair, and all that is left to do is to cut out the intervening piece.

The whole operation is performed by the skillful hands of two or three surgeons more quickly than it is told.

In three months' time, the catgut or the silk will have been assimilated into the system, a blood clot will have formed at the inlet of the vein at the base of the head, and what was once the walls of the vein will have become a useless tube, which will also be gradually assimilated, while tissue will form in its place. But how does the impure blood from the brain now find its way back to be purified? is the question that is naturally asked. Just here is where nature asserts her versatility, adaptability and resourcefulness. She makes the jugular on the other side of the neck and the numerous small veins do the work, and they do it so satisfactorily that the patient never knows the difference.

The first operation for the removal of the jugular was performed in India by an English surgeon, a Dr. Smith, on an East Indian, who had such a bad tumor on his neck that death was certain. To cut down and take out a piece of the famous old vein was simply a rash experiment in which Dr. Smith himself had very little confidence. As soon as the news of its success was distributed through the medical world the vein immediately lost some of its great prestige, and the tumor of the neck much of its horror. You may be sure that Dr. Smith did not tell the Indian what he was about to do, or the poor fellow would have probably died of fright on the spot, for the ignorant natives of India regard the jugular as the seat of all life. But the prestige of the jugular has received even a greater blow. A few weeks ago in a case of inflammation of both sides of the neck and the resulting disease of the walls of both jugulars and the tissue around them, of a patient in a British hospital, another rash experiment was attempted—the removal of both jugulars. It succeeded. The patient is upon his feet again and lively as he ever was, and to be slashed in the jugular has now no terrors for him. In this instance it is shown, of course, that the smaller veins will so enlarge their capacity that they can do the work of both jugulars—something that has even made the wizards of surgery rub their eyes and wonder.

Pathology of Morbid Emotion

THE MEDICAL VIEW OF GRIEF....NEW YORK LEDGER

We are all familiar with cases where travel, amusements, and constant rushing about from place to place have been recommended as curative agents for people who have sustained great shocks, or have had cause for deep and heartfelt sorrow. Medical science has demonstrated that violent and depressing emotions cause many serious physical ills, and that it is almost impossible to restore health until the causes are removed. Wild creatures that have mourned themselves to death when held in captivity have been carefully examined. Although their food was sufficient and of proper quality, and enough was consumed to sustain life under ordinary circumstances, the tissues were found to be in an unnatural condition, and all the organs had undergone degeneration similar to that brought about by ordinary infectious diseases.

Grief generates a poison in the system, and should be treated like many of the other ills of life brought

about through poisonous infections. The relations between mind and body are much closer in some persons than in others. This state of things is not confined to the higher orders of life, as death from grief or loneliness or captivity is not uncommon among creatures of all grades. It is supposed that the sudden and violent depression of spirits causes chemical changes that develop toxicants of great virulence, sufficient, indeed, to change the character of the tissues and cause degeneration in the blood and brain and spinal cord. It is believed by some excellent authorities that what is known as softening of the brain may originate in a longing for something that the patient is unable to secure. Science has wrought many changes that are little short of miraculous, but in no particular has it done a better work than when it proves that baffled ambition, disappointment and sorrow are real causes of physical ills. In olden times, nervousness and sorrow were things to be punished. Thank heaven we have lived past that period.

Epidemics From Other Worlds

DR. THOMAS S. BLAIR.....THE MEDICAL NEWS

That thousands of tons of meteoric matter and cosmic dust are annually precipitated upon the earth, and that the amount of such deposit is subject to great variation, are generally admitted. That much of this matter is permeated with life-germs has been announced by a few observers. Darwin described a shower of strange organisms, covering an area of over a million square miles, proving by its extent an origin probably beyond the limits of our atmosphere. In a fall of yellow snow at Peckeloh, Germany, Weber found myriads of germs. A most remarkable cosmic shower occurred in 1755 in Northern Italy. The precipitation embraced an area of about two hundred square leagues, and was an inch in depth at places, the Alps also being covered with a colored snow to a depth of nine feet. In October, 1846, a shower of microscopic organisms was observed in France, and over one hundred different forms were described of a character similar to that of no known species. Ehrenberg estimated that forty-five tons of organic germs fell in this shower. In 1803, Italy and all Southern Europe were visited by a similar shower, and ten years later Calabria was the scene of a like phenomenon. Palestine and also Western Kentucky have had such showers. It is hardly reasonable to infer that the immense amount of organic matter in such showers is all of terrestrial origin. Recent investigations have proved colored snows to be filled with organisms, and the polar snows are said to have yielded more than three hundred different life-forms. These organisms can hardly be produced in our atmosphere, millions of hundredweights of them, according to Dana, having fallen since the days of Homer, 'who first described them in the Iliad. I have given but a partial list of such phenomena, and am indebted to Professor I. N. Vail for some of the data presented.

It is regarded as proved that all terrestrial matter, except as influenced by igneous action, contains living germs. Matter is matter throughout the universe, and it requires no stretch of imagination to believe that bacteria exist upon other planetary bodies and in the cosmic clouds in interplanetary space. Countless myriads of the cosmic germs reaching us are dead, presumably because of the intense cold of space, but it is remarkable

how tenacious of life are some germs and spores of most bacteria. Certain varieties will thrive in ice. I have not the article at hand, but I remember reading detailed experiments made about 1889, that proved that the ordinary bacterium *terreus* could, in successive generations of its growth, be gradually subjected to greater and greater heat until germs were made to thrive in a temperature fatal to their ancestors. Some of these germs might live for a time and then die out. If they did, any disease they might engender would die with them.

In the Fourteenth Century the so-called "Black Plague" suddenly came upon the world and carried off nearly fifty million victims. It was apparently a specific germ-disease and spread much faster than the lines of commerce could carry it. It seemed to be everywhere, on sea and land. An old chronicle says: "The impure air was actually visible as it approached with its burden of death, and a dense and awful fog was seen in the heavens." On several occasions peculiar clouds have accompanied plagues. What caused the black plague, and why has it ceased from off the earth? On the theory that the plague was caused by cosmic germs, its widespread character is understood. Its cessations might be ascribed to the earth swinging out of range of the cosmic dust carrying the germs, which, not finding proper environment on the earth, ceased to multiply, and so became extinct. The old type of "spotted fever" could be accounted for on like grounds. It is almost unknown now, and much resembled the "black death" of 1366 and 1367, which is now an extinct disease. Between the years of 1861 and 1864 epidemic cerebrospinal meningitis largely prevailed as a practically new form of disease, and was widely spread and very fatal. The epidemic form of this disease has all but disappeared. Here, then, we have a group of epidemic affections coming unannounced and as quickly disappearing. Demonstrated theories do not fully account for this phenomenon.

Dangers of Straining the Eyes

CHAMBER PRENTICE.....THE EYE*

There seems to be little, if anything, left to discover concerning the laws of refraction in their application to defective vision. Helmholtz, Donders, Landolt, and many others seem to have solved nearly every problem in matters of refraction, and the application of glasses for correction of the same. Many ingenious methods have found their way into use for determining, both by objective and subjective examinations, the artificial aids to produce the most perfect vision. The acquisitions in this field are the result of many years of careful investigation, through all of which the tacit assumption has been that, when the eye was so corrected and the function of vision at once more easily and perfectly performed, all that could be desired had been accomplished. Here is exactly where the greatest error has existed; and it has lain so deeply hidden that it is not entirely strange that it has remained so long undiscovered. What misled us to the greatest extent was that, when the function of vision was perfectly performed, we rested in the belief that the eye was perfect; but it did not occur to us that some eyes might be using an excessive amount of nerve-impulse to bring about and sustain that perfect vision. Long years of effort are

* The Eye in its Relation to Health. McClurg.

made by defective eyes to perform the function of vision as perfectly as possible. When necessary, the nerve-centres innervate to their utmost power the various eye muscles, causing a change of shape in the crystalline lens, stretching muscles which were too short, and shortening muscles which were too long, to enable the eyes to look in the same direction. These conditions are continued, and more or less sustained, from day to day, through a period of many years. Thus, anatomical parts that were manifestly imperfect at birth, meet with changes in shape that become more or less established, so that it is impossible at once to discover and correct the same by fitting such glasses as produce the most perfect vision. Such a procedure is often incorrect, inasmuch as it stimulates the maintenance of abnormal conditions that, as soon as possible, ought to be discovered and corrected. When all the facts are carefully considered, we can readily see that we may have more or less firmly fixed conditions, which will only recede gradually and thus permit the eye slowly to assume a normal state.

In a slight measure, the discovery of the action of atropine, hyoscyamine, and similar drugs on the eye, has taught us that the first manifest conditions that present themselves to us in latent hypermetropia are not what they seem. For instance, a spasm in the ciliary muscle often hides a great measure of the defect, making the eye appear more perfect than it really is. Similar hiding power may exist in any of the other ocular muscles and deceive us as to their true conditions. It is for this reason that many people experience great and repeated trouble in their endeavors to have their vision properly corrected. They pass on and on from one professional man to another, receiving from each a correction that proves but temporary; and yet it is probable that each correction was made scientifically and fulfilled all needs that the eyes manifested at the time of each examination. Every oculist has had his troublesome cases of this kind. The reason why greater uniformity of opinion has not existed concerning treatment through the sight centres, is that our observations have been confined to more or less manifest defects, and these at best represent but a very small percentage of the disturbing conditions that may exist in the ocular apparatus. Defective eye muscles, which tend to cause the eyes to deviate from a normal position, were tested by various methods tending to destroy the fusion stimulus; but these methods discover only a very small percentage of the existing abnormal conditions. The great majority of disturbing causes are not to be found in manifest defects of muscle balance. Some of the most serious conditions exist where the muscle balance is apparently perfect, the defect being a fixed abnormal innervation which is sustaining a perfect position of the eyes, and which continues to maintain it under all tests that rely on artificial disturbance of fusion power.

Further than this, in a large share of those cases where the deviations are manifest, the eyes are turned in exactly the opposite direction to that in which anatomically short muscles would turn them. For instance, a right eye with a short superior muscle, instead of being drawn upward, might tend downward to a considerable extent by the force of spasm. The nerve impulse sent to the inferior muscle to enable it to hold the eye down level with its fellow, becomes, through resulting irritation, more than is necessary, and pulls the eye

down beyond a balance; so that the opposite eye will be the higher of the two under the diffusion test, because the abnormal impulse is permanent. It can readily be seen that the usual correction of an eye manifesting this reverse condition would prove injurious instead of beneficial. I have spoken at length elsewhere on this class of cases; adverse results in them are strong reasons why we have not attained a more general success. Such results have failed to make the treatment impressive, and from the very nature of these cases, as set forth in this work, it will be seen how unreliable any and all of such tests are, however complete and perfect their destruction of fusion power may be.

Again, eyes that are capable of prominently manifesting their defects are more or less at rest when not in constant use, whereas absolutely latent eye troubles find no such periods of relief. It is from the latter and the reverse class that the most serious nervous disturbances take their rise. The correction of *muscular insufficiency* or manifest irregularity must not be confounded with the idea of *repressing abnormal innervation*. One is not a modification of the other, nor do they bear the slightest resemblance to each other, though both methods of treatment are through the medium of the eyes; and it would be as foolish to confound them with each other for this reason as it would be to confound various schools of medicine because the remedies are applied through the medium of the mouth.

Eye-strain, or excessive abnormal innervation of the eye muscles, depletes the nerve-centres. It also gives rise to brain irritation of varying degrees. Dispositions are altered by it; character is forcibly changed; mental faculties are impelled into channels of work that are anomalous. Into such an altered state these conditions may force a being as to make him appear to the world an entirely different character from what he otherwise would have been. So, if these disturbing conditions can be corrected, we may expect favorable changes in the physical, mental and moral parts of the individual.

How Teeth are Transplanted

A STUDY IN DENTAL IMMIGRATION..CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL

The last and most ingenious resort of the dental surgeon is "implantation," i. e., the setting of new teeth into the jaw. For this purpose real teeth are employed, and not artificial ones. Cocaine having been first applied for producing local anæsthesia, a hole is drilled in the jawbone, and into this socket a good tooth, newly drawn from somebody's jaw, is set. If the patient is young and vigorous the osseous structure soon closes around it, and by the time the gum is healed, the tooth is ready for use. It should last from three to ten years. In the case of an elderly or feeble person, it may be fastened in place by silver wires passing around the jawbone. The root of a freshly-extracted tooth is covered with a delicate membrane called the "pericementum," the vitality of which materially assists the combining of the tissues. Unless the grinder is directly transferred, the vitality of this membrane must be artificially preserved. One way of doing it is to graft the tooth temporarily into the comb of a cock, that part of the fowl being well fed with blood, as may be seen from its redness. When wanted for use it is cut out. Ordinarily the patient is obliged to wait for awhile until the dentist has a suitable tooth freshly extracted, unless he chooses to hire somebody to sacrifice one.

SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN A LIGHTER VEIN

Smoke.....Dreaming of Mabel.....Vanity

Whenever things with me go wrong
And life seems dull and prosy,
And not a line of any song
Can make the day more rosy,
I turn me to the ancient jar
That stands upon my table,
And choose a fragrant, mild cigar
And smoke, and dream of—Mabel.

Around my head the white clouds rise
Wherein, by necromancy,
I catch the light of two blue eyes
To cheer my vagrant fancy;
All thoughts of care that came to fret
Are suddenly a fable,
The only things I don't forget
Are my cigar and—Mabel.

Tobacco, many times I've heard
A slander hurled to hurt you;
Let it be mine to wing a word
To praise your matchless virtue.
Others their curses at you fling—
I care not, since you're able,
When I am blue and sad, to bring
Me blissful dreams and—Mabel.

To a Sunbeam Lighting on My Lady Sleeping....Pall Mall Gazette

So, lightly touch her dreaming head,
Nor sunder eyelids sealed asleep,
But fleck with fire the shining sweep
Of hair about her pillow shed,
So, lightly come and go.

And lose yourself, and find yourself
In tawny tangles of her hair;
Content you with the golden snare,
Nor venture like a saucy elf
To stray below her chin.

On carven temples lightly lie,
Nor vex the amber eye that's hid
'Neath either violet-veined lid;
Ah!—swoon across her cheek, and die
Upon her fervent mouth.

For, having sipped the honey there,
You may not live another hour
To wanton with another flower
Nor burning rose—nor lily rare,
But perish in the kiss.

What Gladys Did!.....F. B. Doveton.....Westminster Budget

Methought it was at morning-tide
I threw the lattice open wide
And looked upon the country-side,
Where lay a garden fair.
Tall lilies thence looked up at me
In all their stately purity,
And great blush roses sweet to see
Exhaled their fragrance there.

The love-lorn zephyrs roaming nigh
Stole that rare fragrance with a sigh,
The roses took a deeper dye
Beneath the gale's soft kiss.
Those zephyrs versed in Cupid's lore
To me that essence gently bore,
Left on my lips their honeyed store
And steeped my soul in bliss.

All in the golden afternoon
I straight did fall into a swoon
For very ecstasy; rich June
Brought subtle scents and sounds;
The pleasant breath of new-mown hay
And milk-white blossoms far away,
The while the throstle poured his lay
From those fair pleasure grounds.
And then these scents diverse did run
Methought, most swiftly, into one.
The music by the bird begun
Took a low laughter's tone.
My happy soul sleep's trammels slips,
Dim dreamland into daylight dips;
That fairy Gladys on my lips
Had lightly laid her own!

A Comedy.....Thomas Bailey Aldrich.....Poems

They parted with clasped hands
And kisses and burning tears.
They met in a foreign land
After some twenty years—
Met as acquaintances meet:
Smiling, tranquil-eyed;
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart upon either side.

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life,
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.
Ah, what a comedy this!
Neither was hurt, it appears;
Yet once she had leaned to his kiss,
And once he had known her tears.

Forty Years After.....H. H. Portier.....Life

We climbed to the top of Goat Point hill,
Sweet Kitty, my sweetheart, and I;
And watched the moon make stars on the waves,
And the dim white ships go by,
While a throne we made on a rough stonewall,
And the king and the queen were we;
And I sat with my arm about Kitty,
And she with her arm about me.

The water was mad in the moonlight,
And the sand like gold where it shone,
And our hearts kept time to its music,
As we sat in that splendor alone.
And Kitty's dear eyes twinkled brightly,
And Kitty's brown hair blew so free,
While I sat with my arm about Kitty,
And she with her arm about me.

Last night we drove in our carriage
To the wall at the top of the hill;
And though we're forty years older,
We're children and sweethearts still.
And we talked again of that moonlight,
That danced so mad on the sea,
When I sat with my arm about Kitty,
And she with her arm about me.

The throne on the wall was still standing,
But we sat in the carriage last night;
For a wall is too high for old people
Whose foreheads have linings of white,
And Kitty's waist-measure is forty,
While mine is full fifty and three;
So I can't get my arm about Kitty,
Nor can she get both hers about me.

A HORSEMAN IN THE SKY: THE SENTRY'S SHOT

BY AMBROSE BIERCE

Selected from *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*. By Ambrose Bierce. Lovell, Coryell & Co.

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861, a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in Western Virginia. He lay at full length upon his stomach, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon the left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge-box at the back of his belt, he might have been thought to be dead. He was asleep at his post of duty. But, if detected, he would be dead shortly afterward, that being the penalty of his crime.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which, after ascending southward a steep acclivity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting out from the ridge to the northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward one thousand feet to the tops of the pines. The angle where the soldier lay was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view, not only of the short arm of the road and the jutting rock, but of the entire profile of the cliff below it.

The country was wooded everywhere except at the bottom of the valley to the northward, where there was a small natural meadow, through which flowed a stream scarcely visible from the valley's rim. This open ground looked hardly larger than an ordinary dooryard, but was really several acres in extent. Its green was more vivid than that of the inclosing forest. Away beyond it rose a line of giant cliffs similar to those upon which we are supposed to stand in our survey of the savage scene, and through which the road had somehow made its climb to the summit. The configuration of the valley, indeed, was such that from our point of observation it seemed entirely shut in, and one could not but have wondered how the road which found a way out of it had found a way into it, and whence came and whither went the waters of the stream that parted the meadow two thousand feet below.

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theatre of war; concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat-trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army to submission, lay five regiments of Federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and descending the other slope of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure, their position would be perilous in the extreme.

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son

of wealthy parents, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of Western Virginia. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said, quietly: "Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his leonine head, looked at the son a moment in silence, and replied: "Go, Carter, and, whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a most critical condition; at the best she cannot be with us much longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy which masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he owed his selection for his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution, and he had fallen asleep. What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence and the languor of the late afternoon, some invisible messenger of fate touched with unsealing finger the eyes of his consciousness—whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips have ever spoken, no human memory has ever recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the masking stems of the laurels, instinctively closing his right hand about the stock of his rifle.

His first feeling was a keen artistic delight. On a colossal pedestal, the cliff, motionless at the extreme edge of the capping rock and sharply outlined against the sky, was an equestrian statue of impressive dignity. The figure of the man sat the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of the Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The gray costume harmonized with its aerial background; the metal of accouterment and caparison was softened and subdued by the shadow; the animal's skin had no points of high light. A carbine, strikingly foreshortened, lay across the pommel of the saddle, kept in place by the right hand grasping it at the "grip"; the left hand, holding the bridle rein, was invisible. In silhouette against the sky, the profile of the horse was cut with the sharpness of a cameo; it looked across the heights of air to the confronting cliffs beyond. The face of the rider, turned slightly to the left, showed only an outline of temple and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift against the sky and by the soldier's testifying sense of the formidableness of a near enemy, the group appeared of heroic, almost colossal, size.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half-defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war and was looking upon a noble work of art, reared upon that commanding eminence to commemorate the deeds of an heroic past, of which he had been an inglorious part. The feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the group; the horse, without moving its feet, had drawn its body slightly backward from the verge; the man remained immobile as before. Broad awake and keenly alive to the significance of the situation, Druse now brought the butt of his rifle against his cheek by cautiously pushing the barrel forward through the bushes, cocked the piece, and, glancing through the sights, covered a vital spot of the horseman's breast. A touch upon the trigger, and all would have been well with Carter Druse. At that instant the horseman turned his head and looked in the direction of his concealed foe—seemed to look into his very face, into his eyes, into his brave, compassionate heart.

Is it, then, so terrible to kill an enemy in war—an enemy who has surprised a secret vital to the safety of one's self and comrades—an enemy more formidable for his knowledge than all his army for its numbers? Carter Druse grew deathly pale; he shook in every limb, he turned faint, and saw the statuesque group before him as black figures, rising, falling, moving unsteadily in arcs of circles in a fiery sky. His hand fell away from his weapon, his head slowly dropped until his face rested on the leaves in which he lay. This courageous gentleman and hardy soldier was near swooning from intensity of emotion.

It was not for long; in another moment his face was raised from the earth, his hands resumed their places on the rifle, his forefinger sought the trigger; mind, heart, and eyes were clear, conscience and reason sound. He could not hope to capture that enemy; to alarm him would but send him dashing to his camp with his fatal news. The duty of the soldier was plain: the man must be shot dead from ambush—without warning, without a moment's spiritual preparation, with never so much as an unspoken prayer, he must be sent to his account. But no—there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing—perhaps he is but admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted, he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it will be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he knows. It may well be that his fixity of attention—Druse turned his head and looked below, through the deeps of air downward, as from the surface to the bottom of a translucent sea. He saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of figures of men and horses—some foolish commander was permitting the soldiers to water their beasts in plain view from a hundred summits!

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man and horse in the sky, and again it was through the sight of his rifle. But this time the aim was at the horse. In his memory, as if they were a divine mandate, rang the words of his father at parting: "Whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty." He was calm now. His teeth were firmly but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's—not a tremor affected any muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and slow. Duty had conquered; spirit had said to body: "Peace, be still." He fired.

At that moment an officer of the Federal force, who, in a spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge, had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and, with aimless feet, had made his way to the lower edge of a small open space near the foot of the cliff, was considering what he had to gain by pushing his exploration further. At a distance of a quarter-mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, rose from its fringe of pines the gigantic face of rock, towering to so great a height above him that it made him giddy to look up to where its edge cut a sharp, rugged line against the sky. At some distance away to his right it presented a clean, vertical profile against a background of blue sky to a point half of the way down, and of distant hills, hardly less blue, thence to the tops of the trees at its base. Lifting his eyes to the dizzy altitude of its summit, the officer saw an astonishing sight—a man on horseback riding down into the valley through the air!

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion, with a firm seat in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his charger from too impetuous a plunge. From his bare head his long hair streamed upward, waving like a plume. His right hand was concealed in the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was as level as if every hoof-stroke encountered the resistant earth. Its motions were those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked they ceased, with all the legs thrown sharply forward as in the act of alighting from a leap. But this was a flight!

Filled with amazement and terror by this apparition of a horseman in the sky—half believing himself the chosen scribe of some new Apocalypse, the officer was overcome by the intensity of his emotions; his legs failed him and he fell. Almost at the same instant he heard a crashing sound in the trees—a sound that dies without an echo, and all was still.

The officer rose to his feet, trembling. The familiar sensation of an abraded shin recalled his dazed faculties. Pulling himself together, he ran rapidly obliquely away from the cliff to a point a half-mile from its foot; thereabout he expected to find his man; and thereabout he naturally failed. In the fleeting instant of his vision his imagination had been so wrought upon by the apparent grace and ease and intention of the marvelous performance, that it did not occur to him that the line of march of aerial cavalry is directly downward, and that he could find the objects of his search at the very foot of the cliff. A half-hour later he returned to the camp.

After firing his shot, Private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a Federal sergeant crept cautiously to him.

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes."

"At what?"

"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. It is no longer there. It went over the cliff."

The man's face was white, but he showed no other signs of emotion.

"See here, Druse," the sergeant said, after a silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet and walked away. "Good God!" he said.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Queer Wagers Won and Lost

MAN'S SPECULATIVE PASSION....NEW YORK WORLD

Betting is a human weakness by no means confined to the wagering of money on sporting events. In all ages it has been common to settle points of difference by a wager or to accomplish great feats under the penalty of the loss of a given sum. There's a man down in Kentucky who vowed never to cut his beard until Henry Clay was elected president. This was really a vow, but it was also a bet. The man bet against fate, and fate won. A rash young Harvard graduate recently went around the world without a cent of money in his pockets when he started. It was given out that he had laid a wager of five thousand dollars that he could make the trip without money. It has since turned out that he was simply the agent of a widely-advertised article. Election bets are sometimes made which require the loser to wheel the winner in a barrow over a certain distance. A famous Yale football player once laid a wager that he could eat two dozen eggs at one sitting. He ate them. Bridge-jumpers have risked their lives for a wager. The old English law forced bettors to pay their debts. A remarkable action was brought in 1812 by Rev. Mr. Gilbert against Sir Mark M. Sykes. The baronet, at a dinner party at his own house, in the course of a conversation of the hazard to which the life of Bonaparte was exposed, offered, on receiving one hundred guineas, to pay one guinea a day as long as Napoleon should remain alive. Mr. Gilbert closed with Sir Mark, and sent the one hundred guineas, and the latter continued to pay the one guinea a day for nearly three years. At last he declined to pay any longer, and an action was brought to enforce the payment. It was contended by the defendant that he had been surprised into the bet by the clergyman's hasty acceptance of it, and that the transaction was an illegal one, seeing that Mr. Gilbert, having a beneficial interest in the life of Bonaparte, might, in the event of an invasion, use all his means for the preservation of the life of an enemy of his country. The jury loyally brought in a verdict for the defendant.

Another queer wager is the one popularly believed to have been won by Sir Walter Raleigh from Queen Elizabeth on the debatable question of how much smoke was contained in a pound of tobacco. A pound of the article was weighed, burned and weighed again in ashes, and the question was held to be satisfactorily settled by determining the weight of the smoke as exactly that of the tobacco before being burned, minus the ashes. The fact of the ashes having received an additional weight by combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere was unthought of by Elizabeth and the knight. An amusing bet for the small sum of five shillings was laid in 1806 in the castle yard, York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead as to which should succeed in assuming the most original character. Hodgson appeared decorated with ten-guinea, five-guinea and guinea notes all over his coat and waistcoat and a row of five-guinea notes around his hat, while to his back was fastened the words "John Bull." Whitehead appeared like a woman on one side, one-half of his face painted, one silk stock-

ing and slipper, while the other side represented a negro in man's dress, with boots and spurs. "John Bull" won the wager.

A gentleman of the last century laid a wager to a great amount that he could stand for a whole day on London Bridge with a tray full of sovereigns fresh from the mint and be unable to find a purchaser for them at a penny apiece. Not one was disposed of. Wagers have sometimes taken a grim form. It is creditably recorded that in the last century a wager was laid for one of a party of gay revelers to enter Westminster Abbey at the hour of midnight. He was to enter one of the vaults beneath the abbey; in proof of his having been there he was to stick a fork into a coffin which had been recently deposited there. He accomplished his object, and was returning in triumph, when he felt himself suddenly caught, and was so overpowered by terror that he fell in a swoon. His companions not being able to account for his absence found him in this condition. The fork which he had fastened into the coffin had caught and pinned his cloak and so occasioned a fit of terror which nearly proved fatal.

Sir John Pakington, called Lusty Pakington, and by Queen Elizabeth "My Temperance," laid a wager of thirty thousand pounds sterling to swim against three noble courtiers from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich, but Her Majesty interposed to prevent any further procedure on the bet. A gentleman named Corbet, of distinguished family near Shrewsbury, bet his leg was the handsomest in the country or kingdom, and staked estates worth eighty thousand pounds sterling on the subject. He won the wager, and a picture is still preserved in the family mansion representing the process of measuring the legs of the different contestants.

Counterfeit Gems of the World

RENE BACHE.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

The University of Pennsylvania has newly acquired a most interesting collection of counterfeit gems. It embraces practically every known species of imitation in this line. All varieties of precious stones are represented, many of them being such admirable reproductions of the true originals as to deceive the eye of anybody not an expert. Most of them came originally from Idar, in Switzerland, which is the great market of the world for imitation cut stones. Real gems used to be cut there on an extensive scale, but that business has gone elsewhere. The cutters are prospering, however, for the demand for false jewelry has never been so large as now. There is an enormous sale at present for cheap and counterfeit precious stones. Astonishing quantities of these are now disposed of in Europe to the peasants, who care more for glitter than for quality. Immense numbers of them also are exported—particularly to the United States. They are mounted in cheap settings at Providence and Attleboro, the bulk of them going to the West, where they furnish a favorite article of merchandise for fakirs.

Great quantities of agates are cut at Idar for sale to African savages. These must have peculiar forms, such as are demanded by various tribes. The latter commonly are so particular that they will not accept them

at all unless furnished in the shapes to which they are accustomed. Mr. Stewart Culin, a famous expert in such matters, informs the writer that primitive people generally prefer stones of a green color. Nearly all Egyptian amulets are made of green porcelain, glazed. Green is the color of life and symbolic of the vital principle. For the same reason jade and serpentine were highly valued even during prehistoric times in China and Mexico, while turquoise has been held in equal esteem by natives of Asia and America. Primitive peoples generally have regarded jewels as possessing talismanic significance. In modern times they have lost such meanings. Earrings, necklaces, brooches, and bracelets were formerly amulets. So likewise in the East were the nose-ring, the anklet and the collar, and among savages the lip-plug and the ear-plug. Superstitions still attach to the wedding-ring, which is a survival of a very ancient ornament and talisman. Many women will never take off their wedding-rings, lest ill luck befall. Magical ideas are to this day associated with various gems. Every bit of jewelry worn by an Egyptian woman means something.

At Idar, many various ingenious processes are employed for making cheap natural stones to imitate gems of value. Acids and coloring matters are used for this purpose. Counterfeit cat's-eyes, for example, are produced by soaking in acid a kind of stone called "tiger's-eye." The latter comes from the Cape of Good Hope, and is extensively utilized in such ways. The comparatively rare pink tiger's-eye is reproduced by treating the ordinary material with aniline dyes. The natural tiger's-eye is very pretty, and fetched a big price before large deposits of it were discovered. In 1875 it was sold in New York City for twelve dollars a carat; at present you can get all you want of it for \$250 a ton. Thus do values adjust themselves to the law of supply and demand. If Professor Clarke is correct in his belief that real diamonds of marketable size are destined soon to be produced in the chemical laboratory, the gems now most prized and considered to represent the most stable form of value, excepting gold alone, will drop to a few cents a carat. Bartenders will regard it as vulgar to wear them, and there will be no market for cheap imitations. The demand for counterfeit diamonds now, however, is enormous. They are imported into this country at a cost of twenty-five cents apiece by the gross, most of them being of a peculiar and very brilliant kind of lead-glass known as "paste." Practically, all of the diamonds which are stolen from actresses in such surprising quantities annually are of this kind. Women who are successful on the stage usually have good business heads, and they know too much to travel about the country with \$50,000 or \$100,000 in a jewel-case. Even ladies of fashion are very apt to lock their gems up in safe-deposit vaults, employing counterfeits for every-day use.

The finest paste diamonds are beyond detection except by an expert. Ordinary ones are utilized to a great extent for the stage. For seven dollars one may purchase a crown fit for a monarch, and incrusting with precious stones. A queen's tiara that looks as good as real across the footlights costs only three dollars. The setting has to be done by skilled artisans and makes most of the expense, the loose stones coming at only seventy-five cents to one dollar at retail. The latter are sold in quantities for robes and other theatrical gar-

ments. A diamond necklace may be had for eight dollars, while a dagger covered with rubies and diamonds as big as pigeon's eggs is valued at \$12.50. If real, such a dagger would easily fetch \$200,000. An Elizabethan crown covered with pearls, some of them as large as hazelnuts, is worth only one dollar. Foreign orders and decorations for the stage are quoted at from three to eighteen dollars. There is no kind of gem that is not imitated by the artisans of Idar with wonderful skill. The ruby is counterfeited by combining a piece of garnet with a piece of glass, the former serving for the front and the latter for the back. The two are stuck together with a transparent balsam. The balsam is colored in various ways, so as to diffuse whatever tints may be desired through the stone or glass to which it is applied. In this way two pieces of rock crystal, united with balsam, make an opal, and an aquamarine is produced by a slight modification of the same process. Artificial turquoises, of enamel, are sold for \$2.50 a dozen, and rubies, which are red garnets backed with tin foil, come at three dollars a dozen.

The simplest device for making counterfeit gems is that of the so-called "doublet," which is produced by joining two pieces of quartz-crystal with green, red or blue balsam. Superior imitations are obtained by more complicated methods. Paste diamonds are rendered more effective by depositing silver on the back with electricity. Diamond doublets are sometimes composed of two pieces of crystal with silver foil between. Another process consists in uniting a thin slice of real diamond to a glass base. Emeralds are counterfeited in the same way by joining red garnet with quartz-crystal. A blue color is given to white sapphires by applying a little blue dye to the bottom of the stone. Comparatively few real pearls are worn nowadays. The imitations, which are nearly as pretty, are globules of glass lined with a substance obtained from the scales of a fish called the "bleak." It is this substance which gives the peculiar iridescence to the scales of many fishes. In jewellers' shops are frequently displayed glass reproductions of the most famous diamonds of the world. These are cut at Grünhainchen, in Bohemia. Most interesting of the originals, perhaps, are those of out-of-the-way colors, such as the celebrated blue Hope diamond and the great red diamond belonging to the Czar of all the Russias. The finest existing green diamond is in the Green Vault at Dresden, in which are preserved the royal treasures of Saxony. Most of these treasures have come down from the Middle Ages. The diamond is pear-shaped. Harvard University possesses the most perfect octahedral diamond known. Though so wonderfully perfect as a crystal, it is a little off color.

Within the last few years a large part of the business of cutting diamonds has moved from Amsterdam to London, owing to the fact that the greatest existing mines of those gems, in South Africa, are the property of British capitalists. Workmen in this line have been imported recently into the United States. The first diamond-cutting in this country was done in 1850, in the city of Boston. It is reckoned, by the way, that the diamonds in existence are worth collectively nine times as much as all the other precious stones in the world put together. At the same time, fine rubies are worth very much more per carat than diamonds. A perfect ruby is the rarest of all the products of nature. Few great rubies have ever been brought to Europe or

to America, because the princes of India, who own the most valuable ones, will not sell them. Runjeet Singh has a ruby that was estimated by him to be worth \$60,000,000. Yet this kind of gem is only a bit of crystallized corundum colored with iron.

Nearly all of the great diamonds of the world have had romantic histories, but none of them approaches in this respect the Kohinoor, now among the royal jewels in England. It is known to have been the property of the rajahs of Malwa nearly a thousand years ago. In 1304 the Sultan Aladdin—himself the actual original of the Arabian Nights hero—overcame the then rajah in battle and captured the gem. Subsequently, however, he restored it to the rajah, in the hands of whose descendants it remained until the rise of the Mogul dynasty. Mohammed Shah, of that dynasty, was on the throne as emperor of Hindostan when his country was invaded and his capital city, Delhi, was taken by the Persian Nadir Shah. The conqueror confiscated all the jewels in the Delhi treasury, but the already famous Kohinoor was missing. A woman of Mohammed's harem gave information that the emperor wore the stone concealed in his turban, and Nadir finally secured it by a clever ruse, offering to exchange turbans with Mohammed. At the death of Nadir the gem became the property of his son and successor, Shah Rokh, who was soon after overthrown by a usurper, Aga Mohammed. Aga Mohammed put Shah Rokh to the torture, to make him give up the stone, but Shah Rokh would not, even when his eyes were put out with knives. Finally, Aga Mohammed ordered his victim's head to be shaved and encircled with a diadem of paste, thus making a receptacle into which boiling oil was poured. But even this did not induce Shah Rokh to give up the Kohinoor. He died soon after from his injuries, and gave the stone to Ahmed Shah, founder of the Afghan empire, who had come to his assistance.

The Kohinoor descended from Ahmed Shah to his grandson, Shah Zaman. The latter was deposed from the throne and had his eyes put out by his brother, Shah Shuja. Shah Zaman was shut up in a solitary prison cell for many years, where he concealed the gem in the plaster of the wall. By an accident an officer of the guard scratched his hand on one of the angles of the diamond which projected almost imperceptibly, and this led to the discovery. So Shah Shuja got the stone; but pretty soon he himself was deposed, and his eyes were put out by his next brother, Shah Malmud. He withdrew to the court of Runjit Singh for protection, but Runjit wanted the Kohinoor and persecuted Shuja and starved Shuja's wife until he got it. Runjit had it set in a bracelet. It was confiscated by the British at the close of the great Indian mutiny and was sent to England. It weighed 186 carats and was reduced to 106 carats by recutting. Though not of the very finest water, having a slightly grayish-tinge, it is valued at \$600,000. The glass or "paste" for artificial diamonds has to be made with the utmost care. About fifty per cent. of raw material is quartz-crystal. To this is added twenty-two per cent. of carbonate of soda and due proportions of calcined borax, saltpeter and red lead. All of these substances are reduced to the finest powder, mixed, fused together by heat in a crucible and cooled slowly. The density, transparency and beauty of the counterfeit "stones" depend upon the pains taken in these processes. When thus made, the paste is all ready to be

cut up into diamonds for market. It may be, however, that the manufacturer desires to produce imitation gems of other kinds. If so, he has the means ready at hand. Supposing that he wants rubies, he fuses with the paste a very small quantity of peroxide of manganese and a trace of Cassius purple, which will give the proper color. For emeralds, he employs in like manner oxide of iron, and for sapphires oxide of cobalt. Topaz is easily formed in the crucible by mixing with one thousand parts of the "paste" forty parts of glass of antimony and one part of Cassius purple. For making other kinds of gems there are methods equally simple.

Marriages in Both Hemispheres

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS. BOSTON HERALD

There has been prepared under the auspices of the International Institute of Statistics a comparative statement of marriages and births in various States of Europe and America. Nearly every country in Europe is included in this study, but it takes account of only three States of this Union—Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Three quinquennial periods are selected for comparison—1865-69, 1876-81, 1887-91—but for Massachusetts the last period is 1886-90, and for Connecticut 1885-89. For the first of these periods Massachusetts and Rhode Island shared with Hungary and Servia the distinction of having more marriages per 1,000 inhabitants than any other communities in the civilized world. Massachusetts had 10.53 and Rhode Island 11.27 per 1,000, while Hungary had 10.28 and Servia 11.29. The English average for the same period was 8.36, the Prussian 8.82 and the French 7.89. Since that time the tendency to a decrease has been general, though it is more decided on this side than on the other. In the last quinquennial period the Massachusetts average had fallen to 9.29 and that of Rhode Island to 9.16, while Connecticut has come down from 9.21 in 1865-69 to 7.95 in 1885-89. The average for 1887-91 of England is 7.51, of the German Empire 7.93, and of France 7.26. Taking as the period for review the nineteen years from 1874 to 1892, and the decreasing proportion of marriages in Europe appears more emphatic. For, starting with 8.51 per 1,000 in the first year, England shows but 7.72 in the last; Germany coming down from 9.53 to 7.93, and France from 8.33 to 7.49.

Roughly speaking, a little more than two-thirds of the men who marry do so between twenty and thirty years of age. Comparing the number marrying between twenty and twenty-five and those between twenty-five and thirty, the preponderance is in some countries on one side and in some on the other. In this State it is 35.60 per cent. for the earlier period and 33.14 per cent. for the later. In England the proportions are about the same, but in France only 24.58 per cent. of the men marry between twenty and twenty-five, while 42.36 per cent. marry between twenty-five and thirty. In Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavian countries the practice is nearer that of France than of Old and New England. Russia in Europe has the astonishing proportion of 32.01 per cent. of men who marry under twenty years of age, while in none of the German States is there so much as one per cent. who marry at the age of immaturity. In Russia it seems that more than half the women who marry do so before the age of twenty, the figure for the five years examined being 56.35 per cent. With

us 16.10 per cent. of the women who marry are found to be under twenty, while 44.53 per cent. are from twenty to twenty-five years of age.

The decreasing proportion of marriages is attended in Europe by a somewhat greater ratio of decrease in births. The number of births per 1,000 inhabitants, which for 1865-69 in England was 35.3, had declined by 1887-91 to 31.3, while for France the figures are 25.9 for the former period and 23 for the latter. Even in Germany, where for the whole empire the births were 39.2 per 1,000 for 1876-80, they had fallen to 36.5 for 1887-91. The process is by no means uniform, however. The Hungarians grow more prolific, their birth rate having advanced from 40.7 per 1,000 in 1865-69 to 42.8 in 1887-91. Italy shows no decline, nor does Austria, Denmark or Spain. In this State the birth rate, which for 1865-69 was 25.6, was 25.8 per 1,000 for 1886-90, while Connecticut shows 22.9 for the one period and 22.5 for the other. In the proportion of illegitimate births, Massachusetts is near the bottom of the list with 2.01 per cent., while Austria leads with 14.67 per cent. Ireland has but 2.78 per cent. of its births illegitimate, while Scotland has 7.93 per cent.; England and Wales have 4.52 per cent., France 8.41, and Germany 9.23 per cent.

In the Language of Flags

INTERPRETING THE SIGNALS.....THE SCHOOL JOURNAL

To "strike the flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

The white flag is the sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead, under the protection of a white flag.

The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is the sign of piracy.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quarantine or is the sign of contagious disease.

A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of the men.

Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again, to salute a vessel or fort.

If the President of the United States goes afloat, the American flag is carried in the bows of his barge or hoisted at the main of his vessel.

Minerals of the United States

WHERE THEY ARE FOUND.....PHILADELPHIA ITEM

The zircon has been found in California.

The opal has been found in New Mexico.

Alabaster exists in seventeen different States.

The Venu' hair stone is found in New Mexico.

Serpentine exists in New England and Virginia.

Rose quartz is found in Colorado and Montana.

Rhode Island in 1891 produced 500 tons of coal.

The chrysoprase has been found in North Carolina.

Jet has been discovered in a dozen different places.

Green crocidolite is found in New Mexico.

Marble is said to exist in twenty-four of our States.

Our total product of zinc in 1890 was 63,683 tons.

Coral, white and red, is found on the Florida coast.

Our total copper production in 1890 was 115,669 tons.

The hyacinth is found in Maine and the lake regions.

The moonstone exists in North Carolina and Georgia.

Tin is known to exist in half-a-dozen different localities.

In 1891 the country produced 8,279,870 tons of pig iron.

Mica is found in North Carolina, Georgia and elsewhere.

Obsidian exists in large quantities in New Mexico and Arizona.

The turquoise has been found in New Mexico and Arizona.

Grains of platinum have been found in Colorado and California.

Jasper is found abundantly in the lake regions and elsewhere.

Labradorite has been found in North Carolina and Michigan.

Chrysolites have been unearthed in the Cumberland Mountains.

Since 1820 Pennsylvania has produced 853,000,000 tons of coal.

In 1890 the United States produced 161,754 short tons of lead.

Our deposits of borax are believed to be practically inexhaustible.

The heliotrope has been discovered in New Mexico and Georgia.

Over one-half of the value of our mineral product was in the metals.

The largest diamond found in this country weighed over 23 carats.

Granite of the best qualities is found in Missouri and New England.

In 1890 the United States produced one-third of the world's pig iron.

In 1890 the United States produced over one-third of the world's steel.

Green feldspar, or amazon stone, is found near Pike's Peak, in Colorado.

Our copper production is more than two-fifths that of all other countries.

The largest diamond ever found in California weighed nearly eight carats.

Almost every variety of corundum has been discovered in North Carolina.

Both Alabama and Michigan have passed Pennsylvania as iron producers.

Lead deposits of almost illimitable extent are found in Missouri and Kansas.

The aquamarine, a variety of beryl, has been discovered in North Carolina.

Diamonds have been found in fifteen or twenty different localities in California.

Brown crocidolite, known as "tiger's-eye," exists in large quantities in Colorado.

Diamonds have been found in North Carolina, Virginia, California and Alaska.

This country produced in 1891 8,222,792 barrels of cement, valued at \$6,680,951.

Several asterias, or star-stones, have been picked up in North Carolina and Georgia.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

Prison-Life in the Isles of Safety

IN THIS FRENCH INFERNO.....LONDON PUBLIC OPINION

This isolated spot, where Captain Dreyfus has to serve his sentence, comprises three small islands off the coast of French Guiana, a few degrees north of the Equator, which, except a narrow sea frontage, are covered with tropical forests. The climate is simply murderous, certain death being the result of standing bareheaded in the sun even for an instant. From November to June is the wet season, during which the average rainfall is 180 inches; yet the temperature is never less than 85 degrees, and rises to 115 degrees during the four dry months. Convict ships bound for these "Islands of the Curst" generally sail either from the Ile de Ré, in the Bay of Biscay, or the Ile d'Aix in the Mediterranean. A month is occupied by the voyage, the horrors of which are a fit prelude to those yet to come. Dressed in their convict garb, the prisoners are confined in batches of fifty in great iron cages on the spar deck. Benches are placed round the sides of the cage, and hammocks are slung at night. But day and night they are watched by guards standing beside loaded mitrailleuses, ready to fire at the first sign of mutiny. Sometimes, indeed, such outbreaks do occur, but they are invariably quelled with remorseless severity. The horrors of the passage are too repulsive for description, the scenes resembling rather those observable a century or two back than what one would associate with the present times.

On the arrival of the prisoners at the Iles de Salut they are taken to the "Camp," a clearing occupied by strongly built iron-barred huts, furnished with double rows of hammocks. But at night the foetid atmosphere within, combined with the noisome vapors of the outer air and the ever-present swarms of stinging insects, render any but the sleep of exhaustion impossible. From the moment of his arrival the convict has no name. He is known only by the number of his hammock. The new arrivals are put to the most severe tasks—draining marshes and clearing ground—"to break their spirits." They are conducted to their work by armed guards, who are ordered to fire at the least attempt at flight. Hardly any try to escape, for they know that if they evade the bullets of the guards and their pursuit, it will be necessary to traverse the sea and the virgin forest. At every step will lie in wait for them death by hunger, by fatigue, by disease, or by the poisoned arrows of the natives, who receive a reward for every convict they bring back, dead or alive.

Meanwhile, with bodies broken by their awful toil in a climate where a walk of one hundred yards is a formidable task, they labor in the blazing sun with spades and picks. About their heads hang clouds of stinging insects. Great red ants cover their bare legs, and sometimes poisonous serpents twist about their ankles and inflict mortal wounds. They stand in trenches up to their knees in water and mire, and the exhalations rising from the earth consume them with fever, or set their teeth chattering as with cold, while the sweat rolls from their foreheads. Occasionally, in their despair, some of the convicts revolt, in the hope, which is seldom disappointed, of finding in the bullets of their

custodians a relief from their living torture. Others, again, go mad, or end their lives by deliberately exposing themselves to the sun, while very few ever succeed in escaping. Indeed, only once have any fugitives reached civilized countries again, and even then their period of freedom was comparatively brief.

In the Midsummer Woodlands

LISTENING TO THE BIRD ORCHESTRA.....NEW YORK SUN

Midsummer silence is slowly settling down over the suburban woodlands, and with the silence comes the darker green of fully developed foliage, the graver aspect that proclaims the first powerful impulse of growth exhausted. The bird music dies hard, and the woodland still occasionally bursts into song, but there is no longer at any moment the full chorus of June. The robin now sings rarely, and the catbird scarce more often. The song sparrow persists in the open, and the woodthrush still performs his matins and vespers. He is the only regular and frequent singer left, and he no longer sings at the midday hours.

An insect chorus feebly takes the place of the bird orchestra. Its composite monotone continues day and night. The birds themselves still flutter and cry, keeping up their mysterious activities. The robins are fatter than they were a month ago. So, too, are the woodthrushes, and less timid. It is easier to study their habits now than in their early days of unfamiliarity with the human figure. Pothunters are slaying the silenced song birds. The earliest nestlings are rapidly rivaling the size of their parents.

Ripening fruits now furnish dainty fare for the birds. They had a rich feast of raspberries, and now an abundant crop of blackberries is ripening. The wild cherries are yet hard and green. They furnish the early autumn feasts for the birds. Wild woodland apples are swelling, and the birds or some other wild creatures are eating the fox grapes. Amid the ripening fruits the wild rose shows blushing stars in all the thickets. One would know the summer solstice more than a month gone, even without noting the silence of the birds and the ripening of the wild fruits. There are a dozen other indications that tell the tale. The woodland paths, mazy and intricate, are worn well into the clay, and are bare and hard from the tread of men and cattle these ten or twelve weeks past. You recognize the human path by its smoothness and breadth, by the fact that it avoids the thickets and leads from highway to highway or from clearing to clearing, if that pioneer word may be applied to a forest field in a region as old as the New York suburbs. The cowpaths run with unexpected turns and plunges through the thickets, where the cattle go in hopes of driving off the flies by the friction of leaves and branches. These paths are deeper, narrower, and rougher than those made by human feet, and here and there one encounters in a soft, damp place the imprint of the cloven hoof, full of satyr-like suggestion to the observer standing in dense shade, his nostrils tingling with pungent woodland odors. There are thickets completely thatched with grape leaves, and underneath such bowers the cowpaths run. The embowering of the woodlands is not yet complete, though the cat briar

has been weaving all summer. The wild clematis is still adding yard upon yard to its bloomy length, and the blossoms will soon be full blown. Half-a-dozen neglected creepers and climbers are combining to weave close bowers, that sultry August may imitate the tropics with warm, damp, odorous breaths.

Woodland grasses waving over last year's fallen leaves rotting to mould are thin and limp. Few flowers, and those insignificant, appear among the grass spires. But the ferns, of several varieties, are luxuriant. They feather the hollows and lean over the trickling streams. The maidenhair has lost its earlier perfection through the accidents of the last two months, but the stouter ferns show few signs of wear. Scattered thickly throughout the woodlands are grotesque mushrooms and fungi of many sorts. There are red fungous excrescences on the trunks of trees and marvelously delicate neutral tints are shown by the mushrooms. Some are pale lilac-purple; a few are a brilliant light red. Others are mottled gray of exquisite shading. The formal perfection of the gills of these creations of a single night is a thing for astonishment. It suggests labored effort directed toward the perfection of a long-conceived device. They all seem creations of nature in a sportive mood, or, as it were, strong hints that all we half believe of fairies and other woodland mysteries is true. Along with these lower forms are the maturing mosses and lichens, the latter spread in cryptographic messages over rocks and fence rails and the trunks of trees. The colors vary in amazing fashion within narrow limits of neutral grays and greens, with occasional brilliant red splotches and spots that seem significant accidents, as if nature's paint-pots had leaked while the laying on process was in progress.

The silence of the woodlands is not yet melancholy, but soothing rather. The ear being untroubled, the other senses seem to be the freer to act, and standing in a sun-flecked aisle of the woodland, one's eyes widen to take in a thousand neglected things, and the nostrils are doubly alive to the balms and odors that come from the ground below and from the leaf stalks overhead.

Down the Crater of the Volcano

AN EXPERIENCE IN DESCENT.....BELGRAVIA

We landed at the base of a hill from whose summit waved a light crest of mingled smoke and steam. As the others busied themselves about the launch, the mate and I proposed to climb to the crater. The distance was not great, and the ascent seemed to proffer no formidable difficulty. We set out and reached the summit with no extraordinary exertion. The crater was of unusual dimensions, and had within it a cone uprising nearly to the level of its edge; and here yet another marvel lay in wait for us; the hollow below, thronged with whirling vapors, thickening and clearing, but colored always by a wonderful bluish tint, darkening and lightening, glowing, flashing through their restless moving; now deep as summer skies, now almost extinguished, yet shining steadfast through all the tossing turmoil, and dominating even the fitful red glare from the abyss below. Suddenly, for a moment the vapors swirled apart and we saw before our astonished eyes a star, a sun, a world of intensest azure, soft and pure, yet dazzlingly brilliant. We hung there, straining our sight into the chasm, waiting the brief intervals the mists gave place and let us glimpse at the wonder. It was to

our bewildered eyes something of overwhelming magnitude lying on the side of the cone near to the apex; more we could not distinguish; nor could we guess at what it might be. At length we tore ourselves away that we might bring the others to explain it.

We arrived at the launch breathless and shaken. Our description fired the men with curiosity, and again the ascent was undertaken. We attained the summit fearful that the glory might have disappeared, but found it shining steadily as when it first thrallled us by its inexplicable beauty. Directly one of the sailors saw it he exclaimed it was an immense sapphire lying broken on the cone. He was positive against all objections, and our faith was ready amid the many strange experiences of that region. I verily believe each man on the edge of that smouldering volcano, with all the perils of rock and sea and ice between him and home, built gay dreams with that unreal wealth. From desiring it sprang the impulse to obtain it, and without a word of dissent or caution from one among us, we began the perilous journey down into the crater. We ventured on the sloping rim where a false step meant a certain and horrible death with not even the frailest guide to steady our feet. Clambering, crawling down through the whirling vapors, the light from the sapphire as we neared its level making us more delirious. Then, lower than it, deeper into the suffocating fumes we plunged.

The heat became torturing, the soil beneath was burning, our hands were blistered by contact with the rocks and stones, but we did not heed. All we felt, or thought, or saw, was the sapphire. At last we came to where arose the base of the inner cone. The junction with it was full of chasms and crevices seething and boiling with baleful fires. Now we approached the sapphire; it was almost within our grasp; there remained only the climb upwards. We did not think of the return, even more fraught with peril should we obtain our heart's desire. We ventured on the frail envelope which trembled uneasily at our tread. The mate and one of the men had advanced almost halfway across to where began the upward slope when the ground gave way beneath the man, and flames, tangible and real, leaped up where he had been. I stood stricken with the horror of it when I heard a fearful cry above the roar of elemental fire and saw the mate throw up his arms and fling himself into the abyss where his companion had disappeared. I felt a mad fury of destruction burning into my brain, and covering my face with my hands I fled, heedless of the way, and by a merciful Providence alone I came safe from out that hell. A weary little knot of scorched and bleeding men, broken by emotion, we huddled together on the edge, deciding always to go, but held by some horrible fascination to that wondrous glory as of heaven; and when we began our return to the launch it was with hesitating steps and many a lingering backward glance.

Mental Travellers

TIME-TABLE FIENDS.....PITTSBURG DISPATCH

"You would be surprised at the number of mental travellers there are in a community," said a railroad man recently. "I mean people who travel only in their minds; who, to indulge this mania, make a collection of railroad literature such as is issued in time-tables, excursion-books, pamphlets, etc. You have often heard people talk knowingly of a place which you

may have best evidence they have never visited. They can discourse fluently upon the hotels and principal sights of the city, even tell you of the trains and the connections they make, or describe the small stations through which they passed going there. If you have ever known a man or woman like this, then you have met a mental traveller. He might also be dubbed the railroad-literature fiend, as this is the title by which he is known among the employees of a railroad office, who look no further into the motives of men than the surface.

"We have hundreds of such men and women who come to the office after every piece of literature the railroad prints, from the local time-tables to the book descriptive of a Southern or Western jaunt. Their thirst for this kind of literature can never be satiated; it seems to have the same influence as alcoholic stimulants—the more they get the more they want. We have men who are employed in leading positions in banks and business houses who come to us daily with the question, 'Anything new out?' When the people live in the city they usually call upon us daily, but when they reside in the country their visits are at longer intervals.

"We have one old man who comes from Westmoreland county who never fails to appear upon the same date of each month. He seems to revel in going through the large batch of time-tables and books that have accumulated since his last visit. He never varies in his mode of procedure. After supplying himself with a sample of each one he comes over to the window, and with his face wreathed in smiles, in the intoxication of his delight, he says, 'How 're you, anyhow?'

"After being assured that our health still permitted us to continue at our business, he always asks, 'Well, kin you tell me how much 's the fare to Boston?'

"When this information is given he invariably remarks, 'Well, that's gol darn cheap, that is.'

"Then he lapses into a thoughtful mood, from which he breaks by making the assertion, 'Confound me, I'll go down there next year.' Then, picking up his grip, he starts off and we do not see him again for a month. He has been going to Boston 'next year,' to my own knowledge, for six years.

"These mental travellers get more satisfaction out of their dreamy wanderings than the usual tourist of the day who travels not to learn, but to kill time. One man told me that he had never been to Washington in his life, yet he was as familiar with the getting there and the city itself as if he had lived his lifetime there. He can talk about the streets and numbers and can direct people from one place to another with more accuracy than the average Pittsburg policeman can give you information about his town, and he gets it all from railroad literature. You watch the time-table racks of a railroad station and notice what a high class of people these mental travellers are."

In the Jungles of Sumatra

NATURE'S MUSEUM OF WONDERS...FOREST AND STREAM

A two-years' sojourn in the jungles of Sumatra introduced me to some of the strangest experiences of all my life. In no other place have I ever found collected together so many odd and eccentric species of bird, beast and tree. Sumatra is a veritable dime museum of nature. I had not been long on the island before I became deeply interested in the study of the

picturesque flora and fauna in which it abounds. When it became known to the coolies that I was ready to purchase curious animals and plants, I was soon barricaded with an assortment of wild creatures—winged, legged, and legless—of all sorts, shapes, and sizes. Unfortunately, however, these coolies were not quite posted on the requirements of the market, and it took me some time to convince them that maimed monkeys, mashed lizards, and broken-legged spiders were not what I wanted.

One of my earliest acquisitions was a sun bear, truly the drollest creature of its kind I ever had anything to do with. He was not directly from his native wilds, but had been captured when a small cub. "Jock," as he was called, was now about a year old. He measured three feet in length and some twenty inches in height. Jock was one of nature's mountebanks. Wholly untaught, he could perform tricks that, if told, would stagger human credulity. It was no effort for him to assume the bipedal attitude; indeed, he preferred it, and spent the greater part of his time strolling about with a rolling, lurching gait that resembled in a most laughable degree a jolly little mariner in an overcoat of black fur, with rather more liquor aboard than he could steadily carry. One of his favorite toys was a wooden sphere a trifle smaller than a Rugby football, and with this he would perform a series of feats that were truly astonishing. After a few preliminary movements Jock would stand on his head for several minutes, the ball neatly balanced on his extended hind feet. When this was accomplished to his satisfaction, he would proceed to something more difficult; usually it was to climb onto the veranda rail, only about two inches wide, and there balance himself on his back and keep the ball rolling backward and forward between his extended paws. The wind-up of his ball-feats was invariably this: He would clasp the sphere in both arms and slowly turn somersault after somersault along the entire length of the veranda. Then away would fly the ball into a corner, and, seizing an old cane, Jock would go through a series of evolutions calculated to turn the cleverest drum-major green with envy.

Jock's inquisitive nature often led him into mischief. He destroyed many valuable articles during my ownership of him, and when one night he suddenly disappeared I can't say that I felt very sorry. Among the curious animals brought me by the coolies was a kukang (*Loris tardigradus*). This was a thick-set creature about the size of a small cat. It was brown in color, had a fox-like head, and used its paws after the manner of a monkey. But its eyes are the most remarkable feature about the kukang, large, yellow, circular orbs, whose unwinking glare is believed by many natives to possess something of the power of the fabled basilisk. For this reason the Javanese dread the kukang and avoid its gaze, which they claim will bring sure disaster. It is nocturnal in its habits, and its natural prey is small birds and insects. Of the numerous kinds of monkeys to be found in these jungles it would require many columns to give an adequate description. The commonest species is the black macaque, but almost as plentiful is the pig-tail macaque. This monkey is about the size of a bull terrier. It is thought to be the most artful and intelligent of the monkey tribe, and is frequently trained by the Malays to gather cocoanuts and durians.

Speaking of monkeys, I witnessed a rather comical incident one time, and this incidentally will bring another odd denizen of these parts into my story, viz., the hornbill. One morning, hearing the greatest sort of a hubbub back of my bungalow, I rushed out to see what the matter was. On reaching the spot I found a crowd of coolies looking up into a lofty tree, in the branches of which about two dozen black macaque monkeys were leaping about in great excitement. A little way down the trunk was a single monkey, who appeared to be in some mysterious manner fixed to the tree. The unfortunate creature was uttering the most doleful cries, and his companions above were screaming uproariously in sympathy. It appeared that the prisoner had espied a tempting cavity in the tree which he guessed to contain eggs or nestlings, and into this he had thrust a burglarious paw. Unluckily for him, Lady Hornbill was at home, and she undertook to detain the burglar until her lord should arrive. This latter occurred shortly after I got there. Taking in the situation at a glance, the outraged husband swooped down upon the culprit, seized him by the hind legs in his huge mandibles, gave a vicious tug, and then, letting go at the proper moment, sent the unfortunate monkey hurling to the ground, where he lay stunned by the fall. A moment later a Chinaman, on monkey stew intent, rushed up to the prostrate animal and seized him, whereupon he suddenly came to and fastened his teeth in the leg of his captor, who instantly dropped everything and busied himself adding yells to the pandemonium already in progress. As for the hornbill, he stood guard outside his nest until the uproar had subsided, and then quietly retired.

The commonest species of hornbill is the "rhinoceros bird," so called, I presume, from its habit of alighting on the back of the rhinoceros in search of parasites. This uncouth creature is about the size of a small turkey, but has a beak one foot long, and where it joins the skull two and a half inches deep. Over this is another beak reversed, forming a sort of casque or helmet. In this species both beak and helmet, though strong, are thin and hollow, but in the "great hornbill," a bird equally large, they are of solid bone, hard as ivory, and shaped something like a miner's pick. The Malay name for the great hornbill is "tebang mentuah" (killer of mother-in-law). To account for this extraordinary appellation we must look to the following legend: A man who had a grudge against that much-abused relative went one night to her home and chopped down the piles which supported it, causing it to fall and kill her. Seeing this, he stood off and laughed, whereupon he was instantly changed into this bird, and to this day you may hear him repeating the "chop, chop," followed by his impious laughter. How these people do weave their superstitious fancies around the simplest facts. Watching the great hornbill, I have seen it alight on a lofty tree, strike several resounding blows against the trunk with its bony helmet, and then burst into a shout of weird laughter. Presently the sound would be repeated in the distance, and in a minute or two the mate would sail slowly along and pitch on the same tree.

Snakes of all sorts abound in these jungles, also lizards. Monster lizards there are, measuring six and seven feet in length. Then, again, there is the "chichak," or house lizard. This little reptile, which is about one foot long, lets the householder know of his presence by emitting a series of "yap, yaps," not unlike

the short, snappy bark of the toy terrier. I remember once being awakened by one which somehow had gotten into my bedchamber. Striking a light, I endeavored to locate the little scamp. He evaded my search a long time, however, owing to a peculiar quality of his voice, which he seems to throw about with all the ease of a born ventriloquist. And, indeed, that is precisely what the chichak is. Among the peculiar insects to be seen here are the carpenter bee and the mason wasp. The former, about double the size of our humble bee, and jet-black, will bore as neat a hole through a wooden upright as a yachtsman could wish to reeve a rope through, while the latter constructs strong clay storehouses on the trunks of trees, stocks them with preserved spiders, and seals them up, afterward so tinting and streaking the finished structure that it is impossible to distinguish it from a knot in the bark. It is a pity to spoil so pretty a story of natural instinct, but the truth is that this wasp is often known to build in precisely the same manner on a whitewashed wall, not omitting the exterior decorations, which, in this case, of course, only serve to point out the more conspicuously the handiwork nature originally taught it so cunningly to conceal.

Besides the scorpion, the centipede, and the tarantula, that delightful trio, there is an enormous spider frequently to be found here. It is a black spider, three inches long in body, and with a stride of legs that could almost cover a dinner plate. Quite accidentally one day I walked underneath the web of one of these spiders, and my light pith hat, coming against it, was knocked clean off my head. I have seen the web of one of these spiders extended between trees eighteen yards apart, and braced by a system of guys and stays that for economy and utility would delight the heart of the cleverest bridge builder on earth. On the tobacco estates here one may observe several large trees standing solitary in the fields. These are the trees wherein the common Indian bees have their vast settlements. I once witnessed the looting of one of these bee trees, which is accomplished in this fashion: Choosing a night on which a strong breeze is blowing, the natives creep cautiously up and start a big brush fire underneath the branches. The great heat drives the victims from their nests, and as they emerge the wind carries them away to leeward, leaving the coast comparatively clear for the looters, who now ascend the tree and toss the nests down to the ground helter-skelter, pell-mell. The booty is then gathered up, the worst looking mess of honey, wax, dead bees, and dirt you can possibly imagine, and carried away for further treatment.

Speaking of trees brings me to the mention of one fabled in song and story. Who has not heard of it—the deadly upas-tree? The upas is a fairly large tree, with a dark, thick bark, from which, when cut, oozes a viscid milky juice. This liquid has for a long time formed the arrow poison most generally used in Malaysia. I have heard it claimed that even the atmosphere about this tree is poisonous, but my personal experience does not bear this idea out, for while I lingered some time in the vicinity, I felt no deleterious effects whatever. But the terror tree of the jungle cutters is the "ringgus." The flow of juice from the bark of this tree is much more abundant than from the upas, and the result of an axe stroke is a shower of creamy liquid, which, falling on the bare skin, causes the most agonizing suffering.

HISTORIC PORTRAITS: BY FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS

SELECTED BY FANNY MACK LOTHROP

Napoleon at Austerlitz.....Francis Saltus Saltus
 On to the goal the impatient legions come!
 Ulm haloes with success an army's might;
 Far 'mid the mists and gloom of Austrian night,
 Hear the advancing steeds, the ominous drum!
 Europe cowers shuddering, and strong kings are dumb;
 A Cæsar leads a nation to the fight,
 And o'er the allied camps the flaming light
 Of his great star strikes the rude masses numb!
 Five hundred thundering cannon boom and glow,
 A sun of victory on the keen steel slants,
 There on the gore-strewn plains of pine and snow
 Russ clutches Gaul in labyrinths of lance,
 While o'er the hurrying hell of war and woe
 Floats the Imperial, blood-stained flag of France.

Marie Stuart, of Scotland.....Francis Saltus Saltus
 Sweet, prayerful martyr of the sullen days,
 When grim old London lingered in the gloom
 Of frowning gibbets and of pyres, whose blaze
 Was fed by flesh, and when the Tower-bell's boom
 Rang forth a knell lugubrious thro' dark ways!
 When love, and sin, and crime found one same tomb,
 Remember, Queen, thy odious, hurried doom,
 Hath found in history an avenging praise.
 The cold, sharp axe that smote thy regal head
 Sundered not with it thy poetic breath,
 For, thro' long ages that have waned and fled,
 We guard thy name that ne'er will know of death,
 While thy pure blood still spatters with its red,
 The hideous wrinkles of Elizabeth!

Peter the Great.....Russia.....Francis Saltus Saltus
 Hero of iron, cast in a giant's mould,
 Thy brow was formed for crowns, thy hands to sway,
 From Finland to the Caspian's waves, and weigh
 The destinies of nations young and bold.
 Knight, warrior, statesman, genius uncontrolled,
 Profound in council, reckless in the fray,
 Thy soul prophetic doubted not the day
 When thy trained legions toward Pultava rolled.
 And when I ponder on thy mighty deeds,
 Majestic visions float before mine eyes,
 Of dismal, blood-stained steppes and burning homes,
 Swedish hussars falling from maddened steeds,
 And all the clash of steel 'mid conquering cries
 Beneath great Kremlins and Byzantine domes!

Montezuma.....Mexico.....Francis Saltus Saltus
 Imperial Aztec, lord of valleys, where
 Proud Tenochtitlan's palaces and bowers,
 Girt by chinampas of delicious flowers,
 Rose in white symmetry in the sunlight fair,
 You failed to guess the crafty Spaniard's snare,
 You lacked a faith in Quetzacoatl's powers,
 And so your people perished in the showers
 Of leaden hail because you would forbear!
 Whene'er your name, poor martyr, meets mine eye,
 I see, in revels of carnage and of pain,
 Slate maquahuitls thud and oak bows strain,
 And hear of Cortes the victorious cry,
 While o'er the grim, burnt teocallis fly
 The torn, emblazoned bannerets of Spain!

Louis XVI.....France.....Francis Saltus Saltus
 A livid throng surrounds thy Tuilleries,
 A famished people, armed with gory spikes,
 Treads on the ancient crown of its dislikes,
 Rushing upon the palace like great seas,
 In untamed fury, and thou hast no dykes
 Of steel and cannon to stop men like these!
 It needs more lenient treatment to appease
 And curb an outraged nation when it strikes!
 Poor, helpless King, thou couldst expect no grace
 From men who, taunting thee with insults keen,
 Resolved thy royal lineage to efface,
 And doom thy life, thy court, thy son, thy Queen!
 Until the crimes of the whole Bourbon race
 Were purged in blood upon the guillotine!

Charles V.....Spain.....Francis Saltus Saltus
 Your steel-clad hosts, eager to conquer spheres,
 O'er Flemish snows and desert sands unfurled
 The banner of Spain, tattered and torn and curled,
 Floating in glory through unnumbered years.
 Your look was flame, your very name bred fears;
 Within your hand trembled the shackled world,
 And Europe's chaos by your will was hurled
 Back into symmetry with a thousand spears.
 Statesman and conqueror, soldier, prince, we own
 That you were born to curb, command and crush;
 But when I summon you, to my mind alone,
 One glorious act of yours will ever rush,
 When, with great Titian, heedless of your throne,
 You knelt to pick up his immortal brush.

Mary Tudor.....England.....Francis Saltus Saltus
 O heartless Queen, as orthodox as chaste,
 Didst thou not weary of the famine-fire
 Fed with sad martyr flesh that dared aspire
 Only to gracious God? Whose pangs disgraced
 Thy dawning reign, and for all time effaced
 The glorious deeds and valor of thy sire?
 Wert thou of Nero blood that could not tire
 To view foul slaughter on a desolate waste?
 Whene'er I think of thee, I see grim men,
 Masked to the chin, within the Tower-hall stand:
 Thy cherished Philip was morose again * * *
 Spurned British lioness, in thy fury grand,
 I watch thee sign death-warrants with swift pen,
 And doom a life with one wave of thy hand.

Pharaoh.....Egypt.....Francis Saltus Saltus
 Monarch o'er countless leagues of palm and sand,
 What are to thee an unknown God's decrees?
 Numberless as thy sphinx's granite gries,
 The hosts of Egypt wait thy first command.
 Thou scorn'st the plagues that desolate thy land,
 The awful darkness and the foul disease;
 With thy first-born clasped dead upon thy knees,
 I see thee gaze, inflexible and grand!
 Whene'er I hear thy puissant name, I dream
 Of tapering obelisks and festal halls,
 Bathed by the lotused Nile; the pomp and awe
 Of Phtá's dim temples where gold altars gleam;
 And, beneath Pyramids where the fierce sun falls,
 I see pale, haggard Hebrews toil with straw.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Henry M. Stanley writes of *Actual Africa*, by Frank Vincent: "I have not seen anything to criticise in the style of *Actual Africa*. It is really a wonderful book—wonderful, I mean, in the sense that it is the work of one man, for the sum of the information you have given the public is something prodigious."

Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who is ninety years of age, will soon publish two thick octavo volumes on Victor Cousin's philosophy. The celebrated translator of Aristotle is out of doors at 5 o'clock every morning.

Some time ago Arthur James Balfour, author of *The Foundations of Belief*, whose manner suggests an effeminacy that his character belies, made some remarks in the House that enraged the Irish members. Dr. Tanner was especially vociferous in his denunciation of Mr. Balfour, and was forced to apologize therefor by the Speaker. After making the apology he brought down the House by adding: "At least the right honorable gentleman will have to admit that on this occasion he was somewhat less ladylike than usual."

Ibsen is to have a monument erected in his honor during his lifetime. It is to be carried out by a well-known sculptor, Stephen Sinding, and will stand in front of the Royal Theatre at Christiania.

The Bookman's paragrapher says: "It is rumored in literary circles—we give the story with all reserve—that the author of the clever satire just published by Roberts Bros., *The Curse of Intellect*, is Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury. Lady Gwendolen has written some clever tales, notably a ghost story which appeared in *Blackwood's* a few months ago."

Allen Hutchinson, the English sculptor, has completed a bust of Robert Louis Stevenson, for which the novelist gave sittings shortly before his death.

"Rita" has written to the Publishers' Circular and asked that her name be set before the public correctly. While she prefers to be known in the literary world as "Rita" only, she would rather her real name, which is now Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, be given her, than that of Mrs. Booth, so frequently found in library catalogues.

Anatole France, the novelist, is a candidate for the seat in the French Academy made vacant by the death of Camille Doucet.

Professor Edward Channing, of Harvard, has written for the Cambridge Historical Series a book entitled *The United States of America, 1765-1861*, to be published in the autumn. It will contain about 325 pages, including text, documents, bibliographical notes, three colored maps and index. The narrative is preceded by a chapter on "The Colonists, 1760-65." The aim of the author has been to elucidate the deeper causes underlying the great movements in our history.

A Schiller museum is to be founded at Marbach, where the poet was born, by the King of Wurtemberg.

Gertrude Atherton is meeting with great success in London. Her new novel, *A Whirl Asunder*, appears in Cassell's Pocket Library. The heroine is the concentrated essence of California, and the hero is an English-

man. The scene is laid in the red woods of California, where the heroine, who is wealthy, fashionable and independent, has a house. Those who have seen advance sheets of the novel are enthusiastic in its praise and say it is Mrs. Atherton's best book.

Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell has, after careful deliberation, decided to destroy all of her husband's letters, and the secret history of the great home rule movement will never be written.

M. Beuve, an enthusiastic admirer of Victor Hugo, has a collection of 4,000 portraits of Victor Hugo, 2,500 of which are caricatures.

Mr. Barrie is an indefatigable critic and reviser of his own work. The Bookman says that after finishing his forthcoming novel, *Sentimental Tommy*, he labored over it a whole year until he became satisfied that he had done his best. "And how much do you think you have improved or altered it during that time?" he was asked. "About one per cent.," was the reply. "Writing," he once said, "is all a pursuit of that which we can never seize, but we can go on pursuing—all work is that."

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr says that before she wrote the *Bow of Orange Ribbon* she read 180 books in order to get the necessary Dutch history; but after that she wrote the book in six weeks.

Mollie Moore Davis, whose story, *Under the Man-Fig*, is making a distinct stir, is the wife of Major Davis of the New Orleans Picayune. Her home is in the old French quarter, the house built for and occupied by one of the Spanish governors in the eighteenth century.

A rare treat has come along in a book of bear stories, related, collected and edited by Murat Halstead, who has been incited to prepare this work by his observations through more than forty years of active journalism, that stories of bears were a constantly popular department in the newspapers.

Ex-President Casimir-Perier, of France, has nearly completed correcting the proofs of his *Six Months' Presidency*.

Herbert D. Ward, writing in *The Interior*, describes a visit he once made to Whittier. Having commented on the extreme simplicity of the bindings of the books in the poet's library, Whittier answered: "I can get a good many classics for the price of one binding. Besides, I can buy enough to give away."

A granduncle of Rudyard Kipling, an ancient gentleman verging on ninety years, has lately burst upon the world as a poet. His verse does not suggest the powers of his honored relative, but it is comparatively well-meaning.

George Meredith's readers will learn with regret that he has become almost completely deaf.

The Werner Company of Chicago have published a most valuable series of books entitled *The Working Teachers' Library*, consisting of five standard, reliable and comprehensively indexed volumes, covering in the most successful manner the whole field of the actual needs of the public-school teacher. The titles of the

volumes are *The Complete Writings of David R. Page*; *The Teacher in Literature*; *Practical Lessons in Science*; *Practical Lessons in Psychology*; *The Manual of Useful Information*. So admirably are they edited, and so valuable are they in contents, that no home or teacher's library is complete without them.

Thomas Hardy is reported to have completed his drama, founded on his *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, which will be produced in London in the autumn.

The recent death of George Bentley at Upton, England, ought not to pass without notice. Though Bentley's Magazine is of the past, its vogue for half a century was great, and in it many a literary debut was made. Some thirty years ago, Mr. Bentley took charge of the publishing business, which had been in the family for so many years. He was the editor of *Dr. Doran's In and About Drury Lane*, and assisted Lord Dalling in his *Life of Sir Robert Peel*. At the time of his death he was editor of *Temple Bar*.

Oxford recently conferred the degree of D. C. L. upon the great Egyptologist, Edward Naville, the head explorer of the Egypt Exploration Fund, for his remarkable discoveries and scientific work, especially at the site of the temple of Queen Hatasu, now a most attractive feature in the Theban landscape.

There is general commendation of the project of the Bohemian Club of Pittsburg to erect a memorial to Stephen G. Foster, who wrote *Oh, Susannah*; *The Old Folks at Home*; and, best of all, *The Old Kentucky Home*. Foster wrote altogether about 125 songs, all of them meritorious.

Victorien Sardou, the French playwright, was, as everyone knows, on the verge of starvation, actual death staring him in the face, when he made his first success. But not everyone is aware that his recovery was due to the lady who is now his wife. He lay in a garret, slowly wasting away with typhoid fever, when a poor actress living in the same building took pity upon him, nursed him back to life, and afterward introduced him to the theatrical world.

The Rev. Dr. W. T. Moore, the editor of the *Christian Commonwealth*, of London, England, who is now making a tour of this country, was born in Kentucky in 1832, and was for a number of years pastor of churches in Kentucky and Ohio.

Conan Doyle has purchased some land near the top of Hindhead, Scotland, and is about to build himself a house in that charming and bracing locality. For some time past, on account of Mrs. Doyle's health, they have spent the severe parts of the year at Davos.

Flinders Petrie, whose name will be familiar as one of the most learned Egyptologists living at the present time, is tall and slender, with features moulded in an Eastern type, and a complexion which is dark and foreign-looking. The major portion of this great discoverer's life has been spent exploring and excavating among the deserts, with a tent for a roof and just the sand for a carpet. He has the greatest respect and affection for the Arabs.

The Pope has granted the French author, Boyer d'Agen, permission to write his biography, and for this purpose has given him access to the family archives of the Counts Pecci in Carpineto. M. d'Agen has found, among other things, a number of interesting letters which

the Pope wrote to one of his brothers while a student of the Collegium Romanum. He was then 19 years old.

One of the most handy and charming editions of a novelist ever issued in this country is Lippincott's edition of the works of Tobias Smollett. The edition is edited by George Saintsbury, with illustrations by Frank Richards. The deliciously human fiction, with its humor and rollicking spirit, has never before been issued in such a dainty form for cheap circulation.

A translation into French is in preparation of the historical and critical essays of Mr. John Morley.

Gaston Paris, who has recently been appointed Rector of the University of Paris, to succeed Gaston Boissier, the new perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, is reported to be the greatest living romance philologist.

Dr. Max Nordau's earlier sensational work, *Conventional Lies*, is republished in paper covers by Laird & Lee, who also promise *Paradoxes* and *Paris Sketches*. The principal conventional lies treated are the Lie of Religion, the Lie of Aristocracy, the Political Lie, the Economic Lie and the Matrimonial Lie.

The winner of the Linnæan Society's gold medal this year for the best work in botanical science is Professor Ferdinand Cohn, of Breslau.

Joseph Hatton, the well-known English author, who is shortly to publish a novel dealing with an episode of the French revolution during the days of the Convention, has somewhat anticipated its possible success, and has used the same story for a play. Negotiations are now pending with several managers for its first production.

Bill Nye says that his tar-heel neighbors in Buncombe County refer to him as "plum honey," a title that far outranks that of colonel or judge, and is, in fact, the very highest local eulogium.

Professor Max Muller has in his possession a handsome gold cigar-case, presented to him by the Sultan, and bearing the signature of the Imperial donor.

Alphonse Daudet's opinion of Henry M. Stanley: "He is the largest reservoir of human energy known to me since Napoleon. I admire him, I think, more than anything in the world."

Miss Mary J. Safford has been translating books for more than twenty-five years. Her latest rendition into English is *Ebers' Burgomaster's Wife*, which book, it may be remembered, was written in answer to his critics. They declared that it was easy for an Egyptologist to write stories of the days of the pyramids, because no one could contradict him.

David Christie Murray predicts that Rudyard Kipling will write the great American homogeneous novel, by which he means a book embracing all sections, classes and conditions, considering them socially, morally, politically, religiously, showing their inter-relations; a novel, not of any particular locality, but of all America.

Howland, Haviland & Co., of New York, have published *In Sight of the Harbor Lights*, words by Frank L. Stanton, with music by Walter A. Phillips.

G. A. Henty, the novelist of the boys, was a war correspondent in the very thick of the Franco-German War, and attended the Abyssinian Expedition, where at one time he was seen marching in carpet slippers, as an Arab had stolen his boots. Mr. Henty is a public-

school man, and hails from Westminster—the home of many men of letters. This genial graybeard is an immense favorite at the Savage Club, where he has a wonderful reputation as a raconteur.

William Taylor Adams, "Oliver Optic," the veteran story writer for boys, although seventy-three years old, is still fond of travel. He says that in writing his tales he aims at simplicity of style, but makes it a point never to write down to boys.

A new book on Practical Christian Sociology, by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph. D., is to be issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, about the middle of August.

Camille Flammarion, the well-known astronomer and novelist, is said to be writing the scenario of a ballet, in which the charming dancer, Miss Loie Fuller, is to have a leading part.

"Now Browning has left us, Bjornson is the one great optimist left in Europe," says Edmund W. Gosse in introduction to the new Macmillan series.

Jules Verne's study is crammed with books, charts, electrical apparatus, and scientific instruments, and on the wall hangs an enormous map of the world scored over with lines indicating the routes taken by the heroes of his stories.

One of the best of the newer magazines devoted to a single purpose is *The New England Kitchen Magazine*, published in Boston. It is well filled with matter of real value and interest, carefully and intelligently chosen. It well deserves the air of prosperity that it wears.

Maj. Henry Stanton, "The Sweet Poet of the Elkhorn," who is dying in Kentucky, had the singular distinction for a poet of being a practical inventor. He devised the iron tie for binding cotton bales, and it was a success.

Coventry Patmore's new book, *The Rod, the Root and the Flower*, is coming out when its author has reached the age of seventy-two. His first volume of poems was published nearly fifty years ago.

G. Bernard Shaw, author of *Arms and the Man*, has been a figure of some prominence in literary London for five years, during which time he has alternately attracted attention as art critic, novelist, socialist, and playwright. He is a tall and rather slender young Irishman, of perhaps thirty-eight years, a non-smoker, a wit, and a vegetarian. He went to London as a newspaper writer.

Walter Besant won't write a line under the settled rate of ten guineas (\$52.50) per 1,000 words, and none of the publishers have struck against it.

W. J. Courthope, author of the *History of English Poetry*, is understood to be a candidate for the professorship of poetry at Oxford, vacated by Mr. F. T. Palgrave. Mr. Courthope, who is now the First Civil-Service Commissioner, gained the Newdigate prize thirty years ago. Another candidate is Mr. Robert Bridges.

Olive Schreiner, now Mrs. Cron Wright, is thirty-three and a tiny creature, it is said, with lovely dark eyes and a very bright face. She is four years older than her husband. Her *Story of an African Farm* was written before she was seventeen—a marvelous performance for

so young an author. It is added that she is one of twelve children; and never, perhaps, was there a family so acutely divided for conscience's sake. The father was a German missionary, settled in South Africa; the mother, born a Presbyterian, is now in a Roman Catholic convent; a brother and sister are ardent temperance reformers; another brother is an English clergyman. Olive herself finds her rest in the religion of charity. Those who know her best say that she is an angel among the poor and suffering.

Charles G. Leland has been delving into Italian folklore and expects soon to publish the results of his researches, which are said to be almost as remarkable as those which he made in Gipsy lore.

Joaquin Miller passes a great deal of his time in the wild cañon of Dry Ferns, which is near his mountain home in California. It is his playground, so to speak, and sometimes he spends a week there at a time. At night he lies down on a couch of bay-tree branches, with nothing but a blanket for his covering.

Fru Marie Harder, a Danish lady, has just entered the field as a story writer, her first volume being called *Yule Star*. She is seventy years of age.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish, in September, the first number of *American Book Prices Current*.

Tolstoi's latest work is a rewriting of the Four Gospels, in which he makes them "harmonize" with his idea of how they should have been written.

Miss Ruth Putnam, the author of the recently published work on William the Silent, the Moderate Man of the Sixteenth Century, in two volumes, is a graduate of Cornell University, in the class of '78.

Frank Vincent, the well-known traveller and explorer, has had conferred upon him by the King of the Belgians the Royal Order of the Lion for his work on Africa. Mr. Vincent is the first American to receive the decoration.

Readers of Lorna Doone will be glad to hear that Mr. Blackmore has written another story of the same time and place, using some of the characters of the romance. It is called *Slain by the Doones*; a Record of Exmoor, and will be published in October.

Hieronymus Lorm, the famous poet, philosopher and critic of Germany, is totally blind.

Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, is said to believe that the time is approaching when posterity will be able to construct machinery that will be operated by means of glasses, with heat obtained by the direct action of the sun's rays.

The novelist Ian Maclaren made some remarks the other day at the English Presbyterian Synod, and speaking of some of the students at the seminary, he expressed the hope that they would not turn out to be "a curious cross between a priestling and a prig."

Professor Max Muller asks for money to photograph the inscriptions of the Kutho Daw, near Mandalay, in Burmah, before they are destroyed. The Kutho Daw is a collection of over 700 Buddhist temples, each containing a white marble slab on which part of the Tripitaka, the great Buddhist Bible, is engraved.

Dr. L. F. Smith, the venerable author of *America*, is in straitened circumstances and feels very grateful for the \$1,600 recently raised for him by a Boston benefit.

THE BEETLE AND THE LEAF: A MODERN FABLE

By J. SELWIN TAIT

From *Wayne's Wonderful Adventures*. By J. Selwin Tait. J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

"Oh!" said a beetle, crawling along the dusty highway and choking and gasping as he stumbled again and again, "I never knew travelling so bad or so slow. When shall I reach my destination?"

"Well, old slow-foot!" screamed an autumn leaf as, driven by the rising breeze, it flew past, "why don't you exert yourself and get up some speed as I do?"

The beetle raised his heavy head for a moment, and rushed forward for a foot or two with desperate effort, then he sank back to his old jog-trot pace wearily, murmuring, "It cannot be done; some folks are intended to crawl, while more favored people fly."

"Poor old fellow!" said other leaves sneeringly, as they flew past on the breeze, "how he labors, while we without effort go at ten times the pace. See the difference between genius and commonplace drudgery!"

"This dust is choking me," huskily said the beetle. "I feel as if I must give up and go back. Why should I have to plow with aching limbs through the dust, while these more fortunate creatures fly lightly through the air, almost without effort?"

"Nay, my friend," exclaimed a soft penetrating voice in his ear, "you wrong them. It is not almost, but quite, without effort that these frivolous creatures fly past you, because they are driven by the fickle wind and can only go where he drives them. Be content and wait, and you will see."

"Ah! but," remarked the beetle, sadly, "you do not know how long the journey is and how short my legs are. Just think how many steps—how many hundreds of thousands of steps—I must take in the hot, dusty, choking air before I can reach the place where I wish to go."

"Never mind!" whispered the voice, "you are always getting nearer to your destination. How dreadful it would be now if you were to be undecided which course to go, and should first turn in one direction and then in another, and should travel wearily again and again over the same ground because you could not decide as to the right way!"

"Ah, but—" began the beetle, when at that moment he felt a puff of wind in his face, which stirred his pulse and put fresh life into him.

"Stay!" resumed the voice; "whom have we here?"

"Hello!" shouted a familiar voice, "still at the same old grind! Better come with us—we have been up that road quite a distance, and it is most unpleasant travelling. Come with us and benefit by our experience. We are going the other way!"

The beetle recognized his old friend the leaf, who had flown past him a short time before on the wings of the wind, and he said to himself, "I wonder if what he says is true, and if I had not better go back."

Then an old voice came through the silence to him: "He that putteth his hand to the plow and turneth back is not fit for the kingdom of God," and he bowed his sturdy limbs afresh and pushed on through the dust of the road and its rough and broken ruggedness.

Presently the night came on, and, wearied out, he

slept—a long sweet sleep, in which he forgot all his troubles.

"No," he said to himself, as he resumed his morning's journey, "life is not long enough to double and twist about and change one's mind like the leaves."

So all through the morning's haze and the noontide heat the beetle kept on his wearied way, never going to the right or the left.

Late in the afternoon the breeze—the fickle breeze—swung around once more, and presently through the air came the cheery cry: "Well, old fellow, here we are again! There's no trail like the old one—and don't you go back whatever you do!" and the giddy leaves floated past in frolicsome glee.

"Poor old chap!" said one ripe and beautiful autumn leaf to another, "he has a very hard lot. To be sure, how some people have to labor and grind in this world!" and he viewed his magnificent person with great satisfaction.

"That is all the difference between a beetle and a leaf," sagely replied the other. "We are the aristocracy of the road, and, of course, all seems easy to us."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" exclaimed the beetle, "these people have been away—far away beyond my starting point, have discovered their mistake and rectified it, and are away ahead of me already. It is too bad!"

"Be patient!" whispered the voice which had already addressed the beetle. "Wait! the end is not yet."

The next day the beetle, who had now got on to good ground and was travelling comfortably, and making good progress, passed the opening of a dirty little alley, deep with mud and the rubbish of the swirling wind. Hurrying past, a plaintive voice called to him: "Stay, friend beetle, and give me a hand out of this hole!"

It was his old friend the leaf, dreadfully bedraggled and sunk into the ooze of the road beyond redemption.

"How did you come here?" asked the beetle.

"Oh, a crosswind struck us here and landed me where you see me, and now I am done for, for I can never more get out again."

As the beetle, willing but unable to render any help, sorrowfully resumed his journey, the voice of his friend sounded in his ears:

"They were but leaves, you see; they had no will or action of their own; they flew forward at a great pace, because the wind carried them, and then backward at the same rate. There was never anything to them—they were but the breeze's playthings."

"I have seen men like that," the voice continued. "A sudden wind of public opinion has carried them rapidly forward to a high position, and has then as suddenly turned and carried them back. Sometimes, indeed, this wind of chance has caught men and flung them into high positions where they have stayed, but one day it will remember them and ferret them out and throw them around, for the law is that whatever the wind fetches, the wind, sooner or later, carries away."

"Indeed, I'd sooner trudge along my own solid old way—neither hastening nor resting," replied the beetle, "and under obligations to no wind of fortune."

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR AUGUST, 1895

Art and Decoration

A Gift to Montpelier: S. Turner Willis..... Godey's.
 Applied Art: Wm. T. Nichols..... Lippincott's.
 Art and Eyesight: Lucien Howe... Pop. Science Monthly.
 Artists and Their Work..... Munsey's Magazine.
 Artists in Their Studios: W. A. Cooper..... Godey's.
 Caricature: Nellie B. McCune..... Lippincott's.
 French and English Churches: R. S. Peabody..... Atlantic.
 Peter Paul Rubens: Timothy Cole..... Century.
 The New Art Criticism: Mary Logan..... Atlantic.
 Wood-Engravers: Clément Bellenger..... Scribner's.

Biographic and Reminiscent

Bismarck's American Friends..... Munsey's.
 Count Leo Tolstoi: May Alden Ward..... New Cycle.
 Hawthorne as an Interpreter of New England... N. E. Mag.
 James Gordon Bennett: Henry Fish..... Munsey's.
 Napoleon: Wm. M. Sloane..... Century.
 Napoleon Bonaparte: Hon. John Davis..... Arena.
 Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc: V..... Harper's.
 President Polk's Diary: James Schouler..... Atlantic.
 Princess Zora: S. Millington Miller..... Godey's.
 Recollections of Senator H. S. Foote: G. Baber... Overl'd.
 Roundabout to Boston: Wm. Dean Howells..... Harper's.
 Sketch of Charles Upham Shepard..... Popular Sci. Mo.
 Sonya Kovalevsky: Isabel F. Hapgood..... Century.
 What Indiana Has Done for California..... Overland.

Dramatic and Musical

Another American Play: Beaumont Fletcher..... Godey's.
 Great Masters of Music..... Munsey's Magazine.
 Music in America: IV.—Arthur Foote: R. Hughes. Godey's.

Educational Discussion

Chautauqua: Aims and Influence: Prof. Cook... Forum.
 Ideal of Universities: Adolf Brodbeck..... Metaph. Mag.
 Nervous System and Education..... Popular Sci. Monthly.
 Shall Your Boy Go to College..... Munsey's Mag.
 Substitution of Teacher for Text-Book: Dr. Rice... Forum.
 Women's Clubs and Education: Kate T. Woods. New Cycle.

Essays and Miscellanies

A Talk Over Autographs: Geo. B. Hill..... Atlantic.
 Life and Its Environment: E. Mancini..... Chautauquan.
 Martyrs of Memphis: Geo. Barton..... Donahoe's.
 The August Present: B. O. Flower..... Arena.
 The Brotherhood of India: A Member of the Order... Arena.
 The Passing of the Cowpuncher: Wm. T. Larned... Lipp.
 The Philosophy of Rest: Lilian Whiting... Chautauquan.
 The Pleasures of Bad Taste: Annie S. Winston... Lipp.
 These Golden Nineties: D. H. Wheeler... Chautauquan.
 Thrift: L. Dougall..... Atlantic Monthly.

Historic and National

Discovery of Silver: Eliot Lord..... New Eng. Magazine.
 Glimpses of Gettysburg: Thos. J. Feeney..... Donahoe's.
 Historical Nicknames: F. L. Oswald..... No. Am. Rev.
 Lessons from the Yalu Fight: A. T. Mahan..... Century.
 Midland War Sketches: E. R. Hutchins..... Midland Mo.
 Personal History of the Second Empire..... No. Am. Rev.

Literary Criticism

Journalism of Baptist Church: H. C. Vedder..... Chaut.
 My Literary Recollections: Maurus Jokai..... Forum.
 Photography in Fiction: Alexander Black..... Scribner's.
 Reminiscences of Literary Berkshire: H. D. Sedgwick. Cent.
 Story of Boston Public Library: E. J. Carpenter... N.E. Mag.
 Tendencies in Fiction: Andrew Lang..... No. Am. Rev.
 Tendencies in Modern Literature..... New Cycle.
 The Goethe Archives: Prof. Eric Schmidt..... Forum.
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OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received.

182. *Look Before and After*: Who first used the expression, "We look before and after?"—Doubter, San Diego, Cal.

[Percy Bysshe Shelley, in his poem *To a Skylark*.]

183. *The Prince of Wales and Sentiment*: Some years ago in a conversation with Miss Mary Anderson (as reported in the daily papers of the time), the Prince of Wales remarked that a particular passage in Mrs. Burnett's *Through One Administration*, was the finest bit of sentiment he had ever met with. The story goes that Miss Anderson, meeting Mrs. Burnett upon her return, endeavored to repeat the passage, but had forgotten it. Will some of your readers kindly give their opinions as to the particular passage referred to, as there seems to be great difference of opinion in regard to it?—Admirer, Jersey City, N. J.

184. *Stone-Axe*: Where can I find a poem of prehistoric time on the origin of the stone-axe?—Napoleon, Chicago.

[The *Legend of a Stone-Axe* appeared originally in the *New Quarterly Review*, and was reprinted in the *Library Magazine*, Vol. I., p. 557 (John B. Alden).]

185. *Bicycling and Health*: Will you kindly inform me through your Open Questions, whether or not this sentence is perfectly correct: "Bicycling is a very healthy exercise."—I. M. B., Long Beach, N. Y.

[According to the *Century Dictionary* this sentence is correct. With all due deference to the authority, the use of the word is a slovenly bit of phrasing that is unpardonable. The proper word to use is "healthful." Healthy refers to the condition of a living organism considered by itself, with no relation to anything else; the word means only that the organism is in a sound, normal condition—that it has health. "Healthful" means "producing health," and refers to an effect upon some living creature. A tree, for instance, may be healthy yet not healthful. Bicycles cannot truly be said to be healthy, any more than we can say they take exercise. They are but healthful, that is, aiding to produce health. They are tired, but cannot be said to have a tired feeling, as they might if they had life and health.]

186. *Nothing But Leaves*: Can you tell me who it was wrote "Nothing But Leaves," a religious poem, and where it can be found?—A. H. F., New York City.

[Lucy Evelina Ackerman, in *Moody and Sankey's Gospel Hymns*, page 96.]

187. *Statue with Eyelashes*: What statue in the Vatican has eyelashes? I find a mention made of such a one; but cannot find what is the subject.—Newton, Lexington, Ky.

[The statue is the sleeping Ariadne, representing her at the moment when Theseus deserted her on the island of Naxos. It is a colossal figure, and was found in 1503. For a long time it was supposed to be a statue of Cleopatra, from the armlet in the form of a snake. Castiglione's Latin poem, in honor of its discovery, is engraved upon marble and placed beside it.]

188. *The Chartist Clergyman*: What author was known as The Chartist Clergyman?—Murabil, Morristown, N. J.

[Charles Kingsley, after the publication of *Alton Locke*, in about 1850.]

189. *The Sunshine on my Path*: Where can the following quotation be found?

"The sunshine on my path
Was to me as a friend."

—Claire, Newark, Ohio.

[See the poem, *A Winter Piece*, by William Cullen Bryant, in the poet's complete works.]

190. *The Washerwoman's Friend*: In the *Humbler Poets*, I find a poem on page 160, entitled *The Constant Friend*, commencing:

"Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs."

It seems to be a fragment. Can you tell me where I can find it complete, and the name of the author?—Subscriber, Rock-bridge, W. Va.

[The lines given form the last stanza of the *Washerwoman's Song*, a very pretty poem that appeared in *The Record of the Year* for November, 1876. It is signed E. F. Ware, Fort Scott, Kansas. Mr. Ware has published a volume of poems, under the nom-de-plume "Ironquill."]

191. *Gabriel Max*: I wish to know something of the artist Max. Please give me through your columns some information concerning him.—C. W. S., Little Mills, N. C.

[Gabriel Max, a genre painter, was born in Prague, August 25, 1840. He was the son of the sculptor Joseph Max, and was a pupil of the Prague Academy under Engerth in 1854-58, then for three years of the Vienna Academy under Blaas, finally of Piloty, in Munich, 1863-67. His first exhibition was in 1867, and he has since acquired a steadily increasing fame. He is an Honorary Member of the Munich Academy, in which he was professor from 1879-83, and has received gold medals in Berlin and Munich. A well-known painting by this artist is the *Head of Christ* that, seen from a distance, appears to have the eyes open, but a view nearer to the canvas shows them closed.]

192. *Barnum of American Religion*: To whom was this term applied? I have heard it was spoken of Dr. Talmage. Is this true? if so, by whom was the name given?—Pendennis, Xenia, Ohio.

[The name was bestowed on Henry Ward Beecher in an article in the *Saturday Review*, of London, in the early part of 1887, wherein the writer in a cheap, bigoted tirade said "the deceased was a champion boss-preacher anyway."]

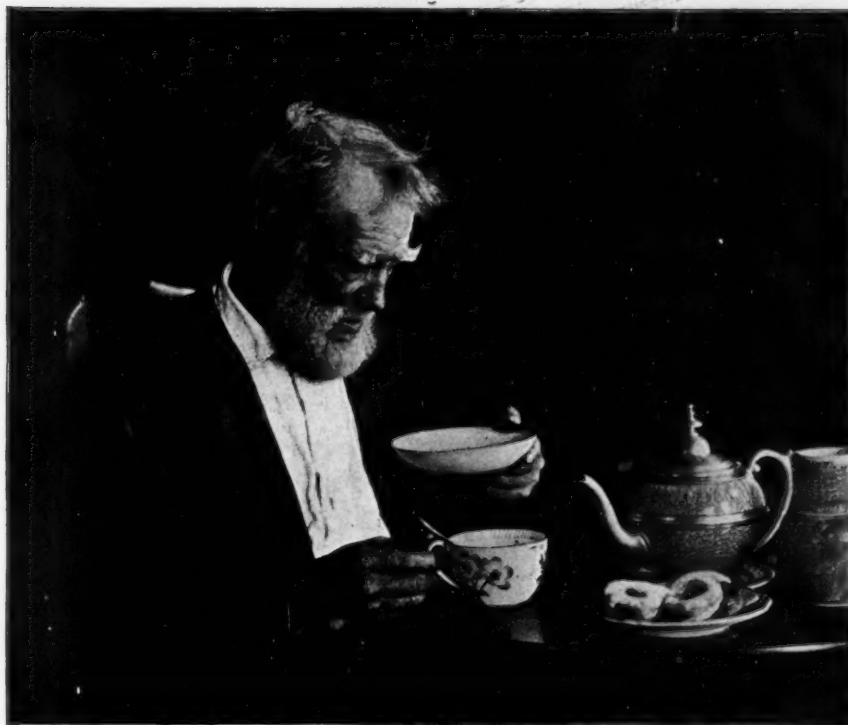
ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

144. *Supernatural Religion*: Under this number inquiry is made in the June issue concerning the author of *Supernatural Religion*. The reply subjoined credits the work to John Muir. I believe it is now known that the book was written by W. R. Cassels, an English scholar who furnished an article on the Diatessaron of Yatian, to the *Nineteenth Century*, for April, of the current year. You will find some confirmation of this statement in *Christian Literature*, for May, page 5, last note on the page.—Rev. A. J. C., Winchester, Mass.

163. *The Weaver-Explorer*: Columbus was not the son of a weaver, he was a map maker. The explorer referred to is evidently David Livingstone, who was a Scotch weaver before he became a missionary and an explorer.—Paul de Moll, Philadelphia, Pa.

166. *Prison Literature*: In your answer to Question 166, the *Age of Reason* should be included among the names of famous books written in prison, as Thomas Paine wrote it while imprisoned in France.—Mrs. W. H. Anderson, Waukesha, Wis.

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A FRUGAL REPAST

By Miss Fitz. From the September number of "Godey's Magazine"



FROM FOOT-BALL AND LOVE

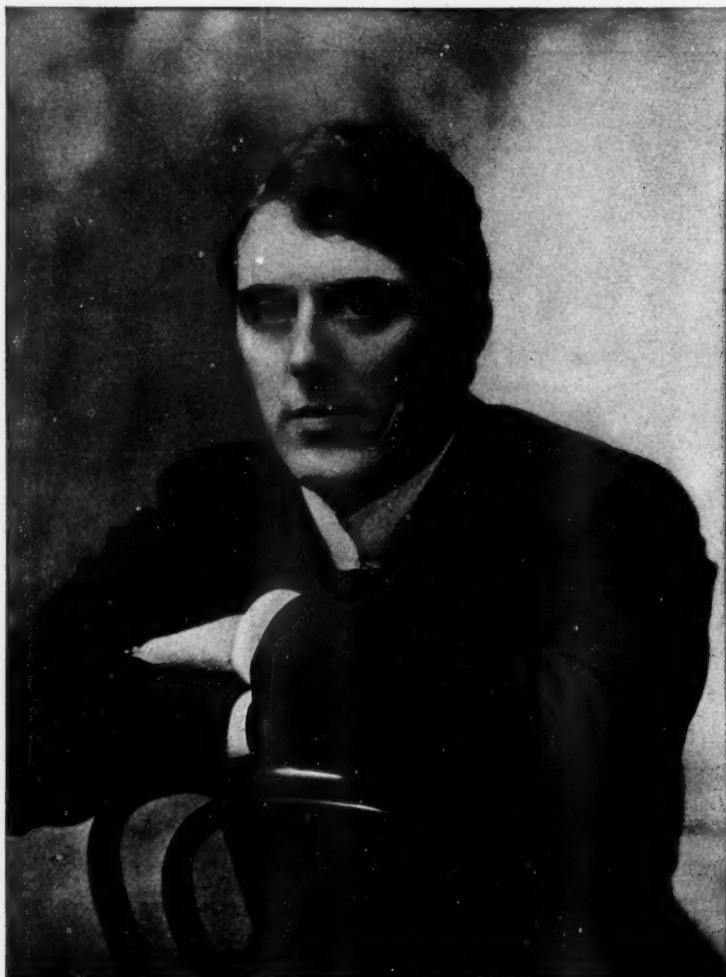
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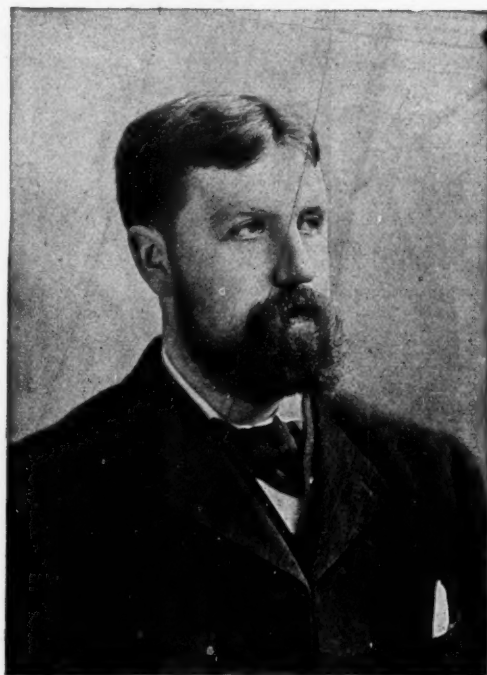
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Author of "The Leavenworth Case"

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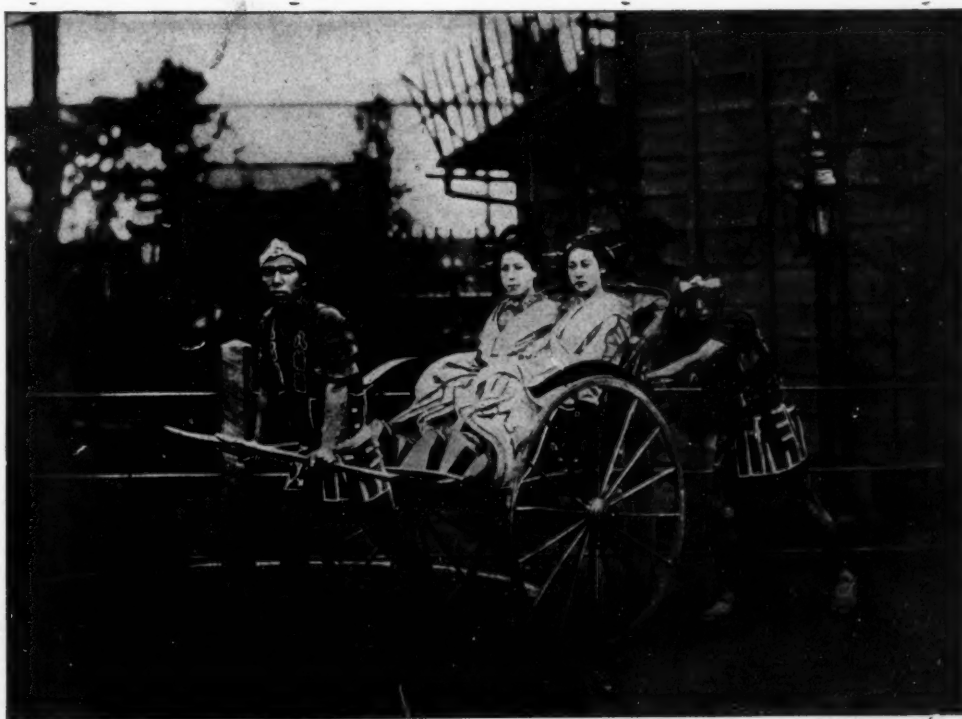
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A PLEASURE BOAT

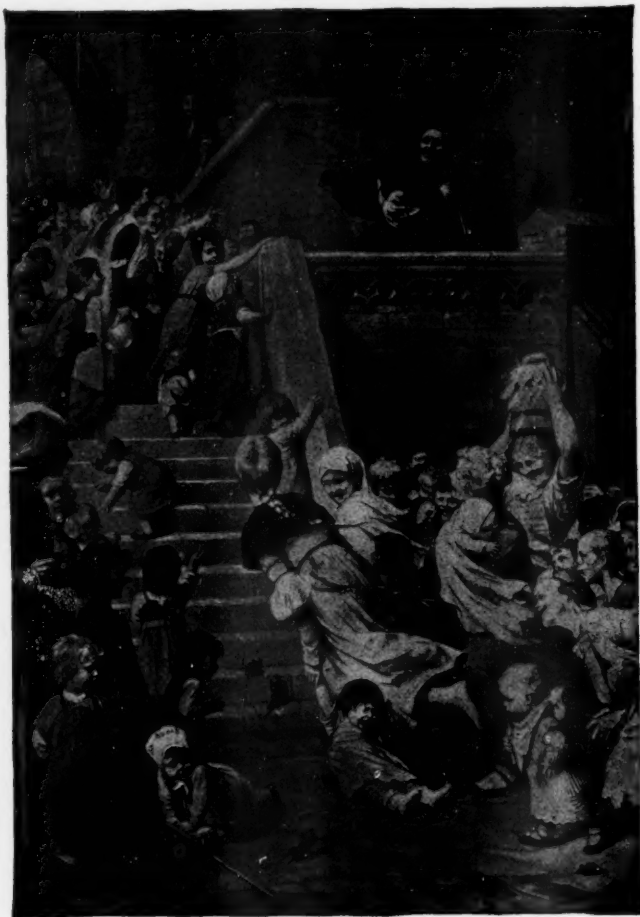
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